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Awakening songs

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Awakening Songs

For the Church, Sunday School and
Evangelistic Services

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER

Compiler

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

Music Editor

Church Hymns Revival Songs
Songs for Male Voices Children's Songs
Sunday School Songs Solos and Choruses
Responsive Readings

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AWAKENING SONGS has been compiled advisedly through consultation with successful song leaders in all parts of the country. To the thousands who have given invaluable suggestions we here acknowledge indebtedness and express our appreciation. As not one of the 256 songs in this book is used experimentally, but after searching trial and public approval, we confidently submit it to the critical judgment of all Christian workers.

Homer Rodeheaver
Chas H. Gabriel



Awakening Songs



1

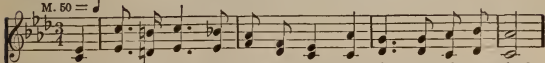
Just Outside the Door.

James Rowe.

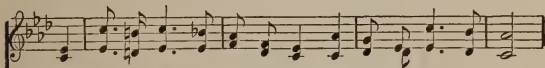
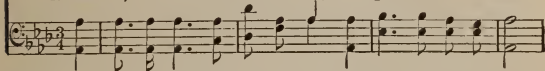
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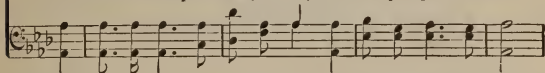
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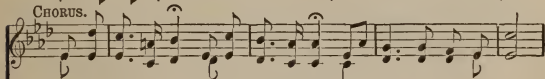
1. O wea-ry soul, the gate is near, In sin why still a-bide?
2. For-give-ness Je-sus will im-part—To save your soul He died;
3. The day of life is pass-ing by, Soon night your soul will hide;
4. Come in, be free from stains of sin, Be glad, be sat-is-fied;



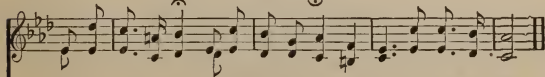
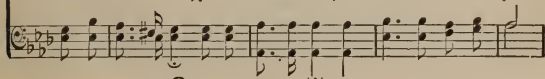
Both peace and rest are wait-ing here And you are just out-side.
How can you still of-fend His heart By stay-ing just out-side?
And then "too late" will be your cry, If you are just out-side!
Be-fore the tem-pest breaks, come in, And leave your past out-side.



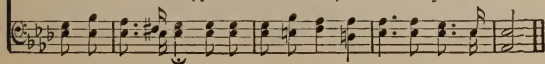
CHORUS.



Just out-side the door, just out-side the door, Be-hold it stands a-jar!



Just out-side the door, just out-side the door, So near and yet so far!



Hidden Clouds.

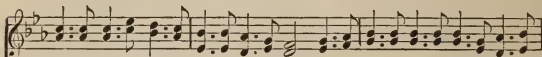
E. E. Rexford.

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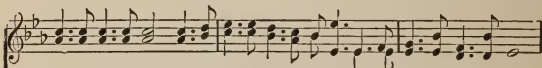
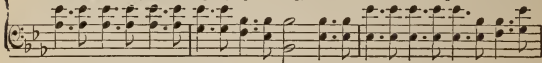
Chas. H. Gabriel.

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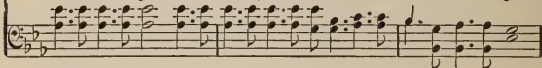
1. If we knew a-bout the tri-als That a day to come may bring, We would oft-en
2. Let us pluck the flowers growing All a-bout the way we tread, Think-ing not a-
3. Let us bridge each snare and pitfall With a faith that's brave and strong, And go journeying



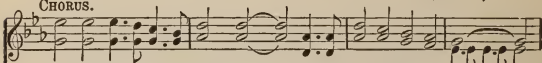
lose our courage And not have the heart to sing; But God hides the future from us, So put
 bout the bri-ars That a-wait us on a-head. Squander not the golden present Worrying
 on to'rd heav-en, With a helpful, hopeful song; If a voice shall lose its gladness In the



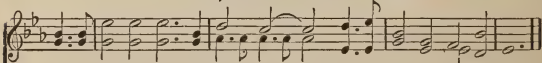
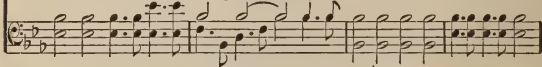
wor-ries all a-way, And for-get a-bout to-mor-row In the glad-ness of to-day.
 o-ver what may be; Make the most of sunny weather, And be glad, be glad with me.
 mi-nor notes of pain, O re-mem-ber, aft-er shad-ows Will the sun shine out a-gain!



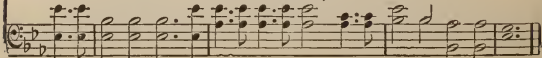
CHORUS.



O thank God the clouds are hid-den,.... That some coming day may bring!.....
 praise His name, in His own time!



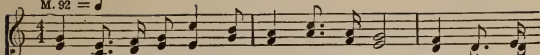
In the sun-shine of the pres-ent,..... Let us jour-ney on and sing.
 bells a-chime,



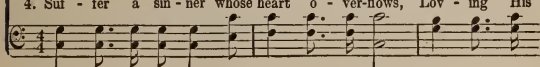
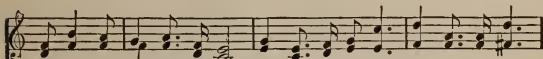
James M. Gray.

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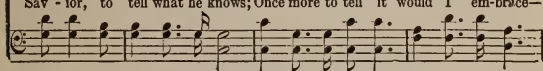
D. B. Towner.

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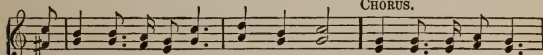
1. Naught have I got - ten but what I re - ceived; Grace hath be -
 2. Once I was fool - ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my
 3. Tears un - a - vail - ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had
 4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver - flows, Lov - ing His

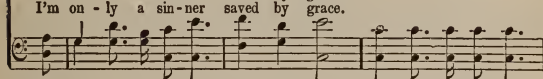
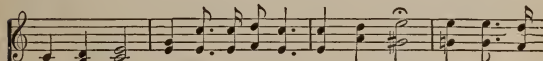
stowed it since I have be - lieved; Boast - ing ex - clud - ed, pride I a - base;
 foot - steps from God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case,
 saved me, or else I must die.; Sin had a - larmed me, fear - ing God's a -
 Sav - ior, to tell what he knows; Once more to tell it would I em - brace—



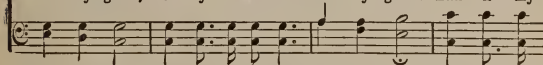
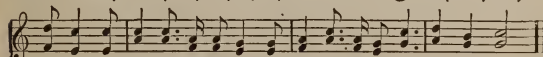
CHORUS.



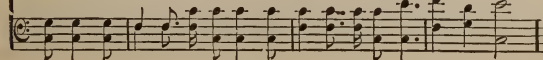
I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace.
 I now am a sin - ner saved by grace. On - ly a sin - ner
 But now I'm a sin - ner saved by grace.
 I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace.

saved by grace, On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my

sto - ry, to God be the glo - ry, —I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!



It is Thy Blood, My Jesus.

Helen Ashland Kean.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 60 =

1. It is Thy blood, my Je-sus, That has re-deemed my soul;
2. It is Thy cross, my Sav-ior, That makes my cross so light;
3. It was Thy death, my Je-sus, That bro't im-mor-tal life;

[illegible]


It is Thy love, O Je - sus, That makes me pure and whole;
It is Thy strength, O Je - sus, That makes my weak - ness might.
Thy vic - t'ry 'twas, O Je - sus, That bids me cease from strife.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together. The notation is in a simple, clear style typical of early 20th-century educational materials.

It is Thy Spir - it call-ing me To light and life and joy in Thee.
Thy Spir-it's voice doth call me home, And bids me nev - er more to roam.
For Thou hast con-quer'd all for me, I shall have peace e - ter-nal - ly.

CHORUS.

Chorus.



The musical notation for the chorus is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B-flat4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E-flat4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (half). The notes are grouped into four measures of two beats each.

It is Thy blood, O Je - sus, That makes me Thine for - ev - er;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The first measure contains a quarter rest followed by an eighth note. The second measure contains a quarter note. The third measure contains a quarter note. The fourth measure contains a quarter note. The fifth measure contains a quarter note. The sixth measure contains a quarter note. The seventh measure contains a quarter note. The eighth measure contains a quarter note. The ninth measure contains a quarter note. The tenth measure contains a quarter note. The eleventh measure contains a quarter note. The twelfth measure contains a quarter note. The thirteenth measure contains a quarter note. The fourteenth measure contains a quarter note. The fifteenth measure contains a quarter note. The sixteenth measure contains a quarter note. The seventeenth measure contains a quarter note. The eighteenth measure contains a quarter note. The nineteenth measure contains a quarter note. The twentieth measure contains a quarter note. The twenty-first measure contains a quarter note. The twenty-second measure contains a quarter note. The twenty-third measure contains a quarter note. The twenty-fourth measure contains a quarter note. The twenty-fifth measure contains a quarter note. The twenty-sixth measure contains a quarter note. The twenty-seventh measure contains a quarter note. The twenty-eighth measure contains a quarter note. The twenty-ninth measure contains a quarter note. The thirtieth measure contains a quarter note. The thirty-first measure contains a quarter note. The thirty-second measure contains a quarter note. The thirty-third measure contains a quarter note. The thirty-fourth measure contains a quarter note. The thirty-fifth measure contains a quarter note. The thirty-sixth measure contains a quarter note. The thirty-seventh measure contains a quarter note. The thirty-eighth measure contains a quarter note. The thirty-ninth measure contains a quarter note. The fortieth measure contains a quarter note. The forty-first measure contains a quarter note. The forty-second measure contains a quarter note. The forty-third measure contains a quarter note. The forty-fourth measure contains a quarter note. The forty-fifth measure contains a quarter note. The forty-sixth measure contains a quarter note. The forty-seventh measure contains a quarter note. The forty-eighth measure contains a quarter note. The forty-ninth measure contains a quarter note. The fiftieth measure contains a quarter note. The fifty-first measure contains a quarter note. The fifty-second measure contains a quarter note. The fifty-third measure contains a quarter note. The fifty-fourth measure contains a quarter note. The fifty-fifth measure contains a quarter note. The fifty-sixth measure contains a quarter note. The fifty-seventh measure contains a quarter note. The fifty-eighth measure contains a quarter note. The fifty-ninth measure contains a quarter note. The sixtieth measure contains a quarter note. The sixty-first measure contains a quarter note. The sixty-second measure contains a quarter note. The sixty-third measure contains a quarter note. The sixty-fourth measure contains a quarter note. The sixty-fifth measure contains a quarter note. The sixty-sixth measure contains a quarter note. The sixty-seventh measure contains a quarter note. The sixty-eighth measure contains a quarter note. The sixty-ninth measure contains a quarter note. The seventieth measure contains a quarter note. The seventy-first measure contains a quarter note. The seventy-second measure contains a quarter note. The seventy-third measure contains a quarter note. The seventy-fourth measure contains a quarter note. The seventy-fifth measure contains a quarter note. The seventy-sixth measure contains a quarter note. The seventy-seventh measure contains a quarter note. The seventy-eighth measure contains a quarter note. The seventy-ninth measure contains a quarter note. The eightieth measure contains a quarter note. The eighty-first measure contains a quarter note. The eighty-second measure contains a quarter note. The eighty-third measure contains a quarter note. The eighty-fourth measure contains a quarter note. The eighty-fifth measure contains a quarter note. The eighty-sixth measure contains a quarter note. The eighty-seventh measure contains a quarter note. The eighty-eighth measure contains a quarter note. The eighty-ninth measure contains a quarter note. The ninetieth measure contains a quarter note. The ninety-first measure contains a quarter note. The ninety-second measure contains a quarter note. The ninety-third measure contains a quarter note. The ninety-fourth measure contains a quarter note. The ninety-fifth measure contains a quarter note. The ninety-sixth measure contains a quarter note. The ninety-seventh measure contains a quarter note. The ninety-eighth measure contains a quarter note. The ninety-ninth measure contains a quarter note. The hundredth measure contains a quarter note.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single five-line staff. The key signature consists of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, and A4. The next measure contains eighth notes G4-F#4, E4-D4, and C4. The third measure has eighth notes B3-A3, G3-F#3, and E3. The fourth measure consists of a half note D3 and a quarter note C3. The fifth measure has eighth notes B2-A2, G2-F#2, and E2. The sixth measure contains eighth notes D2-C2, B1-A1, and G1. The system concludes with a double bar line.

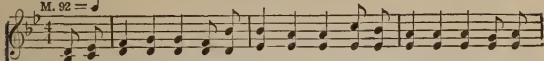
It flowed for me to set me free, My pre-cious Lord—my Sav-ior.

Mrs. C. H. M.

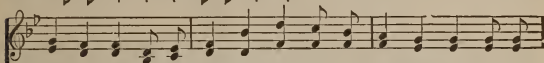
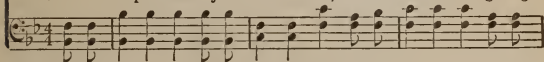
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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

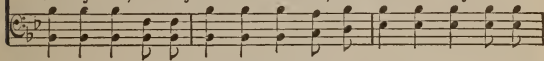
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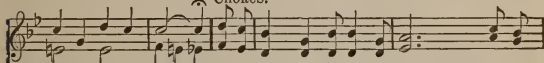
1. Do we live so close to the Lord to-day, Pass-ing to and fro on life's
2. Do we love, with love to His own a - kin, All His crea-tures lost in the
3. As an o - pen book they our lives will read, To our words and acts giv-ing



bus - y way, That the world in us can a like-ness see To the
mire of sin? Will we reach a hand, what-so - e'er it cost, To re-
dai - ly heed; Will they be at - tract-ed, or turn a - way From the

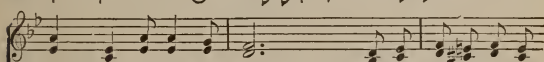
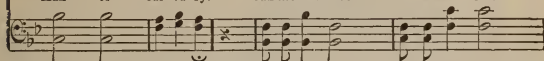


CHORUS.

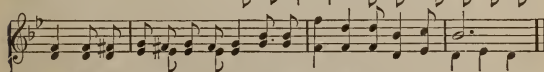
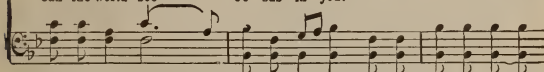


Man of Cal - va - ry?
claim a sin - ner lost? Can the world see Je - sus in me? Can the
Christ we love to-day?

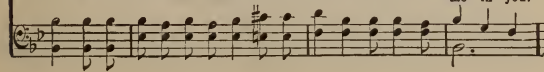
Man of Cal - va - ry? Can the world see Je - sus in me?



world see Je - sus in you? Does your love to Him ring
Can the world see Je - sus in you?



true, and your life and service, too? Can the world see Je - sus in you?
me - in you?



The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

HOMER A. ROOEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. Geo. Bennard.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the

cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

Jesus of Calvary.

J. J. B.

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Jas. J. Bell

M. 84 = ♩

1. Who walks be-side me in the rug-ged path of life to-day?
 2. Who makes my bur-dens light-er and who helps my cross to bear?
 3. Who left His home in heav'n a-bove a sin-ful world to save?

'Tis Je-sus, 'tis Je-sus! Who holds me lest I wan-der in-to
 'Tis Je-sus, 'tis Je-sus! Who says "Come un-to me, ye wea-ry,
 'Twas Je-sus, 'twas Je-sus! Who died up-on the cru-el cross; His

sin a-long the way? 'Tis Je-sus of Cal-va-ry!
 I your griefs will share?" 'Tis Je-sus of Cal-va-ry!
 life a ran-som gave? 'Twas Je-sus of Cal-va-ry!

CHORUS.

I love Him! I love Him! The Sav-ior dear who died for me that day;

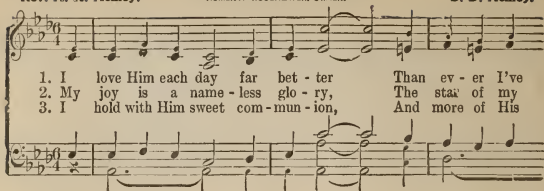
I love Him! I love Him! O how can I His wondrous love re-pay?

Better Each Day.

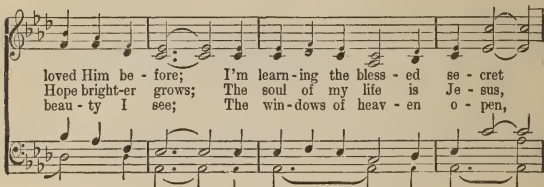
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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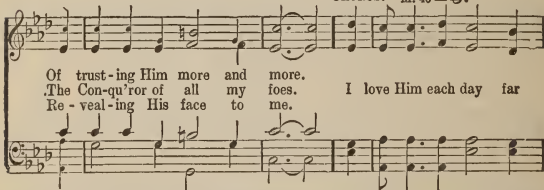
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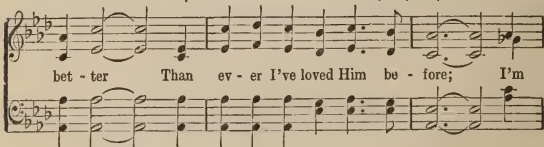
1. I love Him each day far bet - ter Than ev - er I've
 2. My joy is a name - less glo - ry, The star of my
 3. I hold with Him sweet com - mun - ion, And more of His



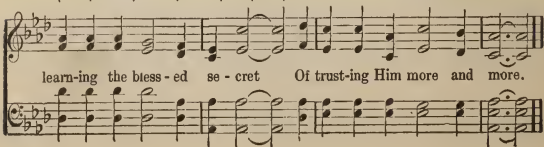
loved Him be - fore; I'm learn - ing the bless - ed se - cret
 Hope bright - er grows; The soul of my life is Je - sus,
 beau - ty I see; The win - dows of heav - en o - pen,

CHORUS. M. 46 = ♩ .


Of trust - ing Him more and more. I love Him each day far
 The Con - qu'ror of all my foes.
 Re - veal - ing His face to me.



bet - ter Than ev - er I've loved Him be - fore; I'm



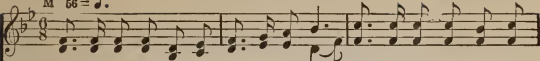
learn - ing the bless - ed se - cret Of trust - ing Him more and more.


E. E. Hewitt.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.


M 56 = ♩.

- 
1. Won-der-ful pow'r of my won-der-ful King! Mer-cy un-bound-ed, I
 2. Won-der-ful pow'r of the pray'r-hear-ing Lord; Tri-als a claim on His
 3. Won-der-ful pow'r that will guide me a - right, Lead me from the shadows to
 4. A - ble and will-ing, O Sav-ior art Thou! A - ble and will-ing to

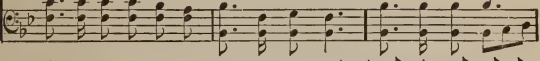


grate-ful-ly sing; From all the bil-lows that round me may roll,
 grace will af-ford; On my dear Sav-ior I cast ev-'ry care,
 mar-vel-ous light; In fierce temp-ta-tions, my ref-uge and stay,
 save me just now; When earth-ly path-ways no lon-ger I roam,


CHOURS.



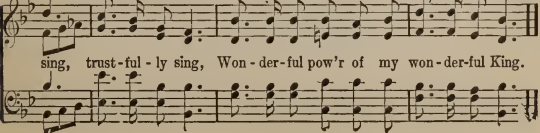
A - ble and will-ing to res-cue my soul.
 A - ble and will-ing to an-swer my prayer. Won-der-ful pow'r,
 A - ble and will-ing to keep me each day.
 A - ble and will-ing to wel-come me home.



won-der-ful pow'r! Sav-ing me, keep-ing me, life's ev-'ry hour; Glad-ly I



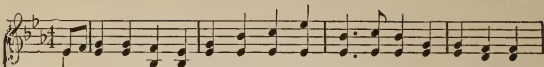
sing, trust-ful-ly sing, Won-der-ful pow'r of my won-der-ful King.



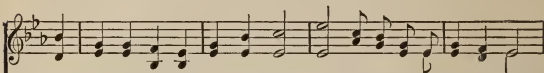
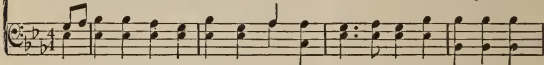
Ina Duley Ogdon.

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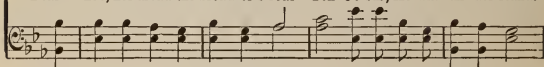
Chas. H. Gabriel.



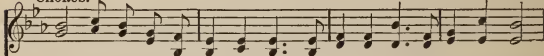
1. When dark and storm-y is the way, When sin be-sets on ev-'ry hand,
2. No one there is who bet-ter knows The sor-rows of this earth-ly land;
3. Your heav-y bur-dens He will share, And guard you with His an-gel band;
4. When those you love have said good-bye, And left you for the gold-en strand,
5. When all your la-bors here are o'er And at the riv-er's brink you stand,



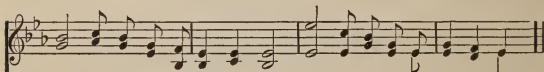
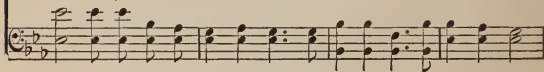
There's One who'll be your friend and stay—Tell Je-sus, He will un-der-stand.
 He bears the cross of all our woes—Tell Je-sus, He will un-der-stand.
 O cast on Him your ev-'ry care—Tell Je-sus, He will un-der-stand.
 When no one else can hear your cry—Tell Je-sus, He will un-der-stand.
 Fear not, nor dread the break-er's roar—Tell Je-sus, He will un-der-stand.



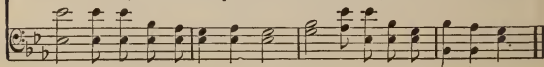
CHORUS.



Tell Je-sus, with the thorn-crowned brow, The riv-en side and wound-ed hand;



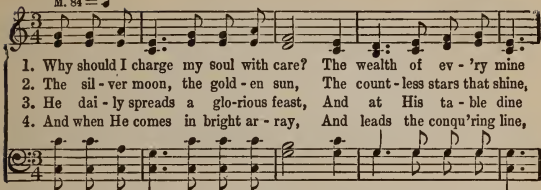
Tell Je-sus, when to Him you bow— Tell Je-sus, He will un-der-stand.



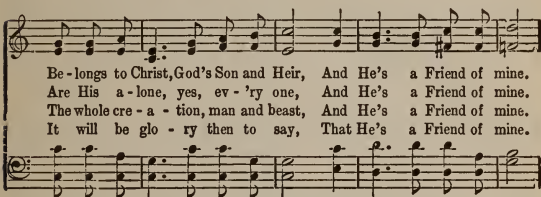
J. H. Sammis.

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D. B. Towner.

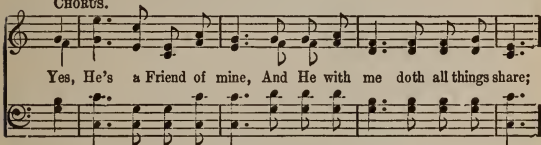
M. 84 = 


1. Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth of ev - 'ry mine
 2. The sil - ver moon, the gold - en sun, The count - less stars that shine,
 3. He dai - ly spreads a glo - rious feast, And at His ta - ble dine
 4. And when He comes in bright ar - ray, And leads the conqu'ring line,

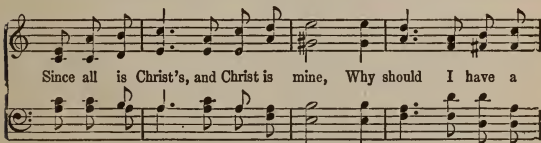


Be - longs to Christ, God's Son and Heir, And He's a Friend of mine.
 Are His a - lone, yes, ev - 'ry one, And He's a Friend of mine.
 The whole cre - a - tion, man and beast, And He's a Friend of mine.
 It will be glo - ry then to say, That He's a Friend of mine.

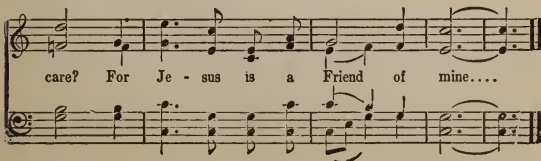
CHORUS.



Yes, He's a Friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;



Since all is Christ's, and Christ is mine, Why should I have a



care? For Je - sus is a Friend of mine....

Is It the Crowning Day?

George Walker Whitcomb.

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Charles H. Marsh.

M. 63 = ♩ .

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day, Glad day! And I would
 2. I may go home to - day, Glad day, Glad day! Seem-eth I
 3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day, Glad day! Lights ap-pear
 4. Faith - ful I'll be to - day, Glad day, Glad day! And I will

see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
 hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
 on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
 free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

CHORUS.

Je - sus should come to - day.
 I should go home to - day. Glad day, Glad day! Is it the crown - ing
 He is "at hand" to - day.
 He is my all to - day.

day! I'll live for to - day, nor anx - ious be; Je - sus my Lord I

soon shall see. Glad day, Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

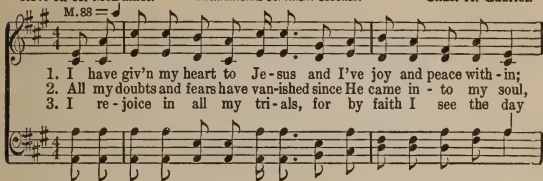
I Am Happy All the Time.

Rev. R. H. McDaniel.

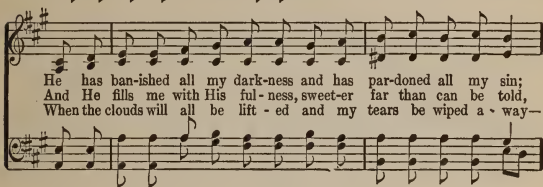
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

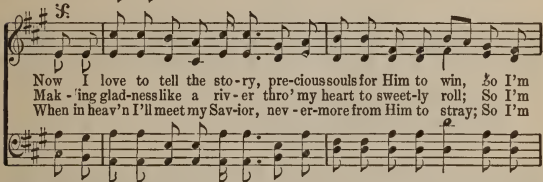
M. 88 =



1. I have giv'n my heart to Je-sus and I've joy and peace with-in;
2. All my doubts and fears have van-ished since He came in - to my soul,
3. I re-joice in all my tri-als, for by faith I see the day

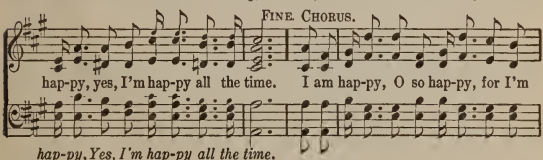


He has ban-ished all my dark-ness and has par-doned all my sin;
And He fills me with His ful-ness, sweet-er far than can be told,
When the clouds will all be lift-ed and my tears be wiped a-way—

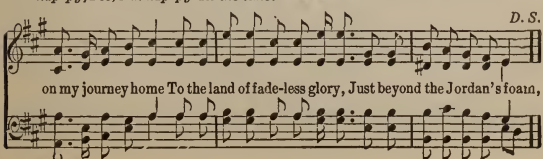


Now I love to tell the sto-ry, pre-cious souls for Him to win, So I'm
Mak-'ing glad-ness like a riv-er thro' my heart to sweet-ly roll; So I'm
When in heav'n I'll meet my Sav-ior, nev-er-more from Him to stray; So I'm

D.S.—There to dwell with all the ho-ly, nev-er, nev-er-more to roam, So I'm



FINE CHORUS.
hap-py, yes, I'm hap-py all the time. I am hap-py, O so hap-py, for I'm
hap-py, Yes, I'm hap-py all the time.

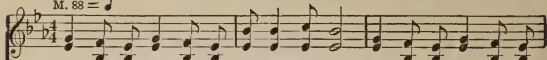


D. S.
on my journey home To the land of fade-less glory, Just beyond the Jordan's foan,

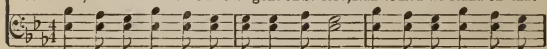
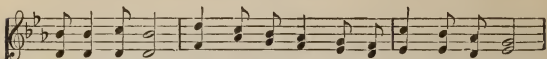
C. H. G., Jr.

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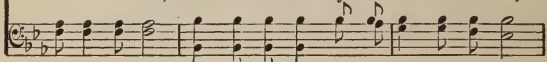
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr

M. 88 = 


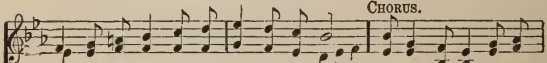
1. Dear is the sto - ry of won - der - ful love Told of a Sav - ior, who
 2. Hat - ed, de - spised and re - ject - ed was He, Whose word commanded the
 3. Torn were His feet by the bri - ars of scorn; Pierced was His fore - head by
 4. When, with the loved ones who've gone on be - fore, Ran - somed we stand on that

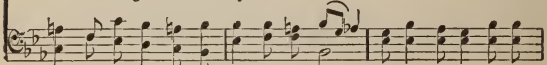
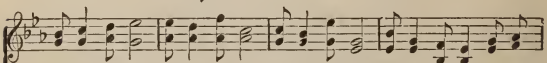
came from a - bove, Bore all our sins, and in sor - row and shame,
 wind and the sea; By whose com - pas - sion the hun - gry were fed,
 man - y a thorn; Wound - ed for us were His hands and His side,
 beau - ti - ful shore, When in His beau - ty our Sav - ior we see,



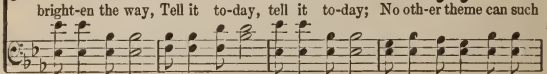
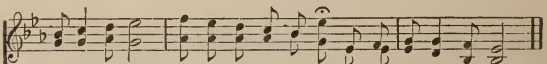
CHORUS.



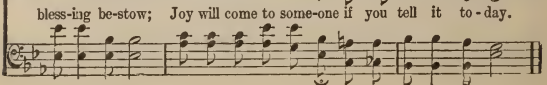
Suf - fered and died a lost world to re - claim.
 Who healed the liv - ing, whose voice raised the dead. Tell it to - day, it will
 Bro - ken the heart of the Lord cru - ci - fied.
 O what a glo - ri - ous day that will be!

bright - en the way, Tell it to - day, tell it to - day; No oth - er theme can such

bles - sing be - stow; Joy will come to some - one if you tell it to - day.

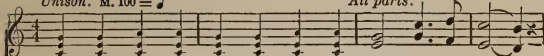


Held By His Hand.

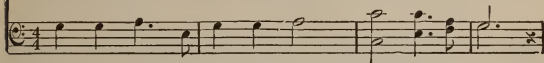
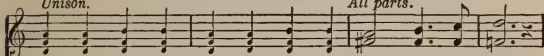
J. P. S.

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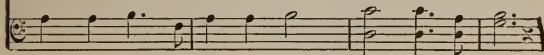
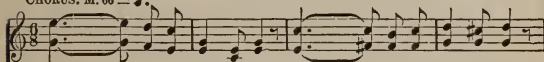
J. P. Scholfield.

Unison. M. 100 = ♩ *All parts.*

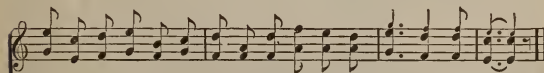
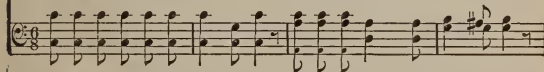
- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| 1. My heart knows no anx - ious day, | Held by His hand! |
| 2. Doubt and fear are con - quered foes, | Held by His hand! |
| 3. I have strength for ev - 'ry hour, | Held by His hand! |
| 4. How my hap - py heart can sing, | Held by His hand! |

*Unison.**All parts.*

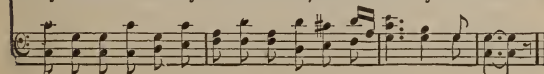
- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------|
| For I'm in the heav'n-ward way, | Held by His hand. |
| Noth - ing can my way op - pose, | Held by His hand, |
| I can feel His keep - ing pow'r, | Held by His hand. |
| I'm an heir of Christ my King, | Held by His hand. |

CHORUS, M. 66 = ♩ .

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| Held..... by my Fa-ther's hand, | Held..... by His might-y hand; |
| Held by my Fa-ther's al - might-y hand, | Held by His hand, His might - y hand; |



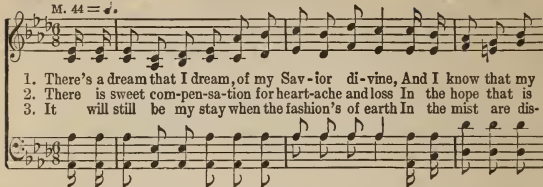
- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| Why should I fear when my Fa - ther is near, | And I'm held by His hand! |
|--|---------------------------|



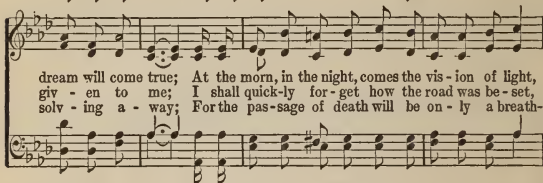
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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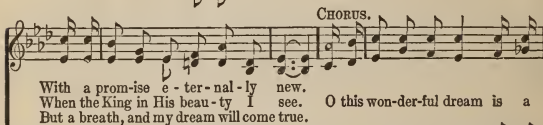
M. 44 = ♩ .


1. There's a dream that I dream, of my Sav - ior di - vine, And I know that my
 2. There is sweet com - pen - sa - tion for heart - ache and loss In the hope that is
 3. It will still be my stay when the fashion's of earth In the mist are dis -

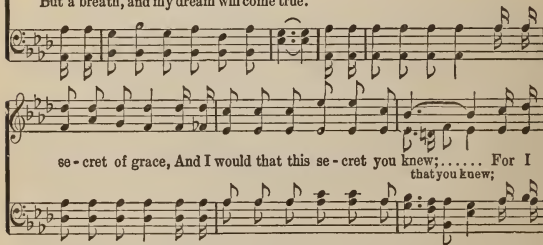


dream will come true; At the morn, in the night, comes the vis - ion of light,
 giv - en to me; I shall quick - ly for - get how the road was be - set,
 solv - ing a - way; For the pas - sage of death will be on - ly a breath -

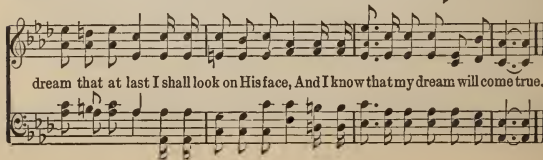
CHORUS.



With a prom - ise e - ter - nal - ly new.
 When the King in His beau - ty I see. O this won - der - ful dream is a
 But a breath, and my dream will come true.



se - cret of grace, And I would that this se - cret you knew; For I
 that you knew;



dream that at last I shall look on His face, And I know that my dream will come true.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

M. 84 =

1. I'm trust-ing, on - ly trust-ing In Je - sus day by day; I
2. I'm trust-ing, on - ly trust-ing In Je - sus ev - 'ry hour, Who
3. I'm trust-ing, on - ly trust-ing My Sav-ior's hand to guide; I

feel His pres-ence near - er, While press-ing on my way; My soul is
saves me by His mer - cy, And keeps me by His pow'r; I'll pub-lish
know His grace suf - fi-cient, And ask for naught be-side; My soul is

D. S.—My soul is

full of glo - ry, And this my song shall be: I love my bless-ed Sav-ior,
His sal - va-tion Wher-ev - er I may be; With all my heart I love Him,
on the mountain, My home beyond the sea: O bless the Lord! I love Him,

full of glo - ry, I sing be-cause I'm free; I love my bless-ed Sav-ior,

FINE. CHORUS.

Be-cause He first loved me. I love Him, I love Him, Be-cause He

Be-cause He first loved me.

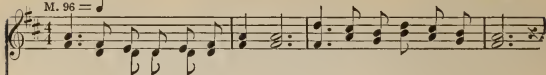
D. S.

first loved me; I trust Him, I trust Him, Wher-ev - er I may be.

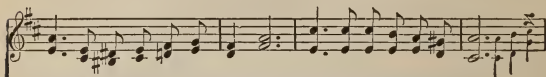
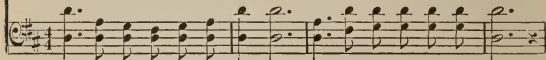
Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

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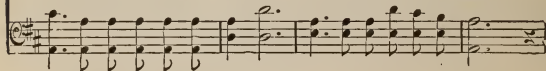
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr

M. 96 = 

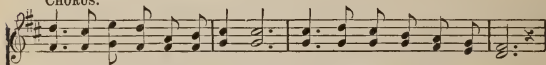
1. Vis - it us, O pre-cious Sav - ior, Fix Thy dwelling in each heart;
2. Breathe up-on us, lov-ing Spir - it, Let Thy life our souls in - spire;
3. Fin - ish, Lord, this new cre - a - tion, Fix us for our place a - bove;
4. Changed from glory un - to glo - ry, Teach us here to sing Thy praise,



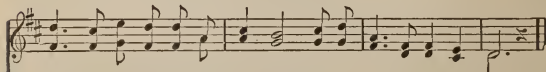
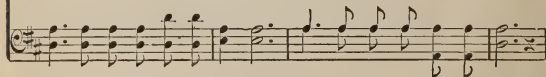
Come this day and take pos - ses-sion, Full sal - va-tion now im - part.
 'Till Thy na-ture we in - her - it, Filled with ho - ly, pure de - sire.
 'Till with those who serve in glo - ry, We are per - fect in Thy love.
 'Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, And a glorious anthem raise.



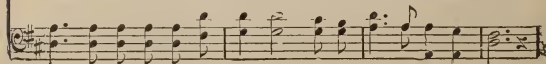
CHORUS.



Pre-cious Sav-ior, precious Sav - ior, Fix Thy dwell-ing in each heart;



Take pos-ses-sion, take pos - ses - sion, Full sal - va - tion now im-part.

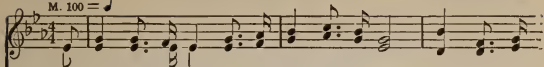


Paul Rader.

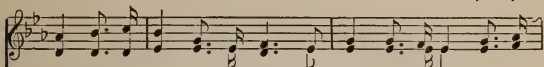
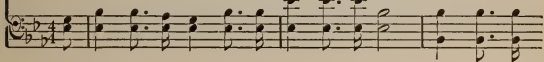
COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ARTHUR W. MCKEE.

Arthur W. McKee.

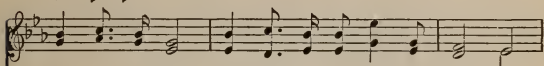
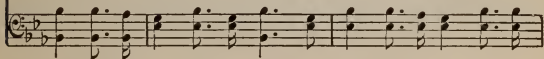
M. 100 = ♩



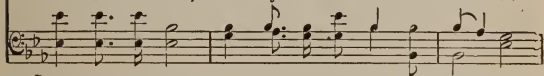
1. I've en-tered the land dear-ly bought by His blood, Passed o-ver
2. The gi-ants are con-quer-ed the spies said were here, Je-sus is
3. The Man-na is gone and the corn is my food; Moved from the



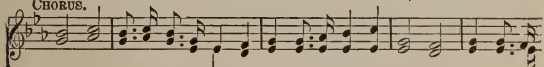
Jor-dan, sur-ren-dered to God; I've found His suf-fi-cien-cy
vic-tor, I need have no fear; In sum-mer, in win-ter, I've
world, and I'm liv-ing in God; I've ceased saying "can't" since I



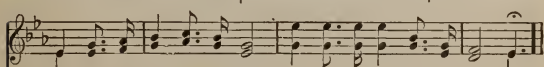
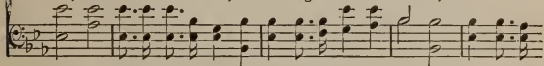
here in this land, Glo-ry to Je-sus for-ev-er.
joy all the year, Glo-ry to Je-sus for-ev-er.
found that He could,— Glo-ry to Je-sus for-ev-er.



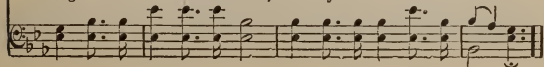
CHORUS.



Far, far on the oth-er side, I'm liv-ing a-cross the riv-er; Burned are the



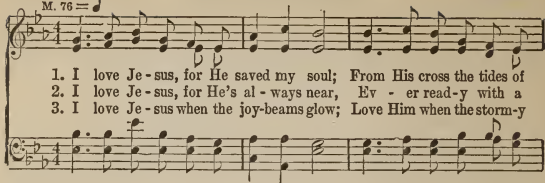
bridg-es 'twixt me and the world, Glo-ry to Je-sus for-ev-er.



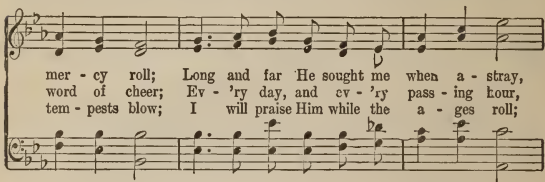
E. E. Hewitt,

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

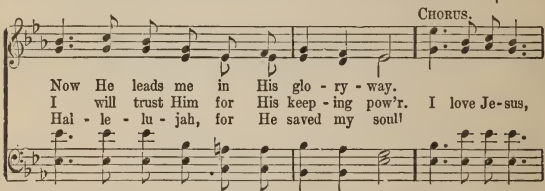
M. 76 = 


1. I love Je - sus, for He saved my soul; From His cross the tides of
 2. I love Je - sus, for He's al - ways near, Ev - er read - y with a
 3. I love Je - sus when the joy-beams glow; Love Him when the storm-y

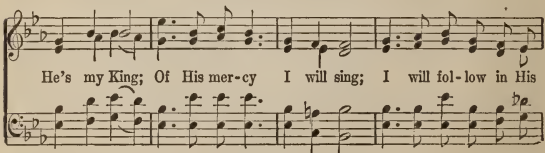


mer - cy roll; Long and far He sought me when a - stray,
 word of cheer; Ev - 'ry day, and ev - 'ry pass - ing hour,
 tem - pests blow; I will praise Him while the a - ges roll;

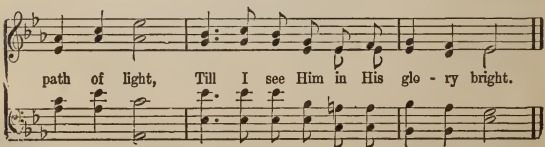
CHORUS.



Now He leads me in His glo - ry - way.
 I will trust Him for His keep - ing pow'r. I love Je - sus,
 Hal - le - lu - jah, for He saved my soul!



He's my King; Of His mer - cy I will sing; I will fol - low in His



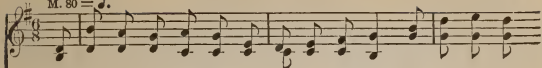
path of light, Till I see Him in His glo - ry bright.

I Walk With the King.

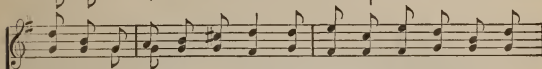
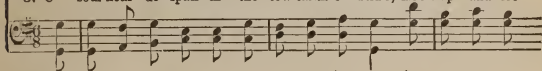
James Rovre.

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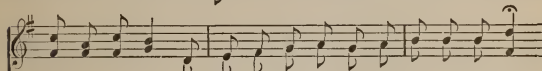
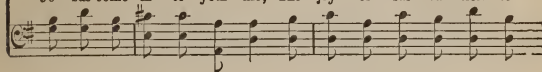
B. D. Ackley.

M. 80 = 

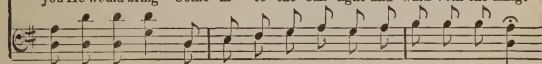
1. In sor-row I wan-dered, my spir-it op-prest, But now I am
 2. For years in the fet-ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
 3. O soul near de-spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let



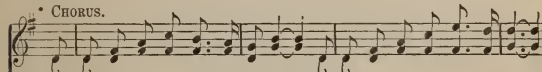
hap-py-se-cure-ly I rest; From morn-ing till eve-ning glad
 help me—no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the
 Je-sus come in-to your life; The joy of sa-va-tion to



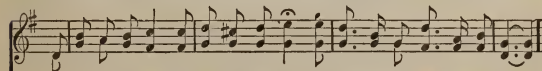
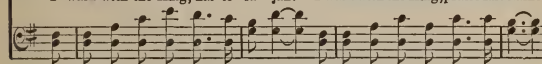
car-ols I sing, And this is the rea-son—I walk with the King.
 sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and re-joic-ing—I walk with the King.
 you He would bring—Come in-to the sun-light and walk with the King.



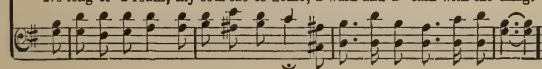
* CHORUS.



I walk with the King, hal-le-lu-jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!



No long-er I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.



Ina Duley Ogdon.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 96 = ♩

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
 2. Just a - bove are cloud - ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
 3. Here for all your tal - ent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re -

wait to shed your light a - far, To the man - y du - ties ev - er near you
 nar - row self your way de - bar; Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
 flect the bright and Morning Star; E - vea from your hum - ble hand the bread of

REFRAIN.

now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
 song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
 life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
 Shine for Jesus where you are!

har - bor you may guide a - cross the bar: Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

Jesus Leads.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

John R. Clements.

Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 76 = ♯

1. Like a shep-herd, ten-der, true, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
2. All a-long life's rug-ged road, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
3. Thro' the sun - lit ways of life Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.

Dai-ly finds us pas-tures new, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
Till we reach yon blest a - bode, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
Thro' the warrings and the strife Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;

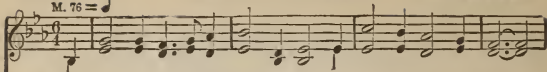
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
All the way, before, He's trod, And He now the flock precedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound - 'ry-line re-cedes,
(1) If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
Safe in - to the folds of God Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
He will spread the waves a - side, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
Je - sus leads,

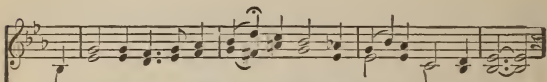
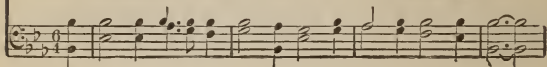
H. B.

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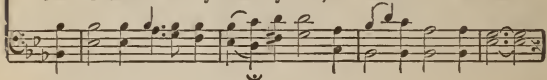
Henry Barraclough

M. 76 = 

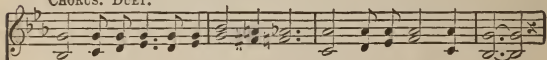
1. My Lord has gar-ments so wondrous fine, And myrrh their tex-ture fills;
2. His life had al - so its sor-rows sore, For al - oes had a part;
3. His garments, too, were in cas-sia dipped, With heal-ing in a touch;
4. In gar-ments glo - ri-ous He will come, To o - pen wide the door;



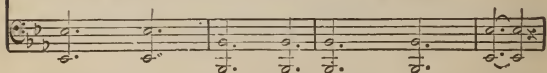
Its fragrance reached to this heart of mine, With joy my be - ing thrills.
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.
Each time my feet in some sin have slipped, He took me from its clutch.
And I shall en - ter my heav'n-ly home, To dwell for-ev - er - more.



CHORUS. DUET.

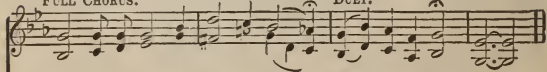


Out of the iv - o - ry pal - a - ces In - to a world of woe,

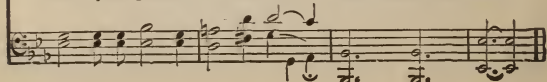


FULL CHORUS.

DUET.



On - ly His great e - ter - nal love.... Made my Sav-ior go.

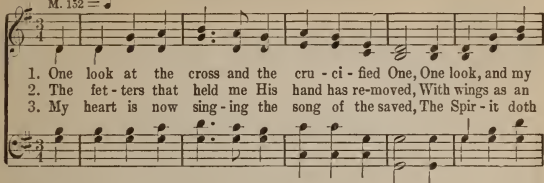


Mrs. C. D. Martin.

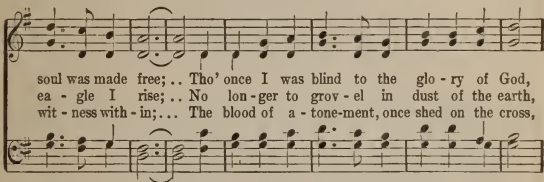
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H. A. Henry.

M. 152 =

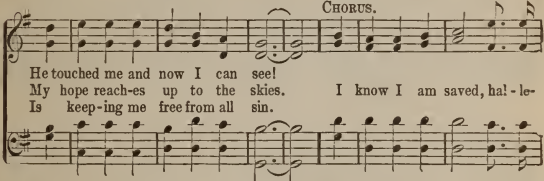


1. One look at the cross and the cru - ci - fied One, One look, and my
 2. The fet - ters that held me His hand has re - moved, With wings as an
 3. My heart is now sing - ing the song of the saved, The Spir - it doth

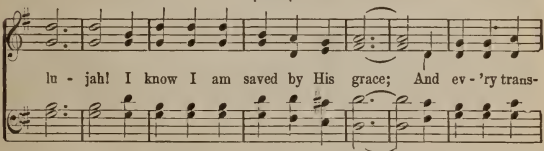


soul was made free; .. Tho' once I was blind to the glo - ry of God,
 ea - gle I rise; .. No lon - ger to grov - el in dust of the earth,
 wit - ness with - in; ... The blood of a - tone - ment, once shed on the cross,

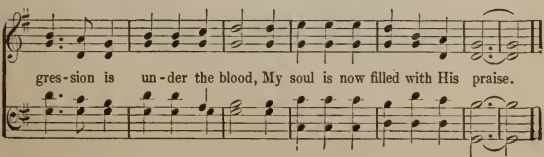
CHORUS.



He touched me and now I can see!
 My hope reach - es up to the skies. I know I am saved, hal - le -
 Is keep - ing me free from all sin.



lu - jah! I know I am saved by His grace; And ev - 'ry trans -



gres - sion is un - der the blood, My soul is now filled with His praise.

God Will Take Care of You.

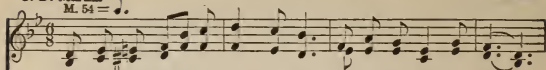
Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.

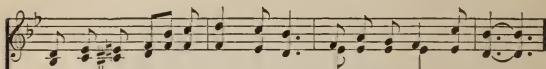
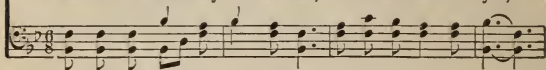
C. D. Martin.

M. 54 = ♩.

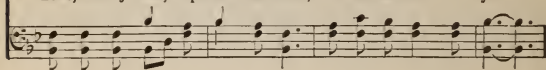
W. S. Martin.



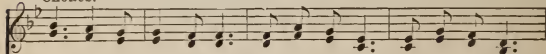
1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



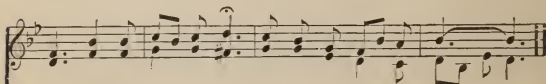
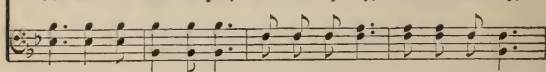
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan - gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea - ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



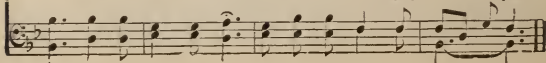
CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.



When I Think of His Love for Me.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

M. 152 =

1. There's a song in my heart that will ring ev - er - more; 'Tis a
2. There are bless - ings un - num - bered as stars in the sky, Dai - ly
3. All my troub - les grow less as I look at the cross, There's a
4. So un - meas - ured His grace to a sin - ner has been, Liv - ing

song that will swell on the shin - ing shore; And my won - der - ful
bless - ings that will ev - 'ry need sup - ply; And His good - ness ap -
glo - ri - ous gain for each pass - ing loss; Earth - ly clouds, like the
jew - els for Him I would glad - ly win; True and faith - ful to

Sav - ior its theme shall be, When I think of His love for me.
 pears like a bound - less sea, When I think of His love for me.
 mists of the moun - tain flee, When I think of His love for me.
 Je - sus, I long to be, When I think of His love for me.

CHORUS.

When I think of His love for me, . . . Of His mer-cies a-bun-dant and free; . . .
 for me, . . . so free;

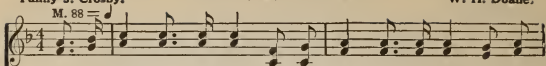
Hal-le-lu-jahs of joy my lips em-ploy, When I think of His love for me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

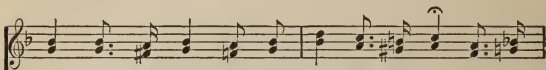
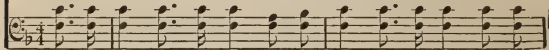
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W. H. Doane.

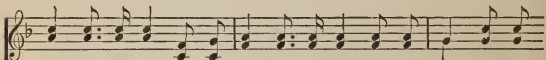
M. 88 =



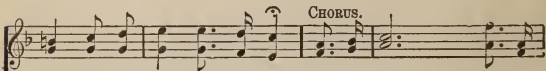
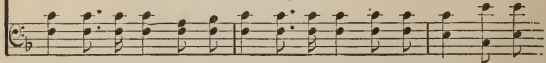
1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed, To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the
4. To the work! to the work in the strength of the Lord, And a



fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
 foun - tain of life let the wea - ry be led; In the
 king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
 robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward, When the



balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our
 cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the
 name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell - ing
 home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the



might what our hands find to do.
 ti - dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing
 cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
 ran - somed, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on,



To the Work.

on, Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; Let us
toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, toil - ing on;

hope, let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
and trust, and pray,

29

I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

M. 66 = ♩

1. I hear Thy wel - come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To

cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.
per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

D. S.—That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

D. S.

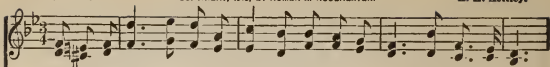
I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood

He Knows the Way.

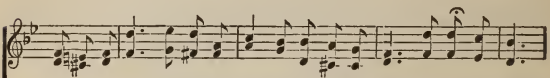
A. H. A.

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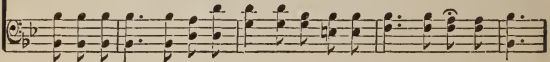
A. H. Ackley.



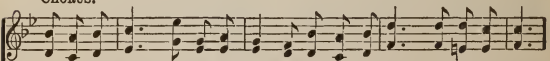
1. There is a Guide that nev-er fal-ters, And when He leads I can - not stray,
2. Oft-times the path grows dim and dreary, The darkness hides the cheer-ing ray,
3. He knows the e - vils that sur-round me, The turnings that would lead a-stray,
4. O heart weighed down with nameless anguish, O guilt-y soul torn with dis-may,



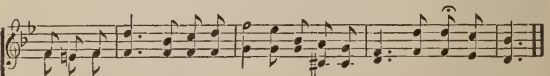
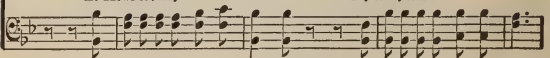
For step by step, He goes be - fore me, And marks my path, He knows the way.
 Still I will trust tho' worn and wea - ry, My Sav-ior leads, He knows the way.
 No foes of night can ere con-found me, For Je - sus leads, He knows the way.
 Thine ev-'ry foe, His pow'r will vanquish, Let Je - sus lead, He knows the way.



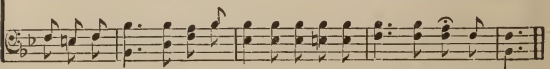
CHORUS.



He knows the way that leads to glo - ry; Thy ev -'ry fear He will al - lay,
 He knows the way Thy ev-'ry fear

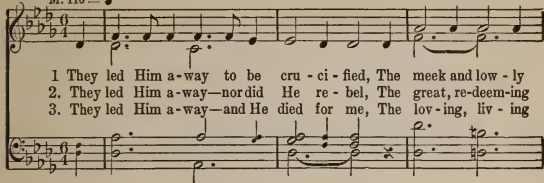


And bring thee safe at last to heav-en, Let Je-sus lead, He knows the way.

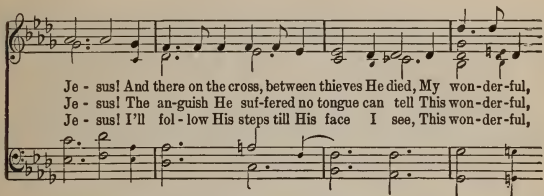


Herbert Buffum
and C. H. G.COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

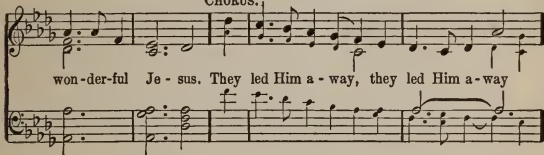
M. 116 = 


1 They led Him a-way to be cru-ci-fied, The meek and low-ly
2. They led Him a-way—nordid He re-bel, The great, re-deem-ing
3. They led Him a-way—and He died for me, The lov-ing, liv-ing

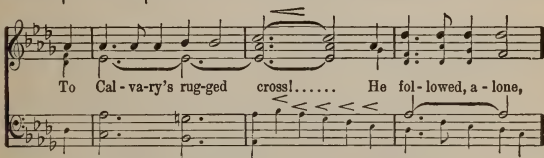


Je-sus! And there on the cross, between thieves He died, My won-der-ful,
Je-sus! The an-guish He suf-fered no tongue can tell This won-der-ful,
Je-sus! I'll fol-low His steps till His face I see, This won-der-ful,

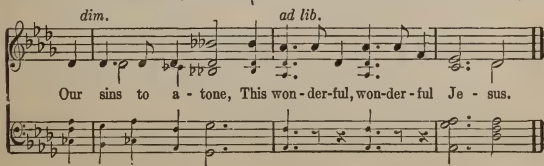
CHORUS.



won-der-ful Je-sus. They led Him a-way, they led Him a-way



To Cal-va-ry's rug-ged cross!..... He fol-lowed, a-lone,



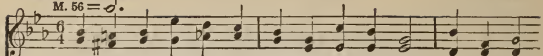
dim. *ad lib.*
Our sins to a-tone, This won-der-ful, won-der-ful Je-sus.

I Shall Be Ready.

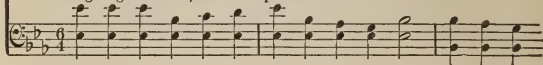
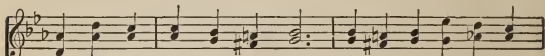
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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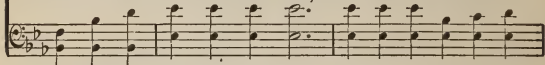
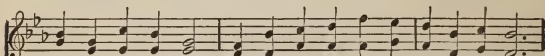
B. D. Ackley.

M. 56 = .



1. I shall be read - y to wel - come the Sav - ior, I may be -
 2. I shall be read - y for Him I have trust - ed, Us - ing the
 3. Shall His re - turn - ing to you mean a bless - ing? Or will you
 4. Reign - ing with Him, He has prom - ised to make me Heir un - to

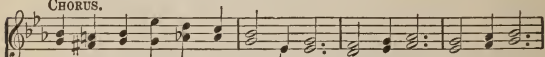
hold Him de - scend from on high, Clothed in His gar - ments of
 tal - ents com - mit - ted to me; Things I once loved from my
 trem - ble and fall down with fear? How will He find you, de -
 God and Joint - Heir with His Son; All shall be well when He

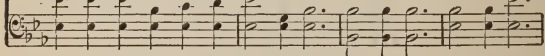
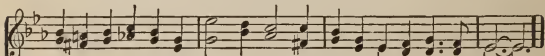
heav - en - ly splen - dor; O what a day when the King shall draw nigh!
 heart have de - part - ed; Liv - ing in Je - sus my soul is made free.
 ny - ing, con - fess - ing? Seek Him, be - liev - ing, while yet He is near.
 comes back to take me, Rul - er and Lord of the world He has won.



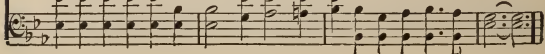
CHORUS.



I shall be read - y when Je - sus comes, When He comes, when He comes,

I shall be read - y when Je - sus comes, When Je - sus comes back for His own.

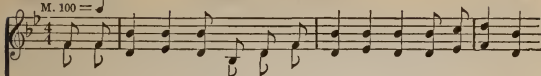


When the Shout of Battle Dies Away.

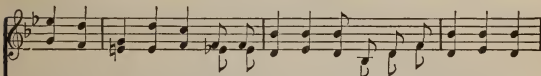
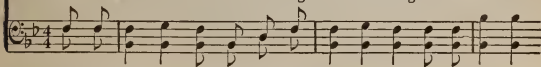
Lizzie DeArmond.

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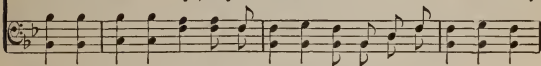
H. A. Henry

M. 100 = 

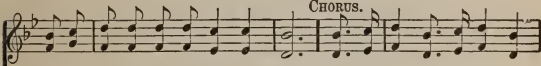
1. There's a sound of war-fare o'er the whole wide world, Hosts of sin are
2. Long may be the con-flict ere the Lord draws near, We can nev-er
3. There's a sound of war-fare swell-ing loud and strong! Soon the din and



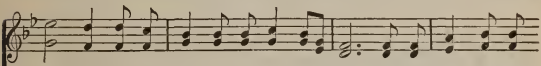
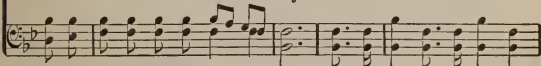
gath-'ring for the fray; Time is swift-ly fly-ing! where will you be found,
know the hour or day; But, if faith-ful sol-diers, we can rest se-cure,
strife shall end for aye; May our names be writ-ten in His book of life,



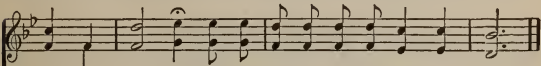
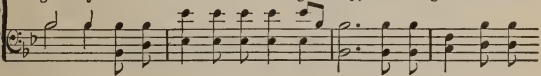
CHORUS.



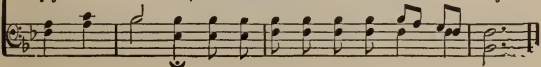
When the shout of bat-tle dies a-way! He will come on the clouds of



glo-ry! We shall meet on that last great day; Shall we greet Him with



joy or sor-row, When the shout of bat-tle dies a-way?



In the Garden.

C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles

1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be

ros-es, And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
 sing-ing, And the mel-o-dy That He gave to me, With-
 fall-ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS. M. 48 = ♩.

Son of God dis-clos-es.
 in my heart is ring-ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call-ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the

joy we share as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.

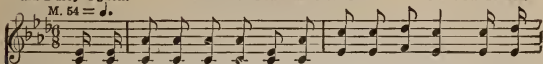
Carry Your Cross With a Smile.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

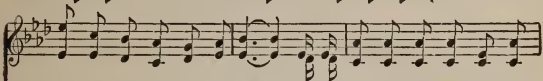
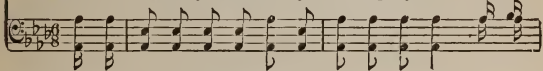
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Chas. H. Gabriel

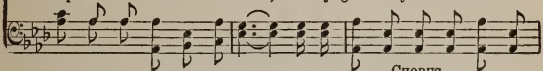
M. 54 = ♩.



1. 'Tho' your heart may be heav-y with sor-row and care, You may
2. Let the well by the way-side that flows un-to all Strength im-
3. For the work that you faith-ful-ly, will-ing-ly do, You shall



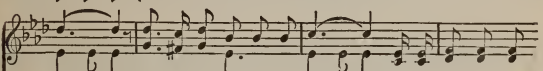
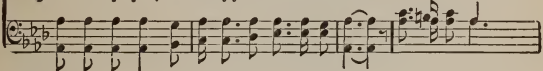
oth-ers to glad-ness be-guile, If a face like the light of the
part for each step of the mile; Let your faith the great prom-is-es
reap a re-ward af-ter-while; On-ly grace in your serv-ice can



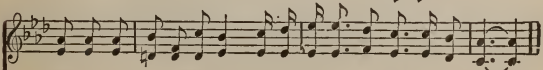
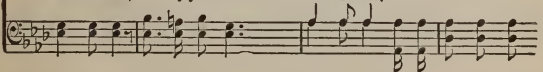
CHORUS.



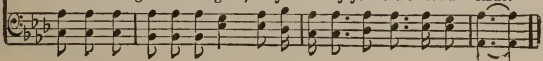
morn-ing you wear, And car-ry your cross with a smile! Car-ry your cross with a
oft-en re-call, And car-ry your cross with a smile!
glo-ri-fy you, So car-ry your cross with a smile! Car-ry your cross



smile,..... Car-ry your cross with a smile;.... You may oth-ers from
with a smile, Car-ry your cross with a smile;



sad-ness to glad-ness be-guile, If you car-ry your cross with a smile!



H. E. B.

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Rev. H. E. Bright.

M. 69 = J.

1. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to save me When I was wan - d'ring
 2. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to cleanse me, Car - nal in heart and
 3. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to guide me O - ver the mount - ains,
 4. Je - sus my Sav - ior soon will call me Home to my man - sion,

out in the night; Rich - es of glo - ry free - ly gave me,
 fight - ings with - in; Now I en - joy His pre - cious ful - ness
 down thro' the vale; Still He is with me, strong to keep me;
 shin - ing a - bove; There shall I see Him in His glo - ry,

CHORUS.
 Flood - ed my soul with His won - drous light.
 Pow - er and vic - t'ry o'er in - bred sin. I'm saved! saved!
 Fol - low - ing Him I shall nev - er fail.
 Praise and a - dore Him in songs of love.

this is my sto - ry:—Je - sus my Sav - ior cleans - es and keeps me! I'm

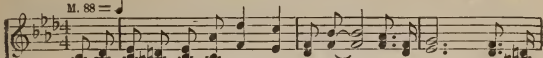
saved! saved! filled with His glo - ry! Glo - ry to Je - sus, His grace is free.

All Alone.

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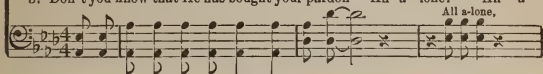
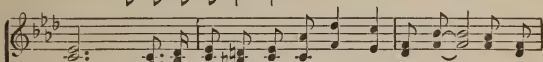
C. Austin Miles.

C. A. M.

M. 88 = 



1. Have you ev - er tried to bear your bur - dens All a - lone? All a -
 2. Don't you know He trod the wine - press for you All a - lone? All a -
 3. Don't you know that He has bought your pardon All a - lone? All a -

All a - lone,

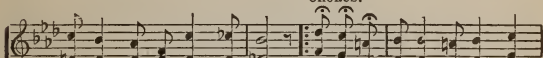



lone? Don't you know there's One who waits to help you, Who will
 lone? And the bur - den that He bore in meek - ness, Such a
 lone? And your grat - i - tude for such a mer - cy Un - to

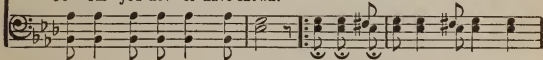
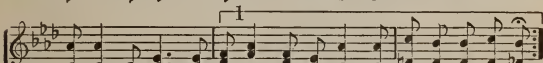
All a - lone?



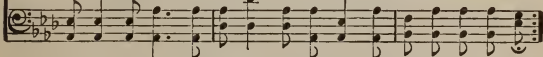
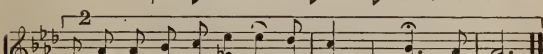
CHORUS.



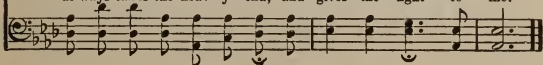
make all your bur - dens His own?
 bur - den no oth - er has known. { When I have burdens to bear which
 Je - sus you nev - er have shown. { When I have crosses to bear, my

no one can share, I take them to Je - sus, the Man of Cal - va - ry;
 Sav - ior is there, And [Omit.....]

al - ways takes the heav - y end, and gives the light to me.

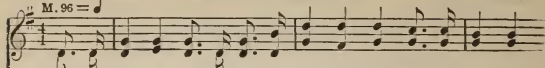


When the Book is Opened.

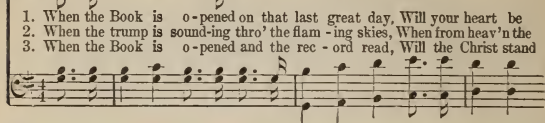
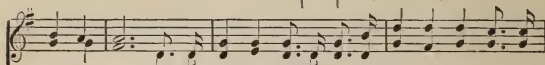
Lizzie DeArmond.

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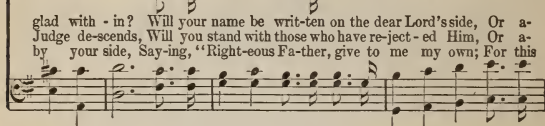
Kem G. Bottorf.

M. 96 = 



1. When the Book is o-pen-ed on that last great day, Will your heart be
2. When the trump is sound-ing thro' the flam-ing skies, When from heav'n the
3. When the Book is o-pen-ed and the rec-ord read, Will the Christ stand

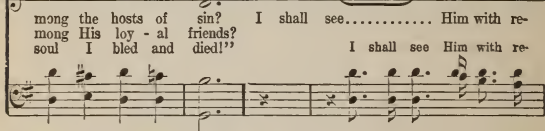
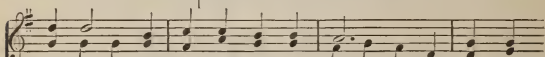
glad with-in? Will your name be writ-ten on the dear Lord's side, Or a-
Judge de-scends, Will you stand with those who have re-ject-ed Him, Or a-
by your side, Say-ing, "Right-eous Fa-ther, give to me my own; For this



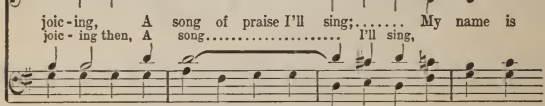
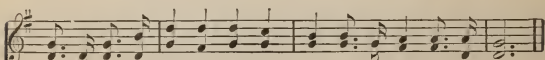
CHORUS.



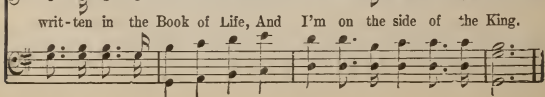
mong the hosts of sin? I shall see..... Him with re-
mong His loy-al friends? I shall see Him with re-
soul I bled and died!"

joic-ing, A song of praise I'll sing;..... My name is
joic-ing then, A song..... I'll sing,

writ-ten in the Book of Life, And I'm on the side of the King.



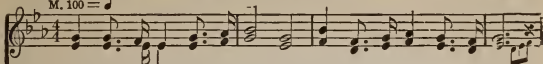
Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

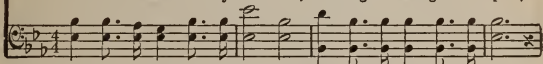
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY L. E. SWENEY. RENEWAL. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

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Jno. R. Sweney

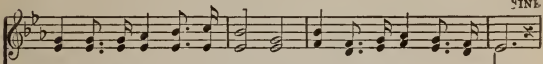
M. 100 = 

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
2. Fast-ing a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that are passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, With-ing in an - guish and pain;

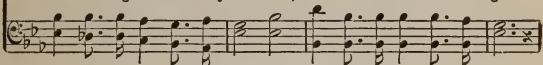


CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;

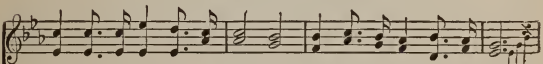
FINE



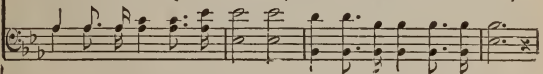
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.
 How for our sins He wastempt-ed, Yet was tri-um-phant at last.
 Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain.



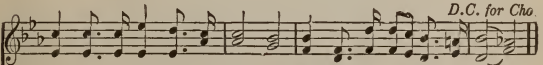
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.



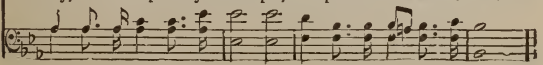
Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they wel-come His birth,
 Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
 Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;



D.C. for Cho.



"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
 He was de-spised and af - flict - ed, Home-less, re - ject-ed and poor.
 Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran-som for me.



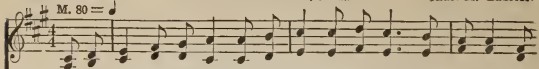
Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel.

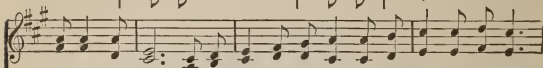
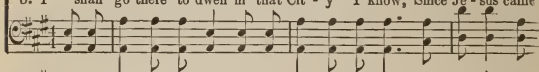
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F. OMER A. ROOEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

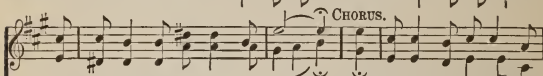
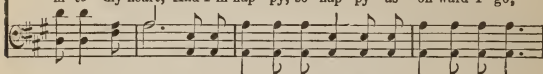
M. 80 =



1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit-y I know, Since Je-sus came

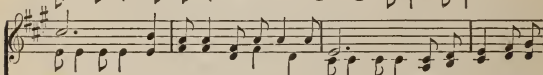
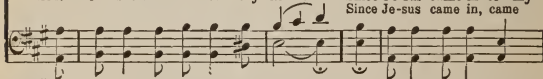


in-to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 in-to my heart; And my sins which were man-y are all washed a-way,
 in-to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
 in-to my heart; And the gates of the Cit-y be-yond I can see,
 in-to my heart; And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on-ward I go,

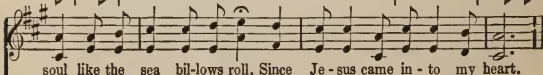
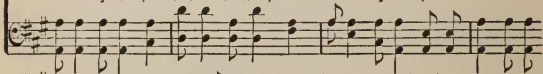


Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.

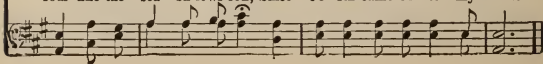
Since Je-sus came in-to my
 Since Je-sus came in, came



heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my
 in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart;



soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.



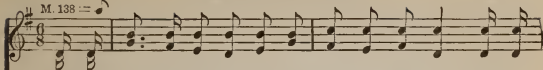
The Palace of Light.

Victor M. Hatfield.

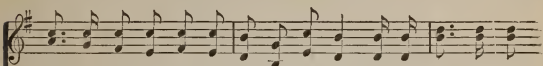
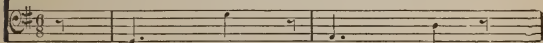
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Susie E. Hatfield

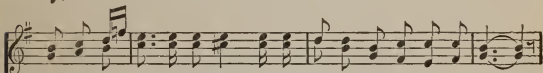
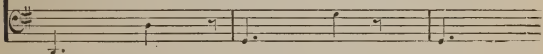
M. 138



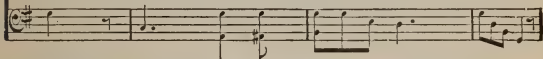
1. When I've whis-pered fare-well, and for - got - ten my care, When I've
2. When the bat - tle is o - ver, the vic - to - ry won, When the
3. I shall sing a glad song when my eyes shall be - hold The



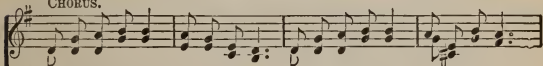
sung my last car - ol and breathed my last prayer, I'll be met by my
tri - als are end-ed, the jour-ney is done, I shall look on a
cit - y of jas - per with por - tals of gold; Oh, the joy I shall



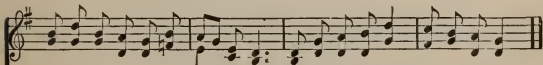
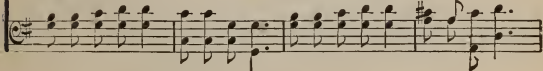
Sav - ior a - wait-ing me there, In my home in the Pal-ace of Light.
splen-dor more bright than the sun, In my home in the Pal-ace of Light.
know, when the glo - ries un-fold, In my home in the Pal-ace of Light.



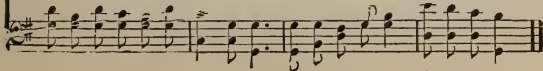
CHORUS.



Man-sions of glo-ry, home o-ver there! Re-gion ce-les-tial, ra-diant and fair!



No pain or sor-row, no gloom or night; Beau-ti-ful home-land, Pal-ace of Light.



Sail On!


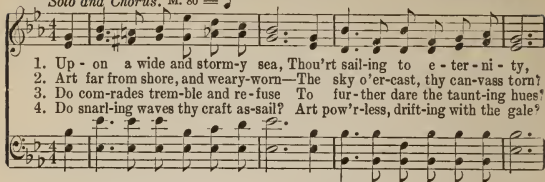
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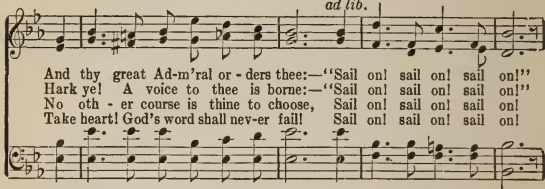
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

C. H. G.


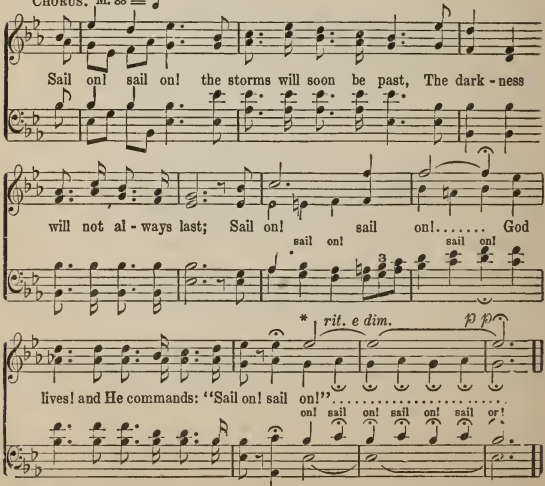
Chas. H. Gabriel

Solo and Chorus, M. 80 = 


1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
 2. Art far from shore, and weary-worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vass torn?
 3. Do com-rades trem-ble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunt-ing hues?
 4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'r-less, drift-ing with the gale?

ad lib.


And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
 Hark ye! A voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
 No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
 Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!

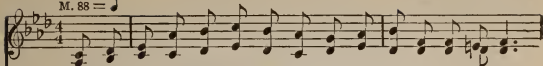
CHORUS, M. 88 = 


Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness
 will not al - ways last; Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on! God
 lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!"
 on! sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!

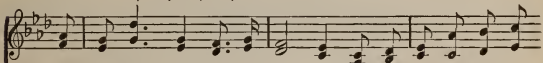
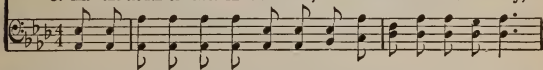
E. E. Hewitt.

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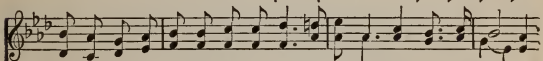
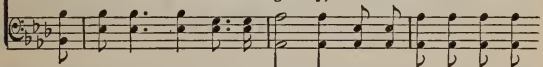
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr

M. 88 = 

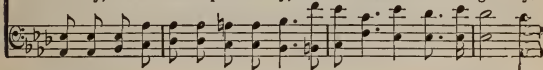
1. All who wait for His ap-pear-ing shall be joy-ful by and by,
2. In the house of man-y man-sions we shall meet in that blest hour,
3. All the clouds of time shall van-ish, all the shad-ows flee a-way,



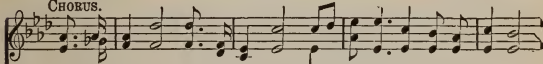
When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry; Changed in-to His bless-ed
 When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry; His shall be the crown and
 When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry; We shall see Him in His



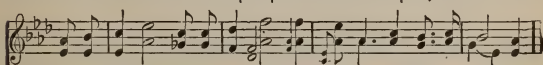
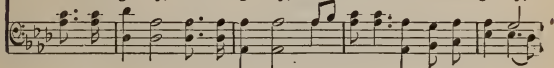
like-ness in the twin-king of an eye, When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry.
 king-dom and the ev-er-last-ing pow'r, When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry.
 beau-ty, in that full and per-fect day, When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry.



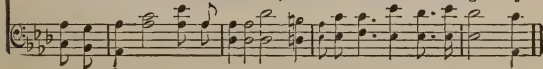
CHORUS.



In His glo-ry, won-drous glo-ry, When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry;



We shall see Him and be like Him, When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry.

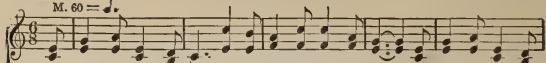


If Jesus Goes With Me.

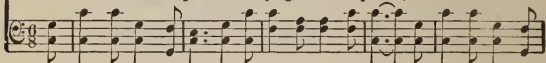
C. A. M.

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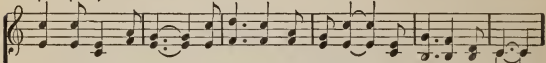
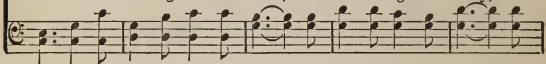
C. Austin Miles.

M. 60 = ♩ .

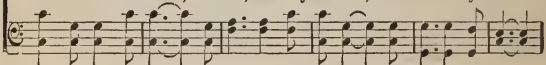
1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burn-ing
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to



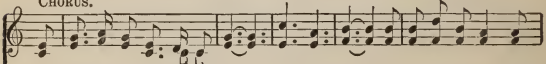
sun-shine that I, in peace a-bide; But this one thing I know—if
des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
fol-low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or



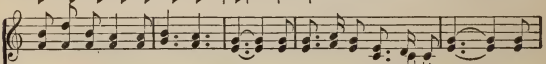
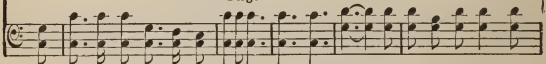
it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an-y-where!
wheth-er here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-ior, con-tent an-y-where!



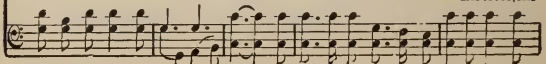
CHORUS.



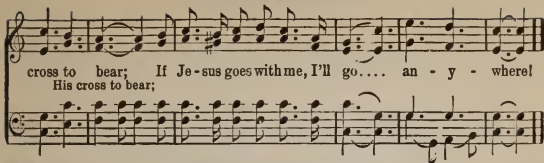
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go... An-y-where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Where
I'll go



e'er I may be, If He is there. I count it a priv-i-lege here... His
His cross, His



If Jesus Goes With Me.



cross to bear; If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go.... an - y - where!
His cross to bear;

45

Filled With Thee.

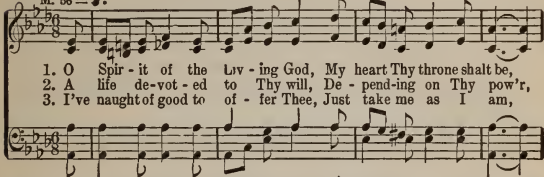
W. S. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY W. S. MARTIN.

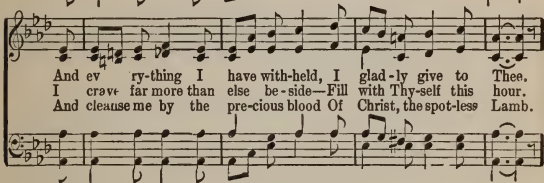
OWNED BY THE EVANGELICAL PUB. CO., CHICAGO.

Will S. Martin

M. 56 = ♩.

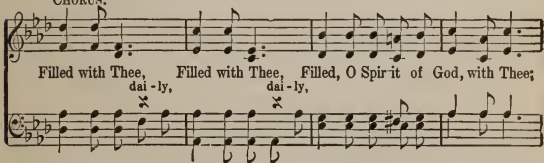


1. O Spir - it of the Liv - ing God, My heart Thy throne shalt be,
2. A life de-vot - ed to Thy will, De - pend - ing on Thy pow'r,
3. I've naught of good to of - fer Thee, Just take me as I am,

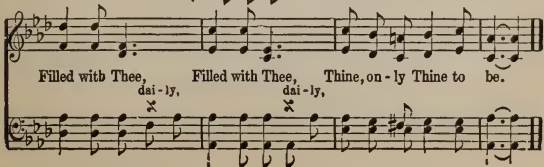


And ev - ry-thing I have with-held, I glad-ly give to Thee.
I crave far more than else be-side—Fill with Thy-self this hour.
And cleanse me by the pre-cious blood Of Christ, the spot-less Lamb.

CHORUS.



Filled with Thee, Filled with Thee, Filled, O Spir - it of God, with Thee;
dai - ly, dai - ly,



Filled with Thee, Filled with Thee, Thine, on - ly Thine to be.
dai - ly, dai - ly,

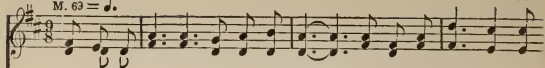
Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby.

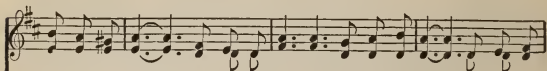
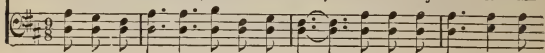
USED BY PERMISSION,

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

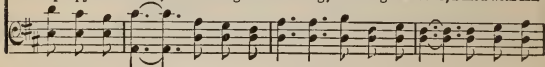
M. 63 = ♩.



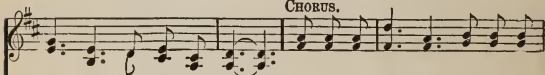
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am



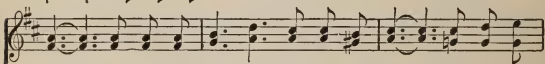
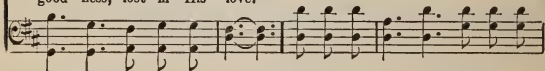
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight! An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His



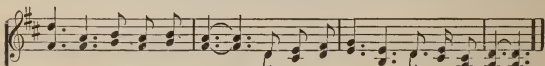
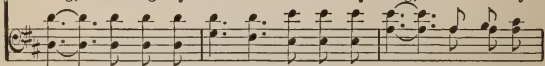
CHORUS.



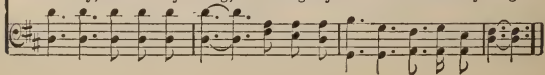
Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 good-ness, lost in His love.

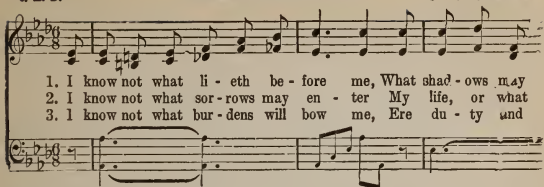


song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

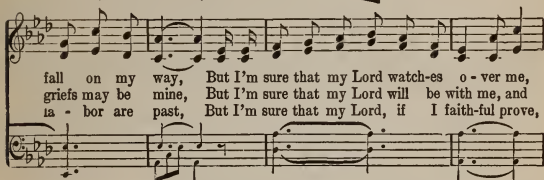


sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.



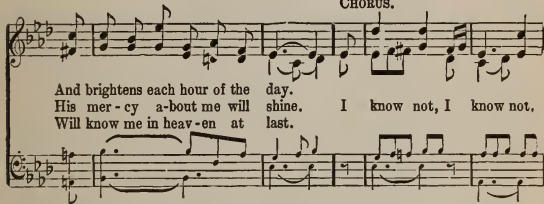


1. I know not what li - eth be - fore me, What shad - ows may
 2. I know not what sor - rows may en - ter My life, or what
 3. I know not what bur - dens will bow me, Ere du - ty and

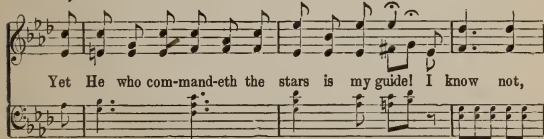


fall on my way, But I'm sure that my Lord watch - es o - ver me,
 griefs may be mine, But I'm sure that my Lord will be with me, and
 la - bor are past, But I'm sure that my Lord, if I faith - ful prove,

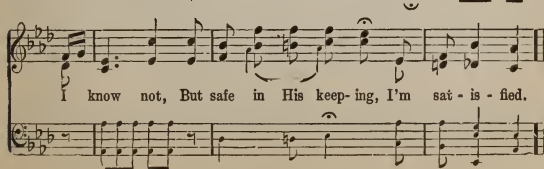
CHORUS.



And brightens each hour of the day.
 His mer - cy a - bout me will shine. I know not, I know not,
 Will know me in heav - en at last.



Yet He who com - mand - eth the stars is my guide! I know not,



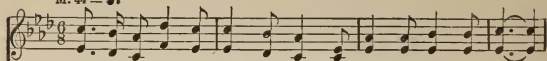
I know not, But safe in His keep - ing, I'm sat - is - fied.

W. L. T.

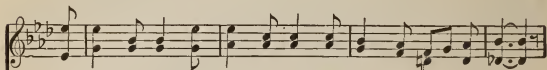
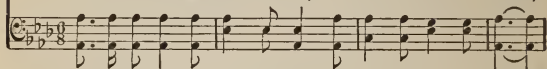
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Will L. Thompson.

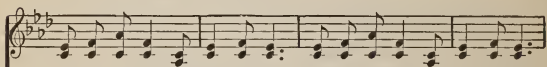
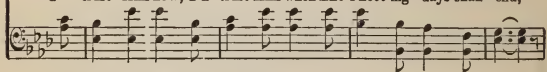
M. 44 = ♩.



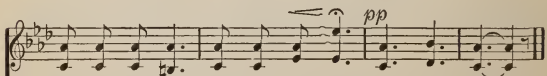
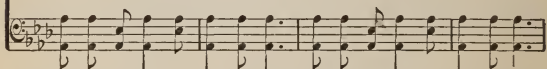
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



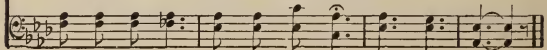
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall;
 I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er;
 Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end;



When I am sad to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
 He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the har-vest's gold-en grain;
 Fol - low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;



When I am sad, He makes me glad, He's my friend.
 Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain He's my friend.
 Fol - low - ing Him by day and night, He's my friend.
 E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy. He's my friend.



Let the Joy Overflow.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Dr. S. B. Jackson

M. 132 =

1. There's a clear foun-tain flowing From the bright throne above, And its waters are
2. Man - y hearts need the sto-ry— Are a-thirst for His grace; Go to them with His
3. Be our lives free- ly yield-ed To the Savior's com-mand; By His care ev - er

glow-ing With the sun-shine of love; Take the blest con - a - la-tion, Which the
glo - ry Shin-ing out from your face; Tell of Je - sus your Sav-ior! If His
shield-ed And up-held by His hand; In the path-ways of ad-ness, Sweetest

Lord will be-stow, Take the cup of sal - va-tion—Let the joy o - ver-flow.
mer-cies you know, Show the light of His fa - vor—Let the joy o - ver-flow.
lil - ies may grow; Let us sow seeds of glad-ness—Let the joy o - ver-flow.

CHORUS.

O the joy! With this wondrous sal - va-tion Be our hearts all a - glow;
O the joy!

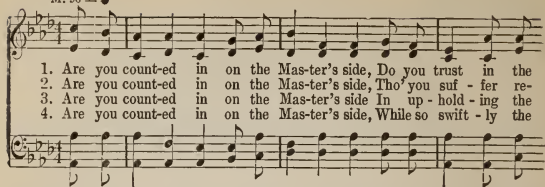
O the joy! Let the blessing run o - ver, And joy o - ver-flow.
O the joy!

Are You Counted In?

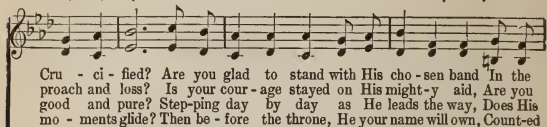
E. E. Hewitt.

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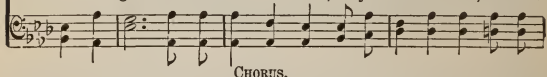
Charles H. Martin

M. 96 = 


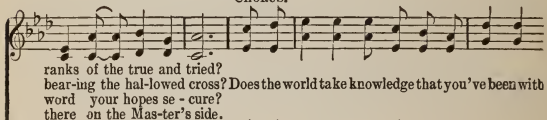
1. Are you count-ed in on the Mas-ter's side, Do you trust in the
 2. Are you count-ed in on the Mas-ter's side, Tho' you suf-fer re-
 3. Are you count-ed in on the Mas-ter's side In up-hold-ing the
 4. Are you count-ed in on the Mas-ter's side, While so swift-ly the



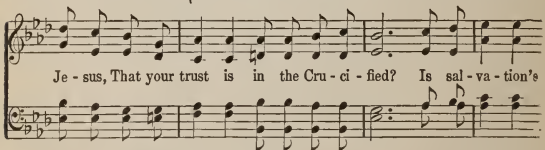
Cru-ci-fied? Are you glad to stand with His cho-sen band In the
 proach and loss? Is your cour-age stayed on His might-y aid, Are you
 good and pure? Step-ping day by day as He leads the way, Does His
 mo-ments glide? Then be-fore the throne, He your name will own, Count-ed



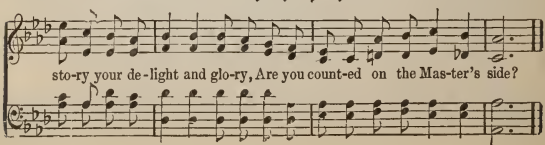
CHORUS.



ranks of the true and tried?
 bear-ing the hal-lowed cross? Does the world take knowledge that you've been with
 word your hopes se-cure?
 there on the Mas-ter's side.

Je-sus, That your trust is in the Cru-ci-fied? Is sal-va-tion's



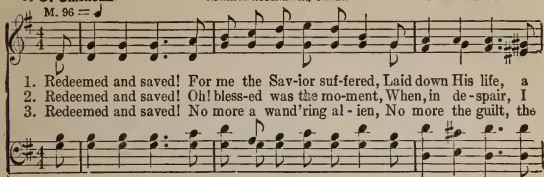
sto-ry your de-light and glo-ry, Are you count-ed on the Mas-ter's side?

Redeemed and Saved.

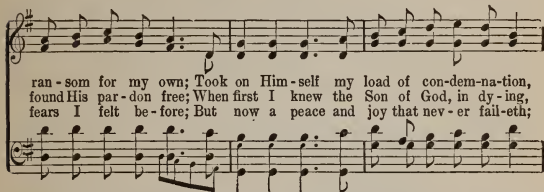
T. O. Chisholm

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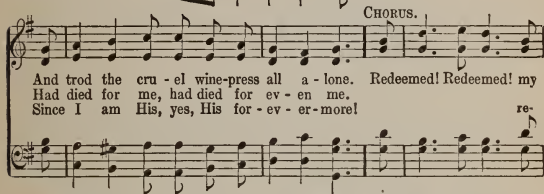
Chas. H. Gabriel

M. 96 = 


1. Redeemed and saved! For me the Sav-ior suf-fered, Laid down His life, a
2. Redeemed and saved! Oh! bless-ed was the mo-ment, When, in de-spair, I
3. Redeemed and saved! No more a wand'ring al-ien, No more the guilt, the

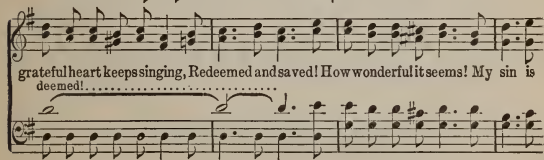


ran-som for my own; Took on Him-self my load of con-dem-na-tion,
found His par-don free; When first I knew the Son of God, in dy-ing,
fears I felt be-fore; But now a peace and joy that nev-er fail-eth;

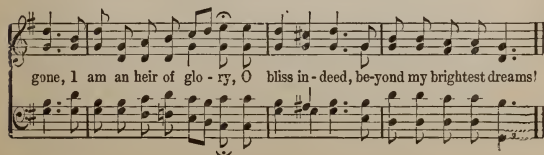


CHORUS.

And trod the cru-el wine-press all a-lone. Redeemed! Redeemed! my
Had died for me, had died for ev-en me.
Since I am His, yes, His for-ev-er-more! re-



grateful heart keep singing, Redeemed and saved! How wonderful it seems! My sin is
deemed!.....

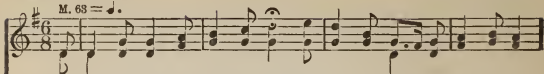


gone, I am an heir of glo-ry, O bliss in-deed, be-yond my brightest dreams!

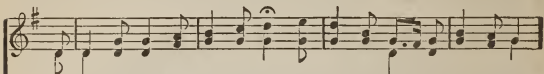
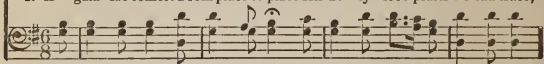
Miss Etta Campbell.

Theo. E. Perkins.

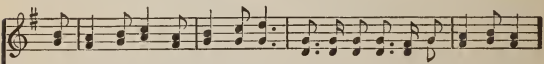
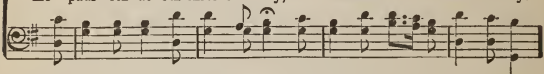
M. 63 = ♩.



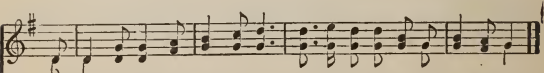
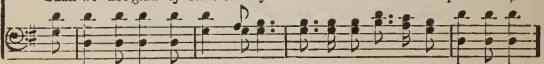
1. What means this ea-ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste a-long—
2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might - i - ly?
3. Je - sus! 'Tis He who once be - low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
4. A - gain He comes! From place to place His ho - ly foot-prints we can trace;



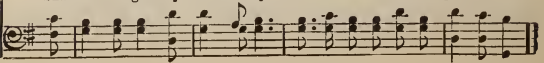
These wondrous gath' rings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?
 A pass-ing stran-ger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?
 And burdened ones, where'er He came, Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
 He paus-eth at our threshold—nay, He en-ters—con-de-scends to stay.



In accents hushed the throng re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by,"
 A - gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by,"
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by,"
 Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by?"



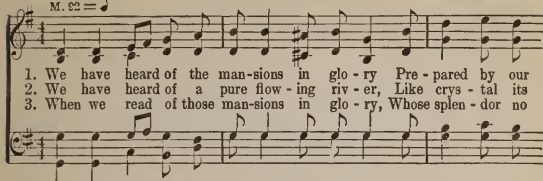
In accents hushed the throng re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 A - gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by?"



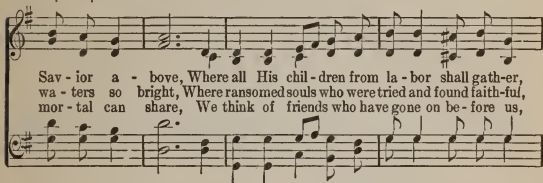
Fanny J. Crosby.

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Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

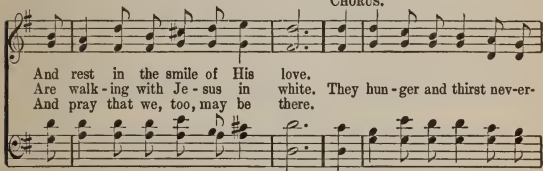
M. ♩ = 


1. We have heard of the man-sions in glo - ry Pre - pared by our
 2. We have heard of a pure flow - ing riv - er, Like crys - tal its
 3. When we read of those man-sions in glo - ry, Whose splen - dor no

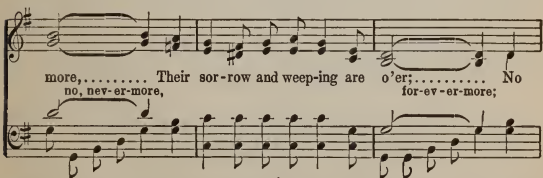


Sav - ior a - bove, Where all His chil - dren from la - bor shall gath - er,
 wa - ters so bright, Where ransomed souls who were tried and found faith - ful,
 mor - tal can share, We think of friends who have gone on be - fore us,

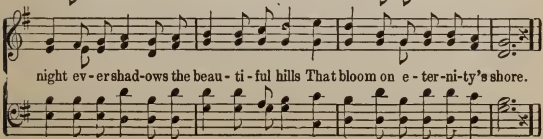
CHORUS.



And rest in the smile of His love.
 Are walk - ing with Je - sus in white. They hun - ger and thirst nev - er -
 And pray that we, too, may be there.



more,..... Their sor - row and weep - ing are o'er;..... No
 no, nev - er - more, for - ev - er - more;



night ev - ershad - ows the beau - ti - ful hills That bloom on e - ter - ni - ty's shore.

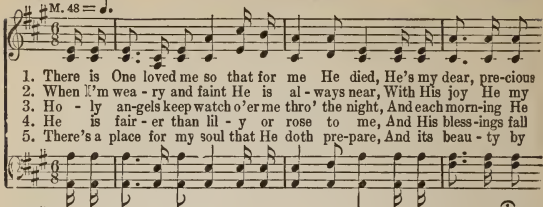
I Want to See Jesus, Don't You?

Ada Blenkhorn.

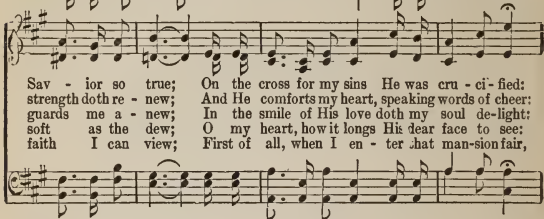
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Kem G. Botton.

M. 48 = ♩.

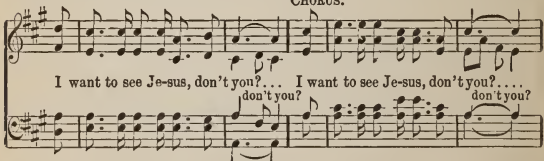


1. There is One loved me so that for me He died, He's my dear, pre-cious
2. When I'm wea-ry and faint He is al-ways near, With His joy He my
3. Ho-ly an-gels keep watch o'er me thro' the night, And each morn-ing He
4. He is fair-er than lil-y or rose to me, And His bless-ings fall
5. There's a place for my soul that He doth pre-pare, And its beau-ty by

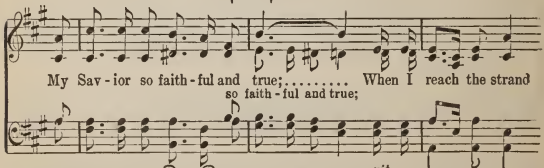


Sav-ior so true; On the cross for my sins He was cru-ci-fied:
 strength doth re-new; And He comforts my heart, speaking words of cheer:
 guards me a-new; In the smile of His love doth my soul de-light:
 soft as the dew; O my heart, how it longs His dear face to see:
 faith I can view; First of all, when I en-ter that man-sion fair,

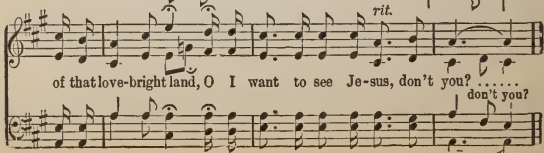
CHORUS.



I want to see Je-sus, don't you?... I want to see Je-sus, don't you?....
 don't you? don't you?



My Sav-ior so faith-ful and true;..... When I reach the strand
 so faith-ful and true;

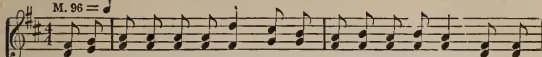


of that love-bright land, O I want to see Je-sus, don't you?
 don't you?

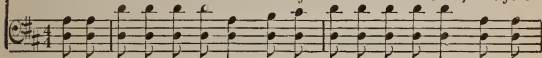
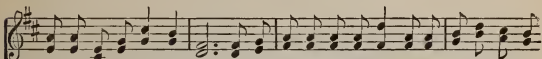
E. E. Hewitt.

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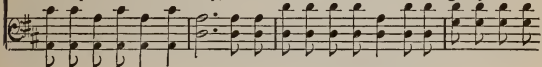
Chas. H. Gabriel

M. 96 = 


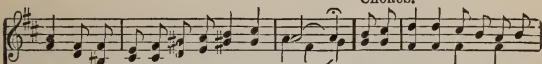
1. Be not wea-ry or cast down When the heavenss eem to frown, There's a
 2. He whose word re-buked the storm, Now is a - ble to per-form Ev - 'ry
 3. There's a rain-bow on the cloud! Tho' your soul is sorrow-bowed, Lift your

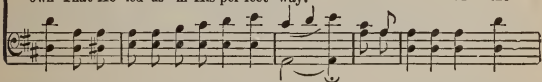

rain-bow on the cloud for you! 'Tis an arch of promise bright, Earnest, of un-fad-ing
 word He whispers to your heart; Wholly lean up-on Him then, For the sun will shine a-
 voice to praise the Lord to - day; There's a rainbow 'round the throne; In its glo-ry we will



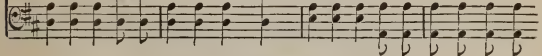
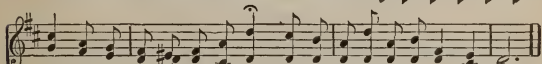
CHORUS.



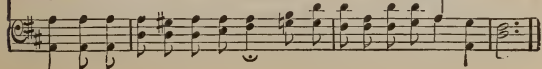
light, Pour-ing from a sky of ra-diant blue. There's a rainbow on the cloud for
 gain, And the shadows ev-er-more de - part.
 own That He led us in His per-fect way. on the

you, There's a prom-ise that is sure and true; Yes, the storm will pass a-
 cloud for you, that is sure and true;

way; There will dawn a bright-er day—There's a rainbow on the cloud for you.



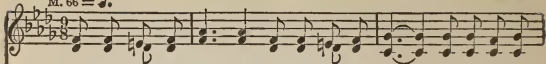
Let Others See Jesus in You.

E. E. Hewitt

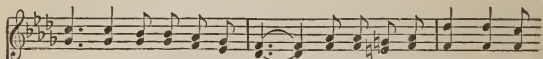
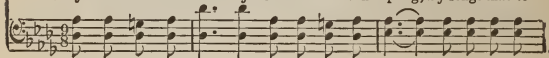
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C. D. Emerson

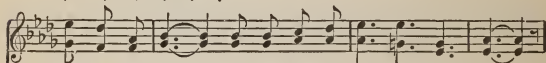
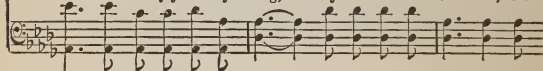
M. 66 = ♩.



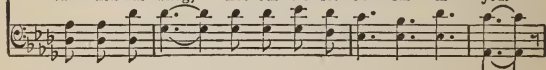
1. By love nev - er - fail - ing, love gen - tle and kind, Love showing forth
2. By pow'r, when temp-ta - tions are surg - ing a - round, To sing of the
3. By smiles that come free - ly from some hid - den spring, By songs that to



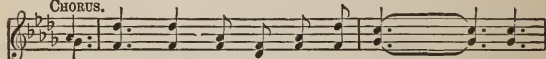
dai - ly the Mas - ter's own mind, By love that in serv - ing new
 grace that still more will a - bound, So press on in con - flict till
 Je - sus will joy - ful - ly ring; By words that to oth - ers, sal -



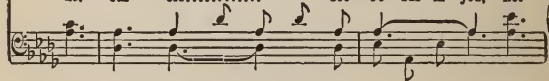
bles - sings will find, Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.
 prais - es re - sound; Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.
 va - tion will bring, Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.



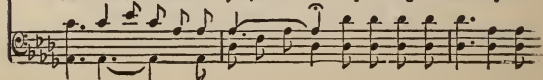
CHORUS.



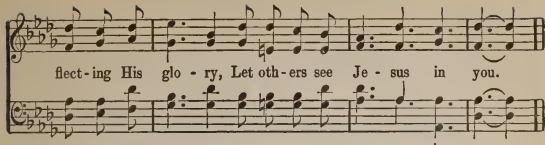
Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you;..... Let
 Let oth - ers..... see Je - sus in you; Let



oth - ers see Je - sus in you;..... Keep tell - ing the sto - ry re -



Let Others See Jesus in You.



flect-ing His glo - ry, Let oth-ers see Je - sus in you.

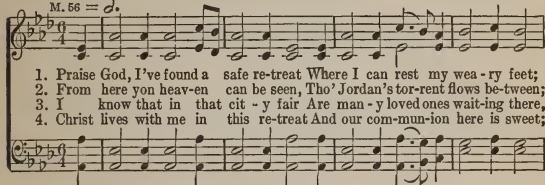
57 My Tent is Pitched in Beulah Land.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

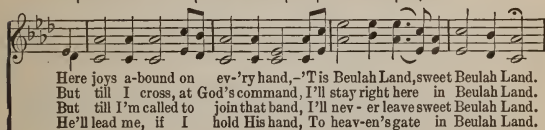
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 56 = ♩.

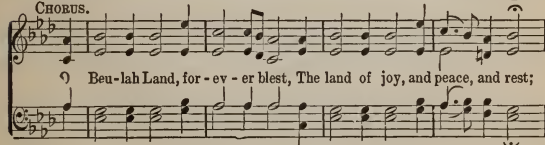


1. Praise God, I've found a safe re-treat Where I can rest my wea-ry feet;
2. From here yon heav-en can be seen, Tho' Jordan's tor-rent flows be-tween;
3. I know that in that cit-y fair Are man-y loved ones wait-ing there;
4. Christ lives with me in this re-treat And our com-mun-ion here is sweet;

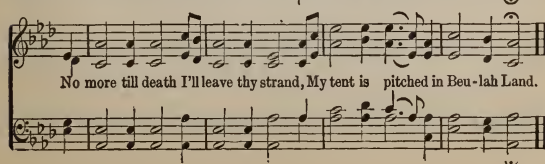


Here joys a-bound on ev-'ry hand, -'T is Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land.
But till I cross, at God's command, I'll stay right here in Beulah Land.
But till I'm called to join that band, I'll nev-er leave sweet Beulah Land.
He'll lead me, if I hold His hand, To heav-en's gate in Beulah Land.

CHORUS.



Beu-lah Land, for - ev - er blest, The land of joy, and peace, and rest;



No more till death I'll leave thy strand, My tent is pitched in Beu-lah Land.

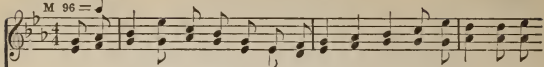
If Your Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond.

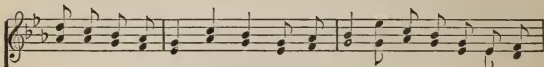
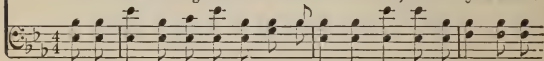
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B. D. Ackley.

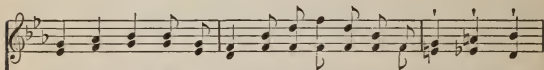
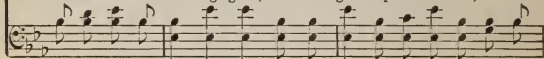
M 96 =



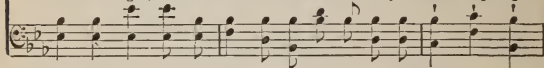
1. If the dark shad-ows gath-er As you go a-long, Do not grieve for their
2. Is your life just a tan-gle, Full of toil and care? Smile a bit as you
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow; From the gloom and the



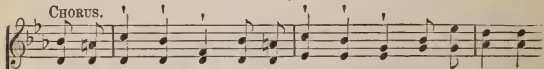
com-ing, Sing a cheer-y song! There is joy for the tak-ing; It will
 jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur-dens share; You'll for-get all your troubles, Mak-ing
 dark-ness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will



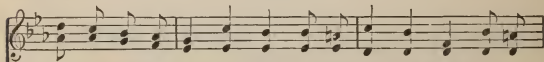
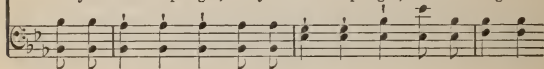
soon be light,—Ev'-ry cloud wears a rain-bow, If your heart keeps right.
 their lives bright; Skies will grow blue and sun-ny, If your heart keeps right.
 win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.



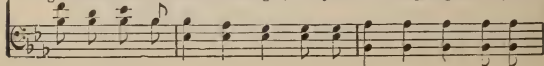
CHORUS.



If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of



glad-ness in the dark-est night; If your heart keeps right, If your



If Your Heart Keeps Right.

heart keeps right, Ev-'ry cloud will wear a rain-bow, If your heart keeps right.

59

Open the Gates of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Chas. H. Gabriel

M. 56 =

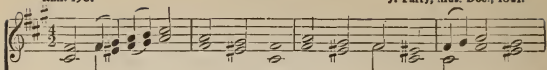
1. Je-sus, my Lord, Thy voice I hear Bidding me now by faith draw near,
2. Je-sus, my trust, this heart is Thine, Kept by the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. Je-sus, my life, O guide my way On-ward from earth to end-less day.

Near to the fount so pure with-in, Cleans-ing my soul from ev-'ry sin.
Help me to rise my cares a-bove, Filled with Thy deep, un-bound-ed love.
Soon may I reach the heav'n-ly shore, There to a-bide for-ev-er-more.

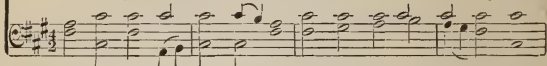
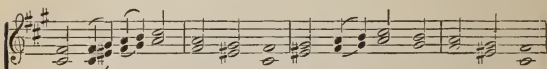
CHORUS.

Je-sus, my Lord, I come to Thee; O-pen the gate of prayer for me!

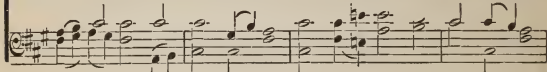
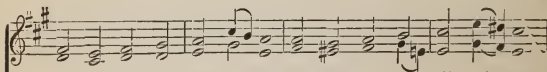
I come to Thee, I come to Thee, O-pen the gate of prayer for me.



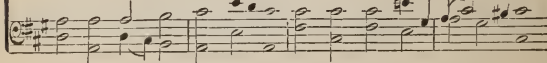
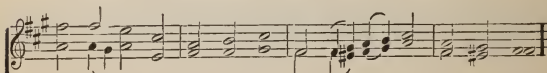
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly.
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
 4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to eov - er all my sin;

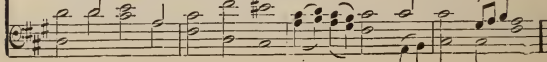
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound: Make and keep me pure with - in

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past:
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness:
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:

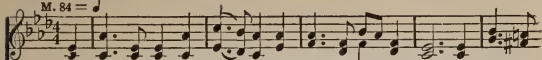



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

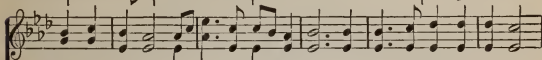
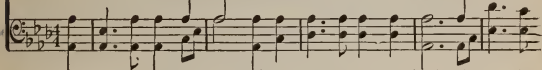


Katherine Hankey.

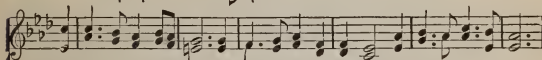
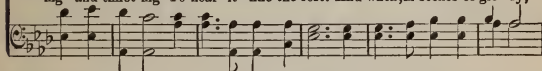
William G. Fischer.

M. 84 = 

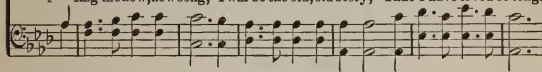
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -



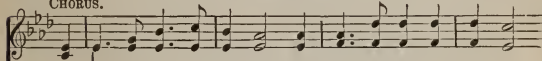
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry,
gold - en fan - cies Of all my gold - endreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry;
ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,



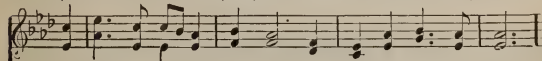
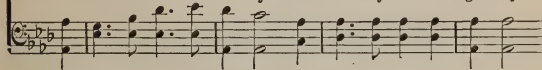
Be - cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is - fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
For some have never heard The message of sal - va - tion From God's own holy word.
I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.



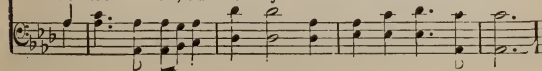
CHORUS.



I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry



To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

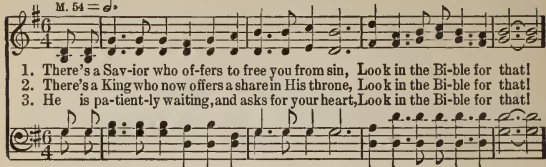


Inscribed to Miss Grace Saxe, Bible Teacher of the Sunday Party.

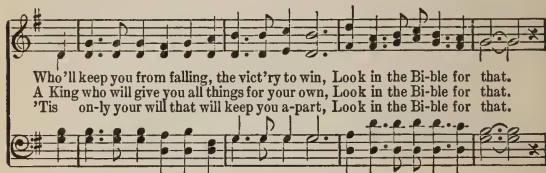
Susan R. Peck,

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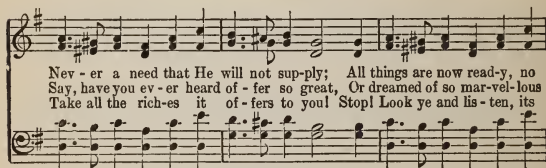
Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 54 = ♩ 

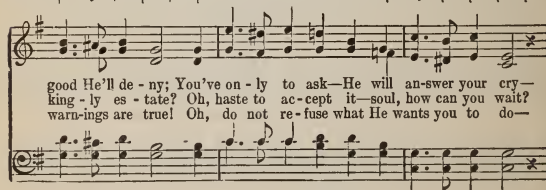
1. There's a Sav-ior who of-fers to free you from sin, Look in the Bi-ble for that!
2. There's a King who now offers a share in His throne, Look in the Bi-ble for that!
3. He is pa-tient-ly waiting, and asks for your heart, Look in the Bi-ble for that!



Who'll keep you from falling, the vict'ry to win, Look in the Bi-ble for that.
A King who will give you all things for your own, Look in the Bi-ble for that.
'Tis on-ly your will that will keep you a-part, Look in the Bi-ble for that.

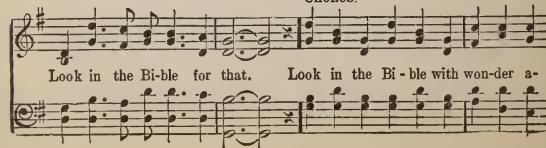


Nev - er a need that He will not sup-ply; All things are now read-y, no
Say, have you ev - er heard of - fer so great, Or dreamed of so mar-vel-lous
Take all the rich-es it of-fers to you! Stop! Look ye and lis - ten, its



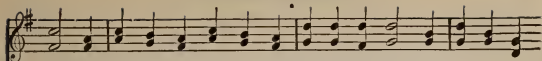
good He'll de - ny; You've on - ly to ask—He will an-swer your cry—
king - ly es - tate? Oh, haste to ac-cept it—soul, how can you wait?
warn-ings are true! Oh, do not re-fuse what He wants you to do—

CHORUS.

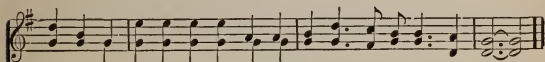
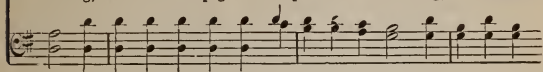


Look in the Bi-ble for that. Look in the Bi - ble with won-der a -

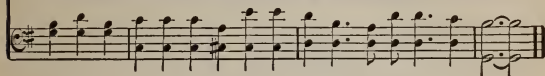
Look In the Bible.



bound-ing; Search all its pag-es with prom-ise re-sound-ing; On its sure



word all His con-fi-dence founding, God gives you the Bi-ble for that.

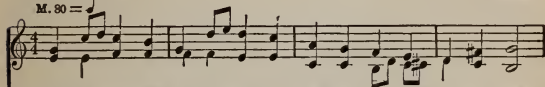


63 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

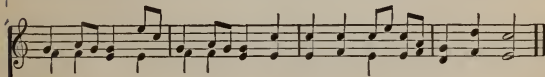
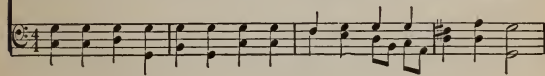
Rev. F. W. Faber.

Lizzie S. Tourjee.

M. 80 =



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;



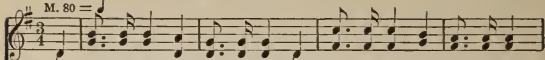
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.



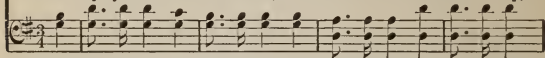
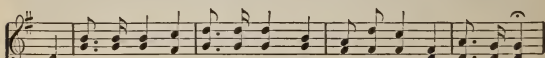
Edgar Page.

BY PERMISSION OF MRS L. E. SWENEY KIRKPATRICK.

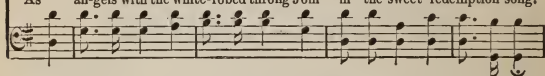
Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 80 = 



1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
 2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
 3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is born from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
 4. The zeph-yr's seem to float to me, Sweetsounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,

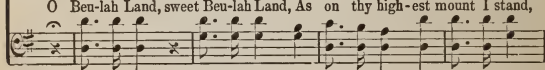
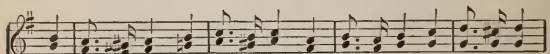
Here shines undimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
 He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor - der-land.
 And flow'rs, that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
 As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet redemption song.



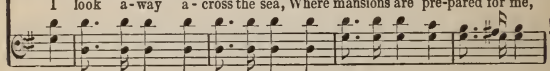
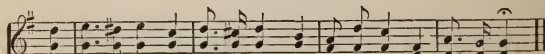
CHORUS.



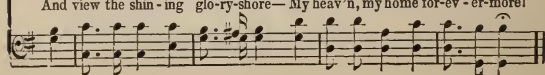
O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,

I look a-way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,

And view the shin - ing glo-ry-shore— My heav'n, my home for-ev - er-more!



Help to Save Somebody.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 54 = ♩ .

1. Help to save some-bod - y, Chris - tian, a - rise! Has - ten to
 2. Think of your friends—are there an - y a - stray? Can you not
 3. Be as the Mas - ter was, pa - tient and kind; Go in His

la - bor, for time swift - ly flies; Seek the poor wan - der - ers
 speak of your Sav - ior to - day? Ten - der - ly, faith - ful - ly,
 pre - cious name, seek till you find. Out in the high - ways, His

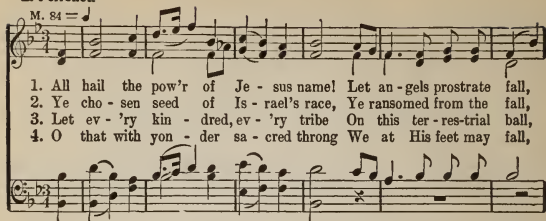
lost in the night, Point them to Je - sus, the Life and the Light.
 tell of His love. Tell of the man - sions pre - par - ing a - bove.
 peo - ple must go; May His own spir - it our hearts o - ver - flow.

CHORUS.

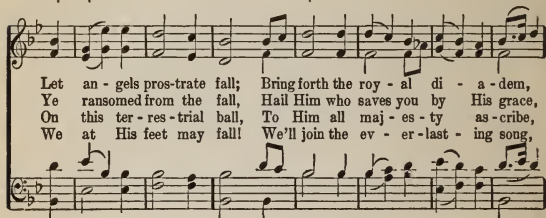
Help, help, Chris - tian, a - rise! Help, help, do not de - lay! Help to save

some - bod - y lost in the night, Je - sus commands you, — o - bey!

E. Perronet.

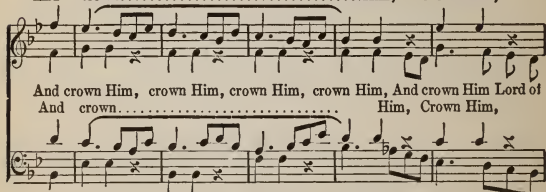
M. 84 = 


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that with you - der sa - cred thron'g We at His feet may fall,



Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
 Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
 We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

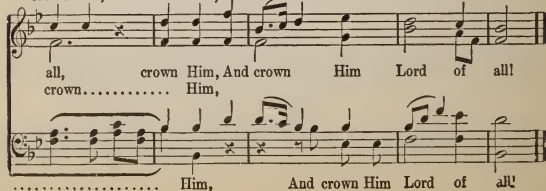
And crown.....Him, Crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
 And crown..... Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown

crown Him, crown Him,

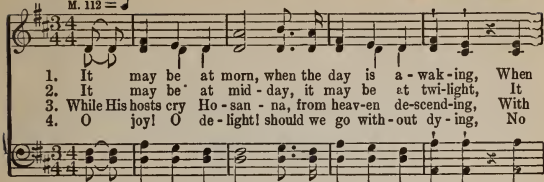


all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
 crown..... Him,
 Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

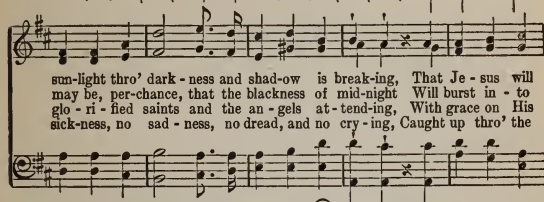
H. L. Turner.

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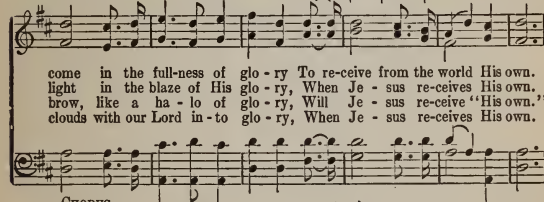
James McGranahan

M. 112 = 


1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When
 2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It
 3. While His hosts cry Ho - san - na, from heav - en de - scend - ing, With
 4. O joy! O de - light! should we go with - out dy - ing, No

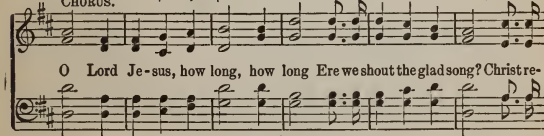


sun - light thro' dark - ness and shad - ow is break - ing, That Je - sus will
 may be, per - chance, that the blackness of mid - night Will burst in - to
 glo - ri - fied saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His
 sick - ness, no sad - ness, no dread, and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the

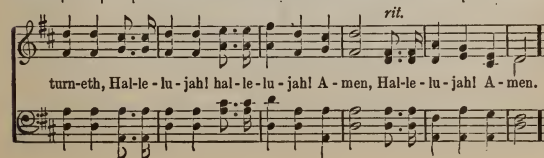


come in the full - ness of glo - ry To re - ceive from the world His own.
 light in the blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives His own.
 brow, like a ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
 clouds with our Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives His own.

CHORUS.



O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re -



turn - eth, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

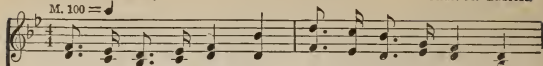
Toiling for the Master.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

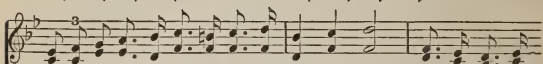
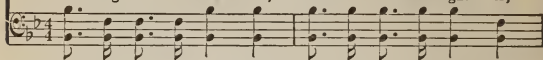
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

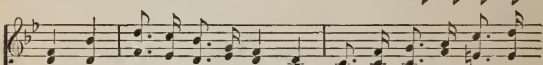
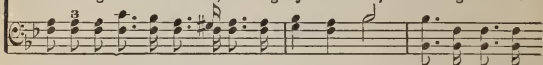
M. 100 =



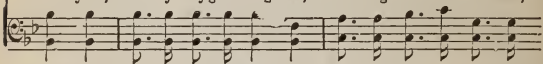
1. Toil - ing for the Mas - ter in the fields a-round me,
 2. Toil - ing for the Mas - ter, what a .bless - ed du - ty!
 3. Toil - ing for the Mas - ter, — love makes la - bor light - er;



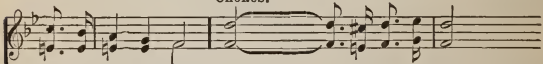
Gath-er-ing souls for Je - sus, He who died for me; Work-ing in His
 Gath-er-ing souls for Je - sus, I am not dis-mayed; Work-ing in His
 Gath-er-ing souls for Je - sus, Walking by His side; Work-ing in His



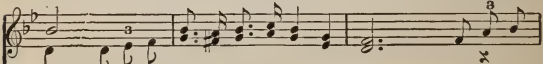
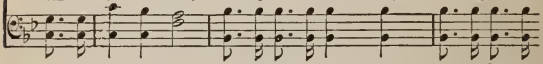
vine - yard, since His mer - cy found me; Toil - ing for the Mas - ter,
 vine - yard, grow - ing in His beau - ty, Toil - ing for the Mas - ter,
 vine - yard, ev - 'ry day grows bright-er, Toil - ing for the Mas - ter,



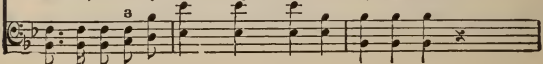
CHORUS.



since He set me free. Toil - - - ing for the Mas - -
 rich - ly I am paid.
 with Him I a - bide. Toil-ing for the Mas - ter, Toil-ing for the



ter, Pa-tient-ly Toil - ing till the day is done; Pa-tient-ly
 Mas-ter, Pa-tient-ly toil - ing till the day is done;



Toiling for the Master.

toil - - - ing for the Mas - ter, Toil-ing till the day is done.
toil-ing, dai - ly toil-ing

69

Holy Quietness.

M. P. Ferguson.

Arr. from W. S. Marshall.

M. 60 =

1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Spring-ing in - to life and glad-ness, All a-round this glo-rious Guest,
3. Like a rain that falls from heav-en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al-ways see His face!

He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.
Ban-ish-ed un - be - lief and sad-ness, And we just o - bey and trust.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.
What a peace-ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui-et-ness, What as-sur-ance in my soul;

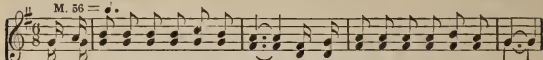
On the storm-y sea, Speaking peace to me, How the bil-lows cease to roll.

Rev. N. A. McAulay.


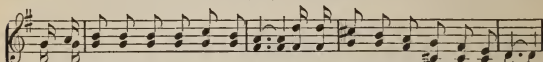
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B. D. Ackley.

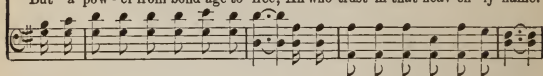
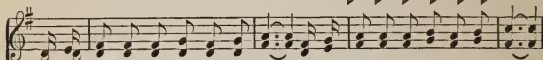
M. 56 =




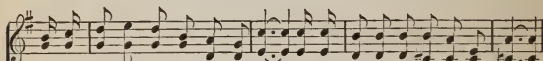
1. I am somewhat old-fashioned, I know, When it comes to re - lig-ion and God;
2. I be-lieve that the Bi-ble is true, Tho' the crit-ics have torn it a - part,
3. I be-lieve our re-lig-ion must be Not a cloak for our meanness or shame,

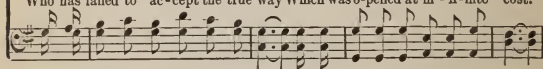
Man-y think I am pain-ful - ly slow, Since I walk where my fathers have trod.
All its warnings and mir - a - cles too, I do whol-ly ac-cept with my heart.
But a pow - er from bond-age to free, All who trust in that heav-en - ly name.

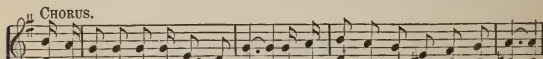
I be-lieve in re-pent-ance from sin, And that Je-sus with-in us must dwell;
I be-lieve that the Sab-bath was made To be sa-cred-ly kept for the Lord;
I am tell-ing the peo-ple each day, That the sin-ner for-ev-er is lost,

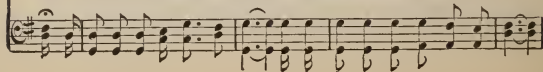
I be-lieve that if heav-en we win, We must flee from the ter-rors of hell.
And when bro-ken for pleas-ure or trade, We shall miss the e-ter-nal re - ward.
Who has failed to ac-cept the true way Which was o-pened at in - fi-nite cost.



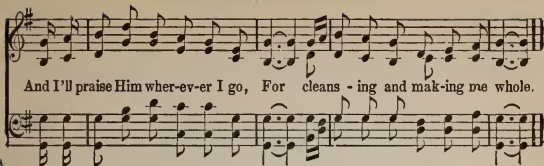
CHORUS.



I'm a lit-tle old fashioned, I know; But God's peace has a home in my soul,



The Old Fashioned Faith.



71

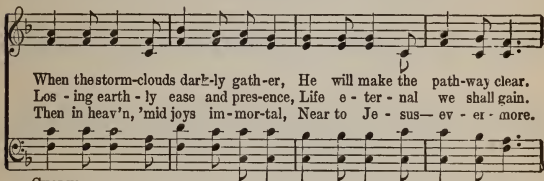
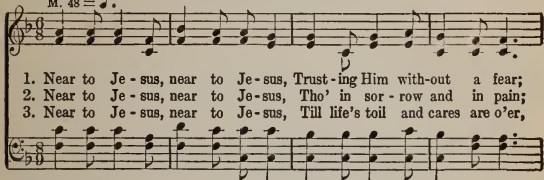
Near to Jesus.

Wm. Stevenson.

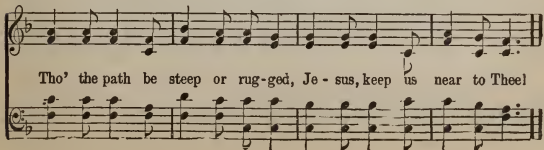
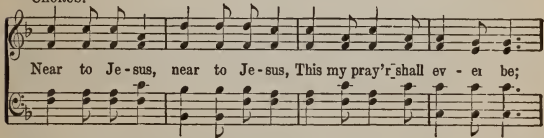
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Chas. H. Gabriel

M. 48 =



CHORUS.

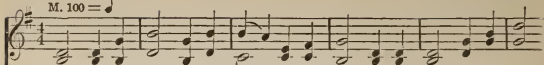


I Am Praying for You.

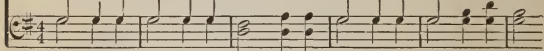
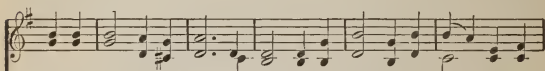
S. O'Maley Gluff.

Ira D. Sankey.

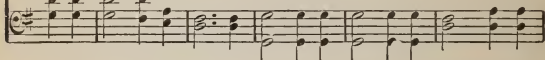
M. 100 = ♩



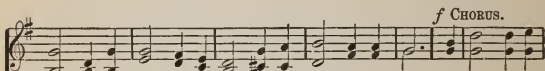
1. I have a Sav-ior, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
 2. I have a Fa-ther; to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-
 3. I have a robe; 'tis re-splen-dent in white-ness, A-wait-ing in glo-
 4. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-

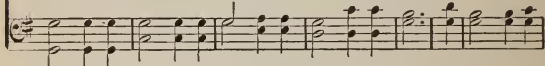
ior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-der-ness
 ni-ty, bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
 ry my won-der-ing view: Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in
 ior is your Sav-ior, too; Then pray that your Sav-ior will bring them to



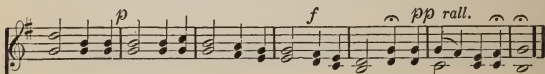
f CHORUS.



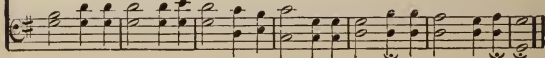
o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior, too.
 heav-en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am
 bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re-ceive-ing one, too!
 glo-ry, And pray'r will be answered-'t was answered for you!



p *f* *pp rall.*



pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am praying, I'm pray-ing for you.

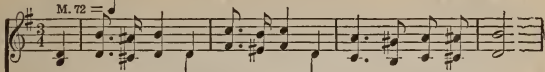


Victor M. Hatfield.

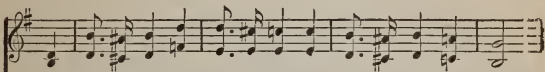
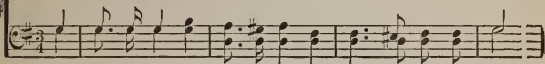
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Susie E. Hatfield.

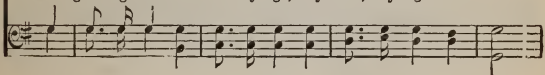
M. 72 =



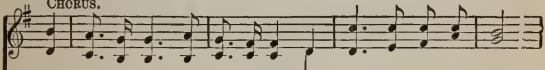
1. O how I love God's ho - ly word! Its truths my life con - trol;
2. I read the his - to - ry so grand Of how this world was made;
3. I find the sto - ry sweet and true, Of Christ who left His throne]
4. O price-less book! O pre-cious page! O mes - sage from a - bove!



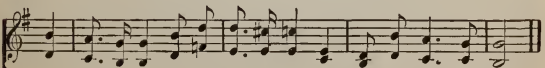
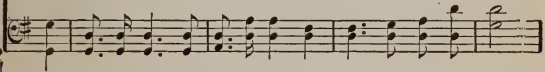
Its mes - sa - ges my breast have stirred, It sat - is - fies my soul.
 How God with His cre - a - ting hand His won-drous pow'r dis - played.
 To give His life for me and you—To claim us for His own.
 A guid-ing hand thro' ev - 'ry age; My first, my high - est love.



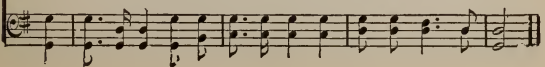
CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies, it sat - is - fies! Its pre - cepts make me whole!



My high - est prize, O it sat - is - fies, It sat - is - fies my soul!



Coming in Glory.

Dr. James M. Gray.

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Chas. H. Gabriel

M. 144 =

1. He has gone out of sight, our joy and de-light, But O hark to 'he
2. O the Bride that He sought, the Church that He bought, Tho' we now see her
3. And the king-dom to come, will quick-ly be won, Not by men or thro'

rest of the sto-ry! He is com-ing a-gain! O tell it to men!
scorned and de-rid-ed; Will be crowned with her Head, the liv-ing and dead,
hu-man en-deav-or, But when Christ shall re-turn, His an-ger will burn,

CHORUS.
"This same Je-sus" is com-ing in glo-ry!
Crowned with Je-sus in whom she con-fid-ed. "This same Je-sus" is
And de-stroy Sa-tan's pow-er for-ev-er.

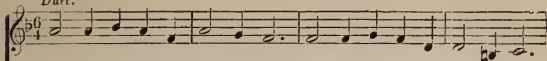
com-ing in glo-ry, In glo-ry, in glo-ry! The heav-ens will

rend, and He will de-scend, With the saints and the an-gels in glo-ry.

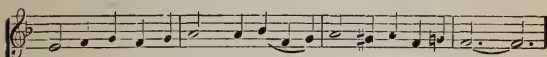
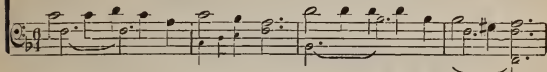
B. E. Hewitt.
Duet.

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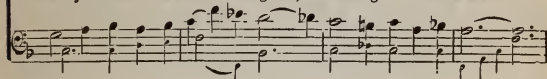
B. D. Ackley



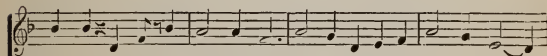
1. Drift - ing care-less-ly with the tide, Drift - ing o - ver the wa-ters wide,
2. Drift - ing al-most up - on the bar, Los - ing sight of the Bea-con Star;
3. Drift - ing on, with no shore in view, Think not skies will be al-ways blue;
4. Drift no long - er! let Je - sus save, Let Him guide you a - cross the wave,



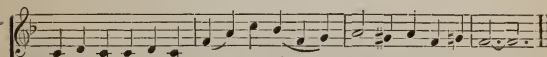
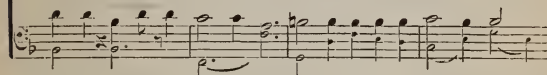
With no Cap-tain your course to guide, Drift-ing o-ver life's sea.
From the ha-ven of joy a - far, Drift-ing o-ver life's sea.
Storm and shipwreck will come to you, Drift-ing o-ver life's sea.
Lest you sink in a sin - ner's grave, Drift-ing o-ver life's sea.



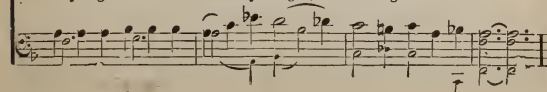
CHORUS.



Drift-ing, drift-ing, no port in sight, Drift-ing far from the gos-pel light;



Lest you go down in the storm-y night; Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.



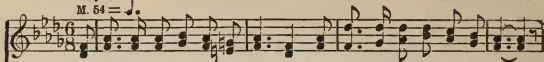
How Would It Be With You?

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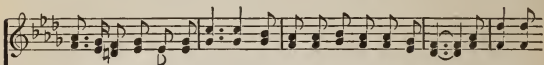
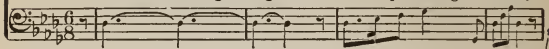
Edith L. Mapes.

Chas. H. Gabriel

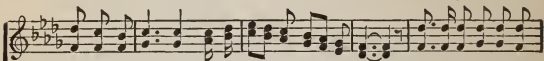
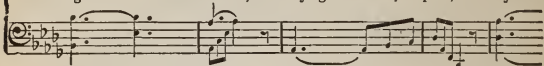
M. 54 = 



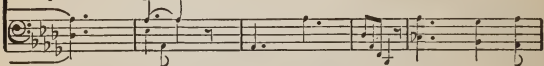
1. If Jesus should come at this moment To catch up with Him in the air
2. If quickly to you came the summons To stand in e - ter - ni - ty now,
3. If Je - sus were standing a - mong us And care - ful - ly searching each heart,



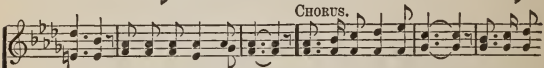
All those who love His ap-pear-ing, For-ev-er to be with Him there, How would He
Where ev'ry tongue shall confess Him, Before whom all nations must bow, Would you be
Bid-ding the ran-somed to en-ter, And saying to oth-ers, de-part; Would you be



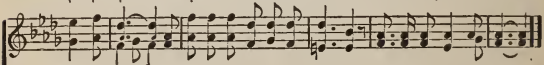
find you, I wonder—Watching, waiting, faithful, true? Dear-ly be-lov-ed, con-
read-y to meet Him, In His blood be washed, made new? Dear-ly be-lov-ed, con-
placed at His right hand, Or with those He nev-er knew? Dear-ly be-lov-ed, con-



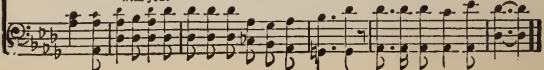
CHORUS.



sid-er—How would it be with you? How would it be with you, How would it be with you.



be with you? If called face to face now to meet Him, How would it be with you?
with you?



Full Surrender.

Rebecca S. Pollard.

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D. B. Towner.

M. 100 =

1. Sav - ior, 'tis a full sur-ren-der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
 2. As I come in deep con-tri-tion At this con-se-crat-ed hour,
 3. No with-hold-ing—full con-fess-ion; Pleas-ures, rich-es, all must flee;
 4. Be this theme my song and sto-ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
 5. O the joy of full sal-va-tion! O the peace of love di - vine!

Thou my Lead-er and De-fend-er From this hour shalt ev - er be.
 Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe - ti - tion, Let me feel the Spir-it's pow'r!
 Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos-ses-sion! I no more, but Thou in me.
 This my rap-ture, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin - ing shore.
 O the bliss of con-se-cra-tion! I am His and He is mine.

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all! I sur-ren-der all!
 I sur-ren-der all! I sur-ren-der all!

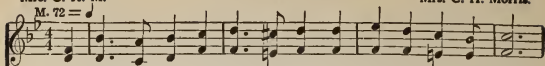
All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur-ren-der all

Let All the People Praise Thee.

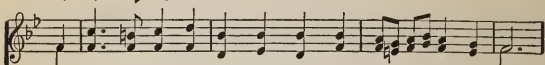
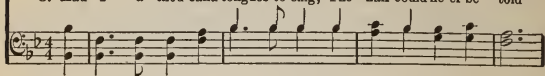
Mrs. C. H. M.

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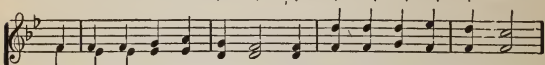
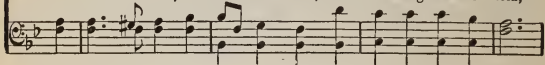
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

M. 72 = 

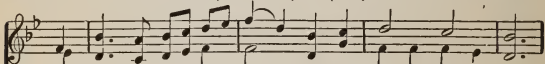
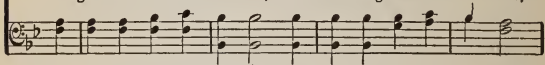
1. O mag - ni - fy the Lord with me, Ye peo - ple of His choice;
 2. O praise Him for His ho - li - ness, His wis - dom and His grace;
 3. Had I a thou - sand tongues to sing, The half could ne'er be told



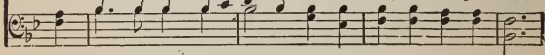
Let all to whom He lend - eth breath Now in His name re - joice;
 Sing prais - es for the pre - cious blood Which ran - somed all our race;
 Of love so rich, so full and free, Of bless - ings man - i - fold;



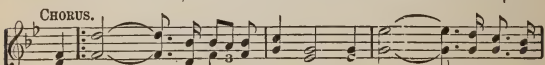
For love's blest rev - e - la - tion, For rest from con - dem - na - tion,
 In ten - der - ness He sought us, From depths of sin He brought us,
 Of grace that fail - eth nev - er, Peace flow - ing as a riv - er,



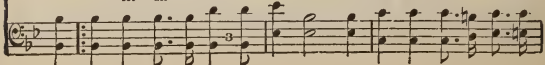
For ut - ter - most sal - va - tion To Him give thanks.
 The way of life then taught us, To Him give thanks.
 From God the glo - rious Giv - er, To Him give thanks.
 To Him, to Him give thanks.



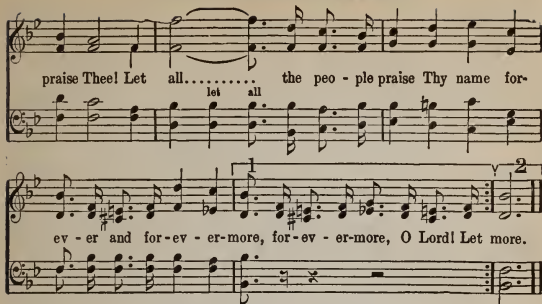
CHORUS.



Let all..... the peo - ple praise Thee, Let all..... the peo - ple
 let all let all



Let All the People Praise Thee.



praise Thee! Let all..... the peo - ple praise Thy name for-
 let all
 ev - er and for-ev - er-more, for-ev - er-more, O Lord! Let more.

79

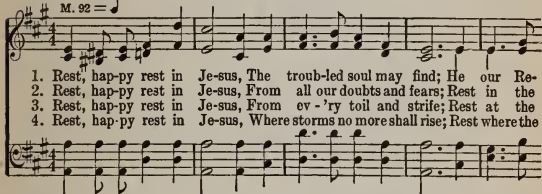
Happy Rest in Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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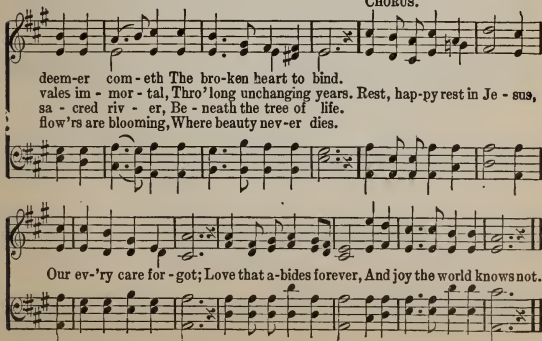
Dr. S. B. Jackson.

M. 92 = ♩



1. Rest, hap-py rest in Je-sus, The troub-led soul may find; He our Re-
 2. Rest, hap-py rest in Je-sus, From all our doubts and fears; Rest in the
 3. Rest, hap-py rest in Je-sus, From ev - 'ry toil and strife; Rest at the
 4. Rest, hap-py rest in Je-sus, Where storms no more shall rise; Rest where the

CHORUS.



deem-er com-eth The bro-ken heart to bind.
 vales im - mor - tal, Thro' long unchanging years. Rest, hap-py rest in Je - sus,
 sa - cred riv - er, Be - neath the tree of life.
 flow'rs are blooming, Where beauty nev-er dies.

Our ev-'ry care for - got; Love that a-bides forever, And joy the world knows not.

M. 80 = ♩

1. There was a time on earth When in the book of heav'n An old account was
2. The old account was large, And growing ev-'ry day, For I was al-ways
3. When at the judgment bar I stand be-fore my King, And He the book will
4. O sin-ner, seek the Lord, Re-pent of all your sin, For thus He has com-

standing For sins yet un-for-giv'n; My name was at the top, And
sin-ning, And nev-er tried to pay; But when I looked a-head And
o - pen, He can-not find a thing; Then will my heart be glad, While
mand-ed, If you would en-ter in; And then if you should live A

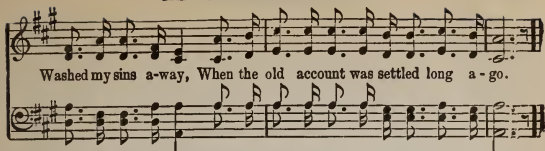
man-y things be-low, I went un-to the Keep-er, And settled long a-go.
saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle, And settled long a-go.
tears of joy will flow Be-cause I had it set-tled, And settled long a-go.
hundred years be-low, E'en here you'll not re-gret it, You settled long a-go.

CHORUS.

Long a - go, Long a - go, Yes, the old account was
Down on my knees, I set-tled it all,

set-tled long a - go; And the record's clear to-day, For He
Hal - le - lu - jah!

An Old Account Settled.



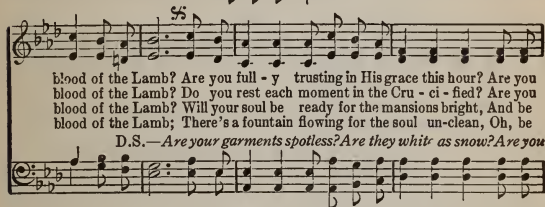
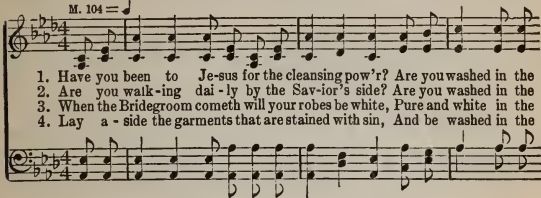
81 Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

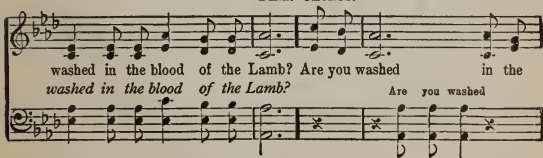
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Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

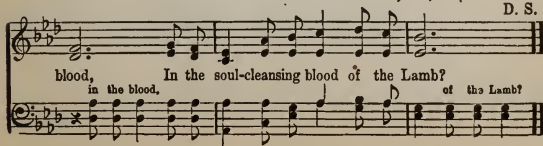
M. 104 = J



FINE. CHORUS.



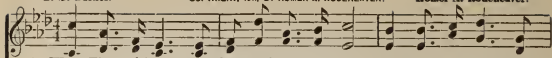
D. S.




E. B. Barnes.

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Homer A. Rodeheaver.

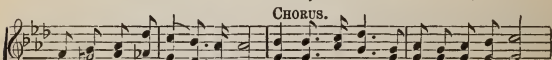


1. Walk Thou with me, nor let my foot-steps stray A-part from Thee, thro'-
 2. Thro' wea-ry years my way hath mi-ry been; My bit-ter tears Thy
 3. No earth-ly foe can give my spir-it fear; No threat'ning woe can

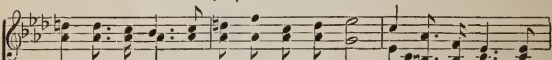


out life's threat'ning way; Be Thou my guide, the path I can-not see; Close to Thy
 pity-ing eye hath seen; My fainting heart hath heard Thy voice divine; My trembling
 quail when Thou art near; No tempter's snare can turn my steps aside, For, in Thy

CHORUS.




side, Lord, let me walk with Thee.
 hand asks but to rest in Thine. Dear Sav-ior, let me trust my hand in Thine,
 care, I'm safe what-e'er be-tide.



And let me know Thy steps are guid-ing mine; Life's changing way is

Rall.



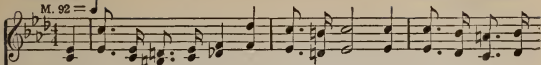
oft-times dark to me, I fear no ill if I may walk with Thee.

Paul Rader.

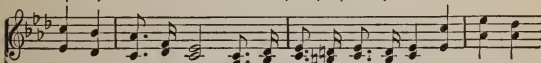
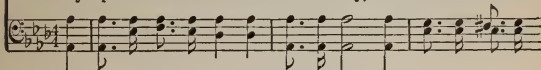
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Arthur W. McKee

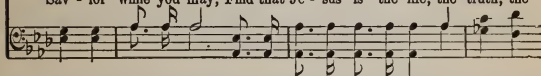
M. 92 =



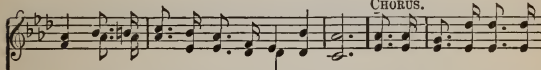
1. The riv - er of Thy grace is flow - ing free, We launch up - on its
2. The breezes of Thy love are flow - ing free, They tell Thy love to
3. Thy Spir - it calls to all come home to - day, Come back and find the



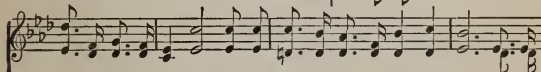
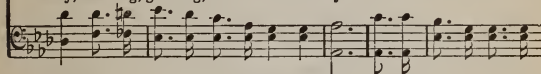
depths to sail to Thee; In the o - cean of Thy love we soon shall
all hu - man - i - ty; They are sing - ing of the blood of Cal - va -
Sav - ior while you may; Find that Je - sus is the life, the truth, the



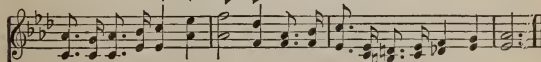
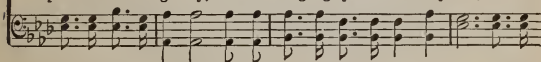
CHORUS.



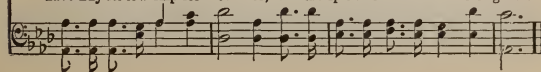
be, We are sail - ing to e - ter - ni - ty.
ry, Mak - ing white thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. Earth - ly joys can - not com -
way, Lead - ing, guid - ing, to e - ter - ni - ty.



pare with all the glo - ry, When our long - ing eyes shall see Thy face; We shall



have Thy fel - low - ship for - ev - er, In the splen - dor of the throne of gra - e.



H. R. P.

USED BY PERMISSION

Dr. H. R. Palmer.

M. 66 = ♩.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ion, Bad lan-guage dis-dain; God's namehold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

Dark passions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus He'll car-ry you through.

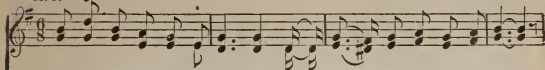
CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;

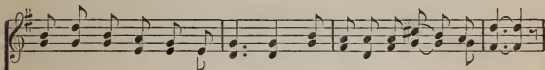
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

Fannie Edna Stafford.

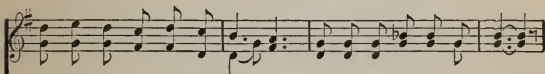
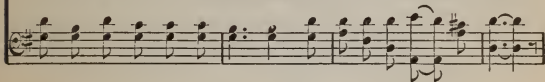
Homer A. Rodeheaver.

M. 50 = 

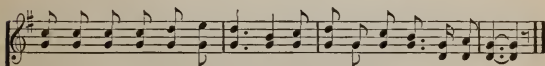
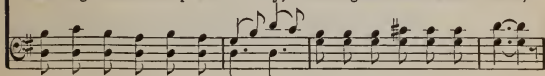
1. Some-bod-y knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Some-bod-y cares when you're tempted, And your mind grows diz-zy and dim;
3. Some-bod-y loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;



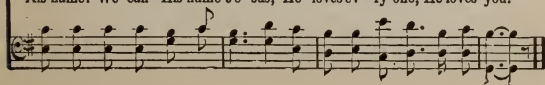
Some-bod - y knows when the shad - ows Need chas-ing a-way with a song;
 Some-bod - y cares when your weak - est, And far-thest a - way from Him;
 Al - ways is wait-ing to help you, He watch-es you—one of the throng



Some-bod-y knows when you're lone - ly, Tired, dis-cour-aged and blue;
 Some-bod-y grieves when you're fall - en, You are not lost from His sight;
 Need - ing His friend-ship so ho - ly, Need-ing His watch-care so true;



Some-bod - y wants you to know Him, And know that He dear-ly loves you.
 Some-bod - y waits for your com-ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
 His name? We call His name Je - sus; He loves ev-'ry-one, He loves you.



Grace Duffie Roe.

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Jay Arthur Ford

M. 116 =

1. Day-light is past, Shad-ows are cast O - ver the sea and land;
 2. Once down our path The storm of wrath Lashed the wild foam-ing wave;
 3. O Helms-man true, The voy-age thro' May we but trust Thy hand!

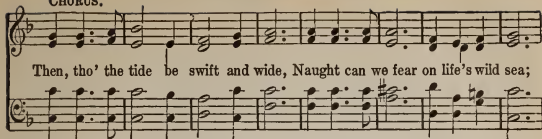
Down in the glade, Night's peaceful shade Li - eth so near at hand.
 Darkness and dread Gathered o'er-head, No hu-man arm could save.
 Thine are the isles Where pleasure smiles, Thine the fair Beu - lah land.

Full are the nets we've drawn to shore, Joy's measure pressed to o - ver-flow;
 Drift-ing and lost, we heard with fear The breakers roar where rocks did hide,
 Each strange, new morn un-veils the way To unknown seas where we must go;

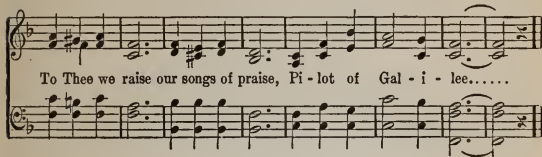
The reefs are passed, the tempest's roar Sinks to a whis-per low.
 Till thro' the gloom our souls could hear, "Lo, I will be Thy guide."
 Thou who didst guide thro' yes-ter-day, To-mor-row's path dost know

Pilot of Galilee.

CHORUS.



Then, tho' the tide be swift and wide, Naught can we fear on life's wild sea;



To Thee we raise our songs of praise, Pi - lot of Gal - i - lee.....

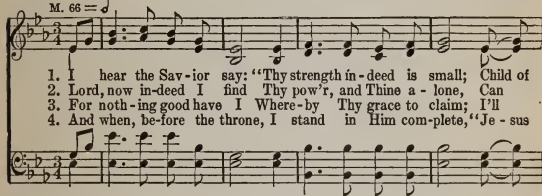
87

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

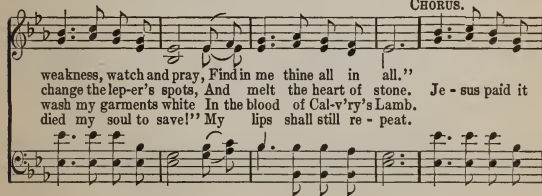
John T. Grape.

M. 66 = ♩

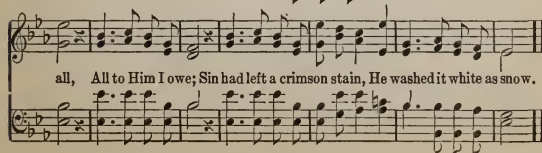


1. I hear the Sav-ior say: "Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; I'll
4. And when, be-fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je - sus

CHORUS.



weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all." Je - sus paid it
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. wash my garments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
died my soul to save!" My lips shall still re - peat.



all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me When I was lost in sin, Of won-drous
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss—To bear with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a-gain, Of heights and depths of
thronged a-bout Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur-mur The an-guish of the cross. With saints re-deemed in

mer-cy Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heav-ens My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo-ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

CHORUS. M. 76 = ♩

theme shall ev-er be: Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
love for e-ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis

Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,
sweet-er as the years go by;

Sweeter As the Years Go By.

rit.

Je - sus' love is sweet - er, Sweet - er as the years go by.

89

No Tears Up Yonder.

R. W. McC.

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R. Ward McCombie.

M. 84 =

1. No tears up yon-der! God hath spoken! No sin, no curse, no cloud-ed way;
2. No soul un-blest that Isle em-bow-ers; No long-ing there un-sat-is-fied;
3. No fare-well there! O bless-ed mor-row! No go-ing out a-gain to roam;
4. No tears up yon-der! all are near-er Than here the nearest friend could be;

No heav-y-la-den, no heart-broken! E - ter-nal life, e - ter-nal day!
No fall-ing-leaves, no fad-ing flow-ers, No hope deferred, no joy de-nied.
No child of sin, no child of sor-row, For there is love, and there is home.
No dear-est love will there be dear-er—But more than all is Christ to see.

CHORUS.

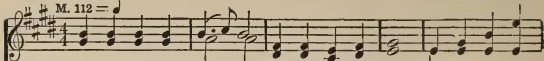
No tears up yon-der, no more sighing, For sor-row there shall have no place;

There bro-ken hearts are healed, and never Shall shadow mar one smil-ing face.

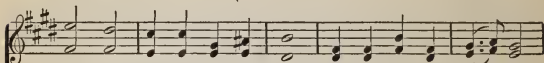
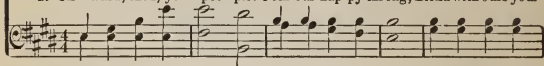
Sabine Baring-Gould.

Arthur Sullivan.

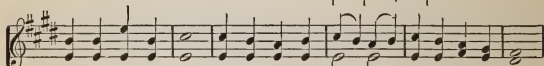
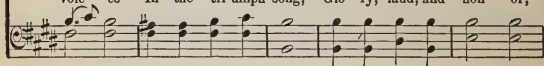
M. 112 =



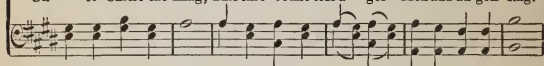
1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth - ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your



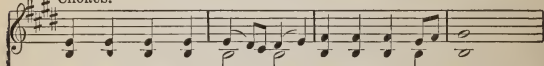
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,



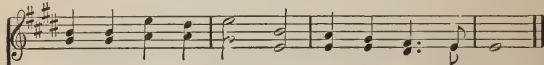
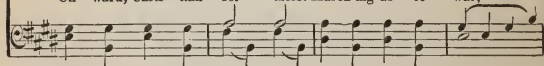
Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go!
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
'Gainst that Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, Which can nev - er fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.



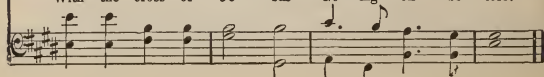
CHORUS.



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

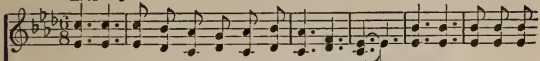


Will the Circle Be Broken?

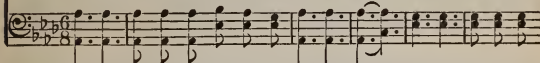
H. L.

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Cho. by N. H. Lines.

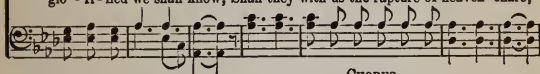
M. 72 = ♩



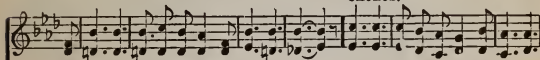
1. When the dawn of e - ter - ni - ty shall ap - pear, When the songs of the
2. When we gath - er at last round the great white throne, When the King in His
3. Fa - ther, mother, and brothers and sis - ters dear, Those we ten - der - ly
4. Friends who nev - er for - sook us while here be - low, In that land of the



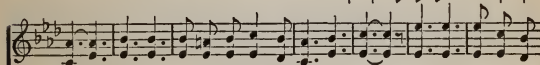
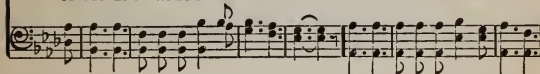
ransomed fall on our ear, Shall we meet our de - part - ed in garments fair,
 beau - ty His bride shall own, Will our loved ones the wedding robe spotless wear,
 cherished and loved while here, They the crowns of the purified then shall wear, —
 glo - ri - fied we shall know, Shall they with us the rapture of heaven share,



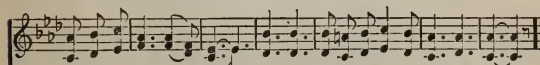
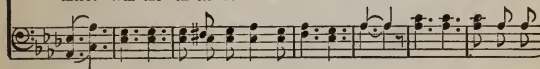
CHORUS.



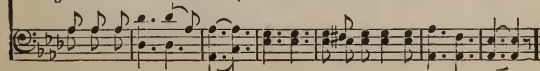
Or will the cir - cle be broken o - ver there? Will the cir - cle be broken o - ver



there? Will the cir - cle be bro - ken o - ver there? When the Savior shall



gath - er His loved ones home, Will the cir - cle be broken o - ver there?



Hallelujah and Praise.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 52 =

1. Redeemed and made per-fect! O what do I hear— Sal - va - tion thro'
 2. Redeemed and made per-fect, my birth-right se - cure, My an - chor is
 3. Redeemed and made per-fect! all glo - ry to Thee Whose blood of a -

Je - sus to sin - ners bro't near! Sal - va - tion whose full - ness to
 stead-fast, a - bid - ing and sure; Redeemed and made per - fect! O
 tone-ment from sin makes me free; Redeemed and made per - fect! Thy

all doth ex-tend; He saves to the ut-most and keeps to the end.
 boundless de-light, I walk in Thy sun-shine e - ter - nal and bright.
 hand I can trace, Still lead - ing me on - ward from grace un - to grace.

CHORUS.

{ Hal-le - lu - jah and praise! O An-cient of Days, My fervent de-votion to
 { I will sing of Thy pow'r a - gain and a - gain, [*Omit*.....]

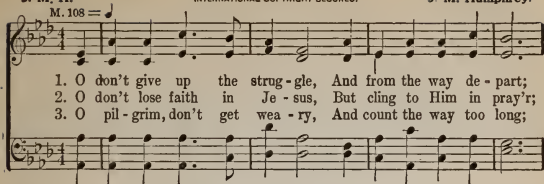
2
 Thee will I raise; And shout hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, A - men!

Hold On a Little Longer.

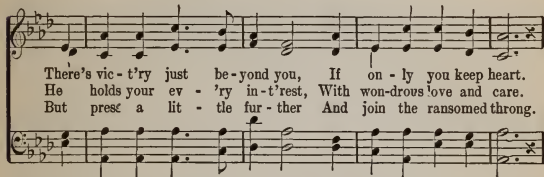
J. M. H.

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J. M. Humphrey.

M. 108 = 


1. O don't give up the strug-gle, And from the way de-part;
2. O don't lose faith in Je-sus, But cling to Him in pray'r;
3. O pil-grim, don't get wea-ry, And count the way too long;

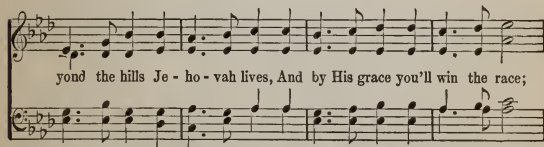


There's vic-t'ry just be-yond you, If on-ly you keep heart.
He holds your ev-'ry in-t'rest, With won-drous love and care.
But press a lit-tle fur-ther And join the ransomed throng.

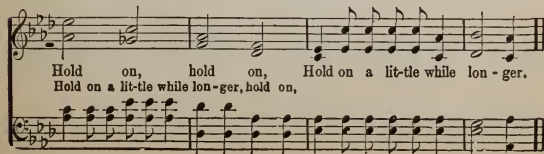
CHORUS.



Hold on, hold on, Hold on a lit-tle while lon-ger, Be-
Hold on a lit-tle while lon-ger, hold on,



yond the hills Je-ho-vah lives, And by His grace you'll win the race;



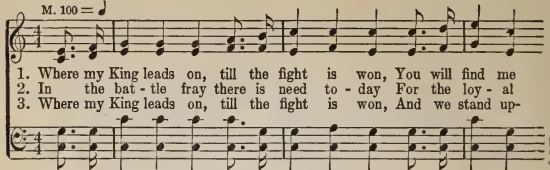
Hold on, hold on, Hold on a lit-tle while lon-ger.
Hold on a lit-tle while lon-ger, hold on,

Where My King Leads On.

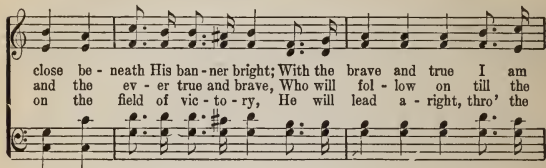
Rev. W. C. Poole.

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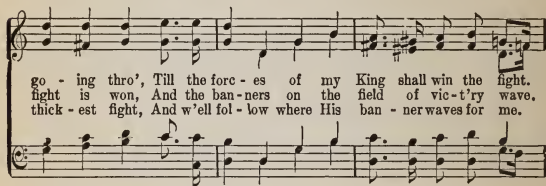
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

M. 100 = 


1. Where my King leads on, till the fight is won, You will find me
 2. In the bat-tle fray there is need to-day For the loy-al
 3. Where my King leads on, till the fight is won, And we stand up-

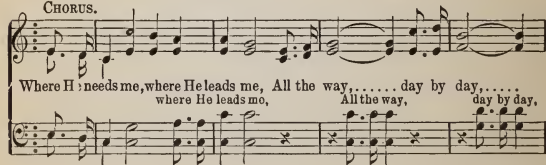


close be-neath His ban-ner bright; With the brave and true I am
 and the ev-er true and brave, Who will fol-low on till the
 on the field of vic-to-ry, He will lead a-right, thro' the

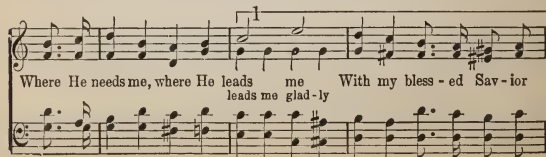


go-ing thro', Till the forc-es of my King shall win the fight.
 fight is won, And the ban-ners on the field of vic-t'ry wave.
 thick-est fight, And w'ell fol-low where His ban-ner waves for me.

CHORUS.



Where He needs me, where He leads me, All the way,..... day by day,.....
 where He leads me, All the way, day by day,



Where He needs me, where He leads me With my bless-ed Sav-ior
 leads me glad-ly

Where My King Leads On.

I will glad-ly go; leads me, I will fol-low Him who loved me so.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a repeat sign and a second ending marked with a '2'. The bottom staff is in bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

95

Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

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Clara. H. Scott.

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat, E-flat) and a 4/8 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis-ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare, Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.

The musical score continues on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat, E-flat) and a 4/8 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

CHORUS.

Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;

The musical score continues on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat, E-flat) and a 4/8 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

O - pen my { eyes, ears, heart, } il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!

The musical score continues on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat, E-flat) and a 4/8 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

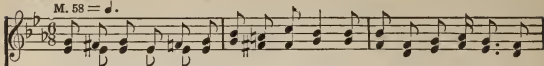
Make Somebody Happy To-day.

Calie Altstaetter.

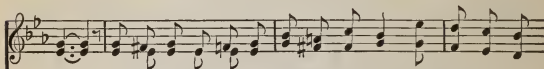
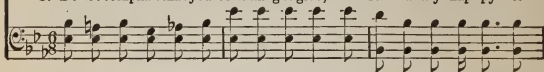
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

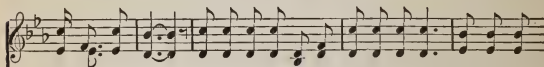
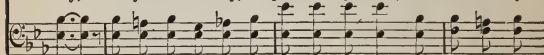
M. 58 = ♩.



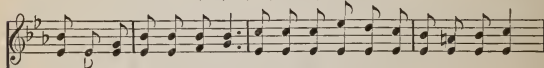
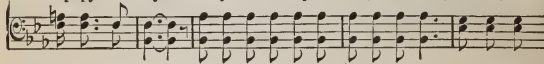
1. If your own sor-rows you want to for-get, Make some-bod-y hap-py to-
2. If you seek pleas-ure no troub-le can mar, Make some-bod-y hap-py to-
3. Do not complain that you've nothing to give, Make some-bod-y hap-py to-



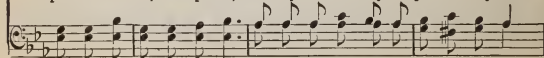
day; If in your heart you would know no re-gret, Make some-bod-y
day; You'll find it wait-ing you, right where you are, Make some-bod-y
day; Do your whole du-ty, and preach as you live, Make some-bod-y



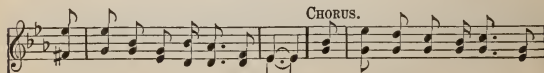
hap-py to - day. Oth-ers near by you may be in despair, Struggling 'neath
hap-py to - day. Is your life darkened by hopes that were vain? Go help an-
hap-py to - day. Tho' you have on-ly a smile, or a flow'r, Give it, and



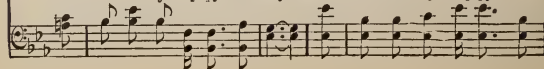
cross-es so heav-y to bear; They may take heart, if you show that you care—
oth-er his goal to at-tain! What you have lost, by your help he may gain—
speak of His love, of His pow'r; You may cheer man-y a pain-wea-ry hour—



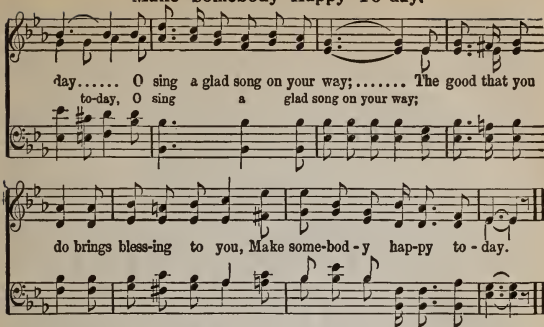
CHORUS.



Make some-bod-y hap-py to - day. Make some-bod-y hap-py to-



Make Somebody Happy To-day.



day..... O sing a glad song on your way;..... The good that you
to-day, O sing a glad song on your way;

do brings blessing to you, Make some-bod-y hap-py to-day.

97

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

M. 116 =



1. We praise Thee, O God, For the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God, For Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain;
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love;

For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - ior, And scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
May each soul be re - kin - dled With fire from a - bove.

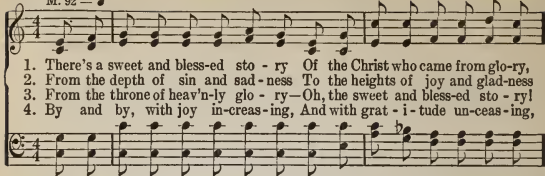
REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, Hal-le-lu-jah! A - men! Re-vive us a - gain.

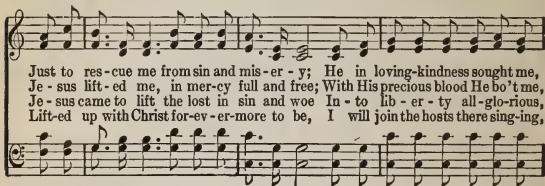
Julia H. Johnston.

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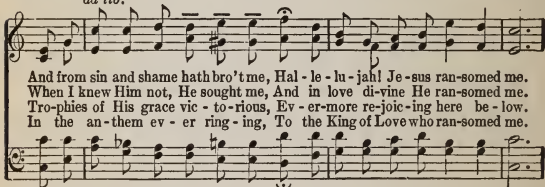
J. W. Henderson.

M. 92 = 


1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto - ry Of the Christ who came from glo-ry,
2. From the depth of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo - ry—Oh, the sweet and bless-ed sto - ry!
4. By and by, with joy in-creas-ing, And with grat - i - tude un-ceas-ing,

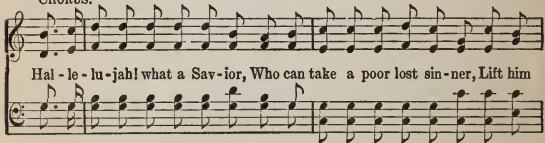


Just to res-cue me from sin and mis-er - y; He in loving-kindness sought me,
 Je - sus lift-ed me, in mer-cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
 Je - sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In - to lib - er - ty all-glo-rious,
 Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev-er-more to be, I will join the hosts there sing-ing,

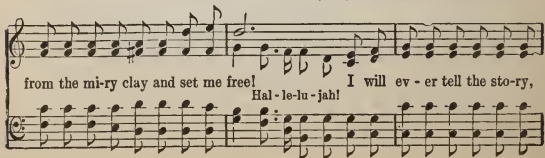
ad lib.


And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran-somed me.
 When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ran-somed me.
 Tro-phies of His grace vic - to - rious, Ev - er-more re-joic-ing here be - low.
 In the an-them ev - er ring-ing, To the King of Love who ran-somed me.

CHORUS.



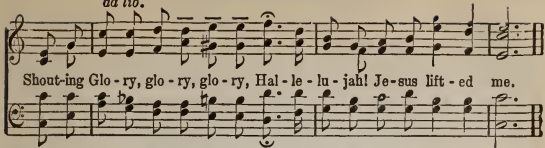
Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav-ior, Who can take a poor lost sin-ner, Lift him



from the mi-ry clay and set me free! I will ev - er tell the sto-ry,
 Hal - le - lu - jah!

He Ransomed Me.

ad lib.



Shout-ing Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus lift - ed me.

99

Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. Hewitt,

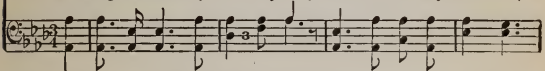
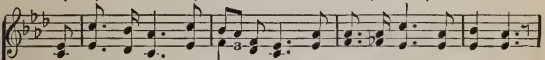
COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweeney.

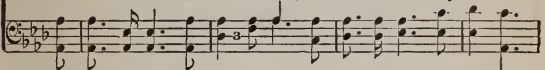
M. 68 =



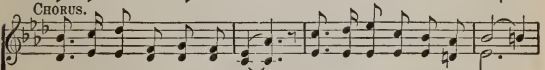
1. Life wears a dif - f'rent face to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior;
3. The pass-ing clouds may in - ter-vene, Since I found my Sav - ior;
4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior;

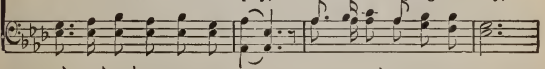
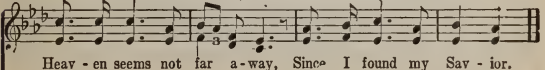
Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
 He bro't sal - va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al - might - y Sav - ior.
 But He is with me - tho' un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
 It leads me on - ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav - ior.



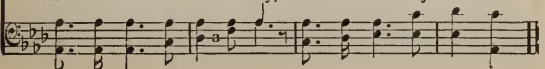
CHORUS.



Gold - en sun - beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day;

Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

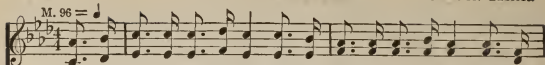


What a Day of Victory?

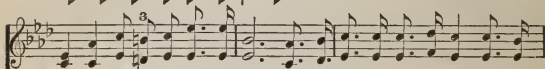
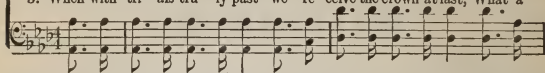
James Rowe.

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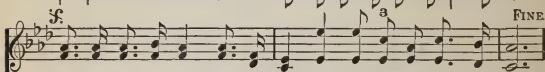
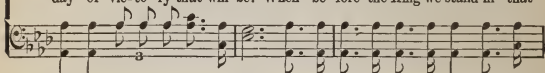
Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 96 = 

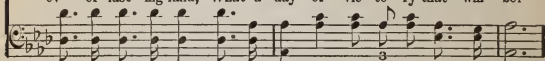
1. When at last we see the King and His praise in glo - ry sing, What a
2. When we walk the streets of gold with the hap - py saints of old, What a
3. When with tri - als tru - ly past we re - ceive the crown at last, What a



day of vic-to-ry that will be! When we reach the oth - er side where the
 day of vic-to-ry that will be! When we join the an - gel-throng in the
 day of vic-to-ry that will be! When be - fore the King we stand in that

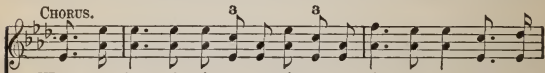


faith - ful shall a - bide, What a day of vic - to - ry that will be!
 ev - er - last - ing song, What a day of vic - to - ry that will be!
 ev - er - last - ing land, What a day of vic - to - ry that will be!

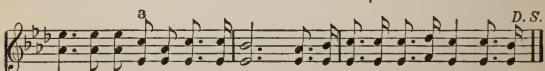
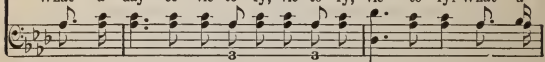


D.S.—pal - ace of the King, What a day of vic - to - ry that will be!

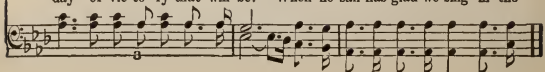
CHORUS.



What a day of vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry! What a



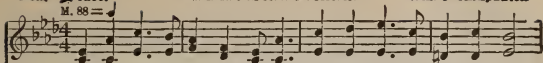
day of vic-to-ry that will be! When ho-san-nas glad we sing in the



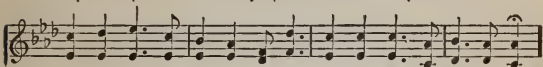
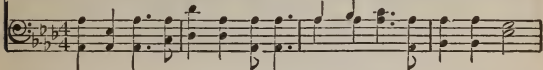
Beyond the Shadows.

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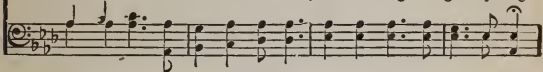
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

Nelly Rice.
M. 88 =

1. Some sweet day be-yond the shadows, Some sweet day be-yond the tide,
2. Some sweet day be-yond the bil-lows Of this life's tem-pes-tuous sea,
3. Some sweet day, in that blest mor-row, We shall join the hap-py throng;



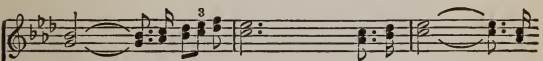
We shall see and be with Je-sus, We shall then be glo-ri-fied.
We shall reach the home in glo-ry, We shall live e-ter-nal-ly.
We shall see and know our loved ones, We shall sing the glo-ry-song.



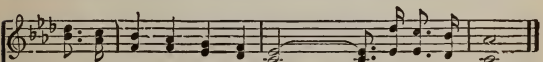
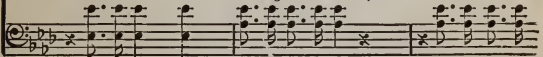
CHORUS.



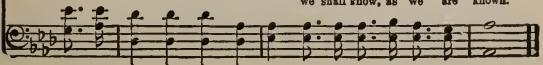
We shall sing..... the song of heav-en, With the
We shall sing, shall sing the song of heav-en.



ran - somed 'round the throne; We shall then..... be
With the ran - somed 'round the great white throne; We shall then be



one with Je-sus, We shall know,..... as we are known.
we shall know, as we are known.

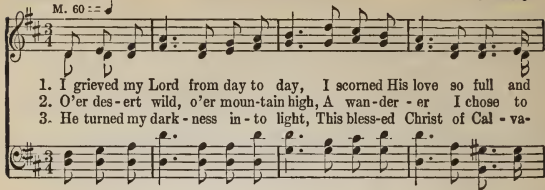


Lizzie DeArmond.

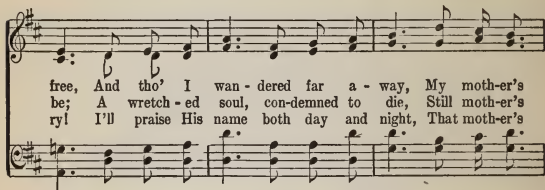
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B. D. Ackley.

M. 60 :: ♩

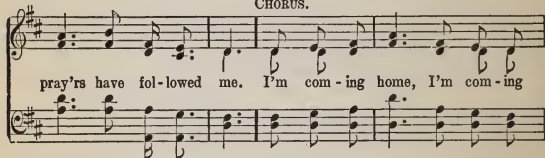


1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and
2. O'er des-ert wild, o'er moun-tain high, A wan-der-er I chose to
3. He turned my dark-ness in-to light, This bless-ed Christ of Cal-va-

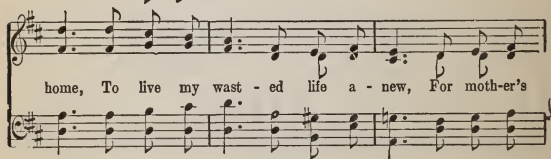


free, And tho' I wan-dered far a-way, My moth-er's
be; A wretch-ed soul, con-demned to die, Still moth-er's
ry! I'll praise His name both day and night, That moth-er's

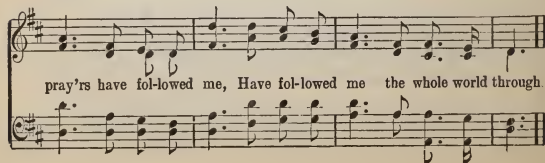
CHORUS.



pray'rs have fol-lowed me. I'm com-ing home, I'm com-ing



home, To live my wast-ed life a-new, For moth-er's

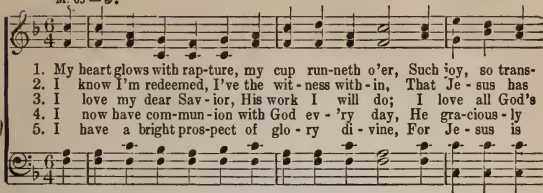


pray'rs have fol-lowed me, Have fol-lowed me the whole world through.

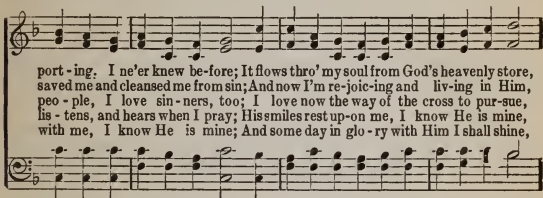
Rev. R. H. McDaniel.

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Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

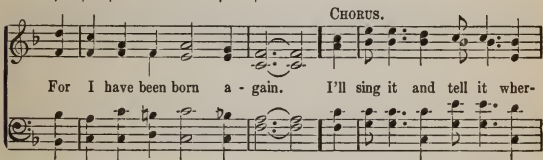
M. 63 = ♩ .


1. My heart glows with rap-ture, my cup run-neth o'er, Such joy, so trans-
 2. I know I'm redeemed, I've the wit-ness with-in, That Je-sus has
 3. I love my dear Sav-ior, His work I will do; I love all God's
 4. I now have com-mun-ion with God ev-'ry day, He gra-cious-ly
 5. I have a bright pros-pect of glo-ry di-vine, For Je-sus is

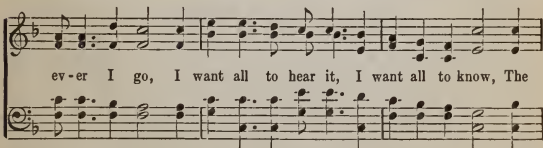


port-ing. I ne'er knew be-fore; It flows thro' my soul from God's heavenly store,
 saved me and cleansed me from sin; And now I'm re-joic-ing and liv-ing in Him,
 peo-ple, I love sin-ners, too; I love now the way of the cross to pur-sue,
 his-tens, and hears when I pray; His smiles rest up-on me, I know He is mine,
 with me, I know He is mine; And some day in glo-ry with Him I shall shine,

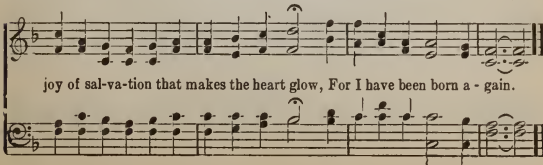
CHORUS.



For I have been born a - gain. I'll sing it and tell it wher-



ev-er I go, I want all to hear it, I want all to know, The

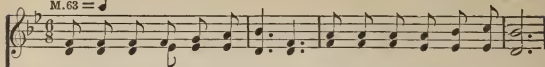


joy of sal-va-tion that makes the heart glow, For I have been born a - gain.

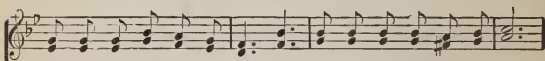
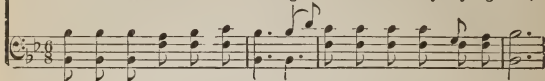
El Nathan.

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CHAS. A. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

James McGranahan.

M. 63 = 

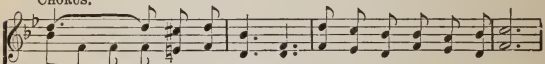
1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious, re - viv - ing a - gain,
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—O that to - day they might fall,



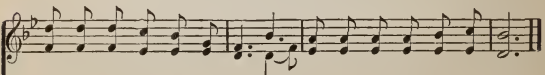
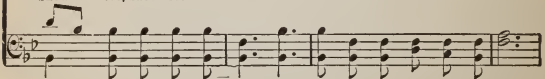
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys Sound of a - bun - dant of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word!
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



CHORUS.



Show - - - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Show - ers, show-ers



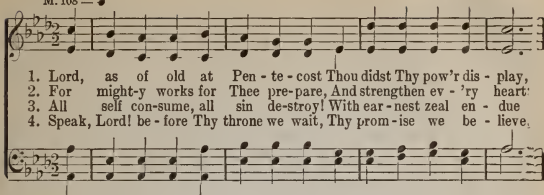
Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



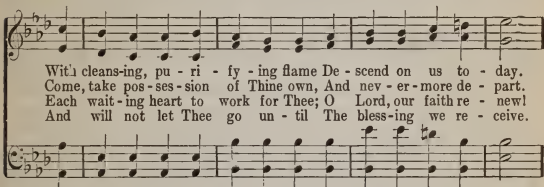
Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel

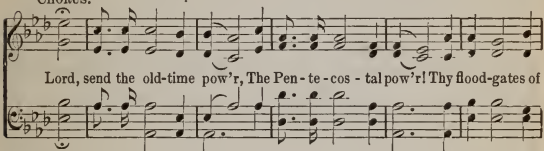
M. 108 = 


1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
 2. For might-y works for Thee pre-pare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart:
 3. All self con-sume, all sin de-destroy! With ear-nest zeal en - due
 4. Speak, Lord! be - fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom-ise we be - lieve,

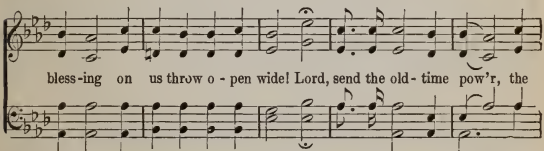


With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De - scend on us to - day.
 Come, take pos-ses-sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
 Each wait-ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
 And will not let Thee go un - til The bless-ing we re - ceive.

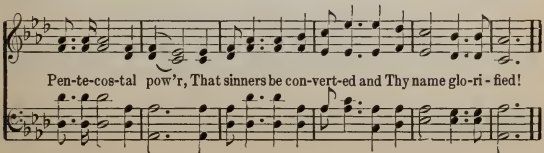
CHORUS.



Lord, send the old-time pow'r, The Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r! Thy flood-gates of



bless-ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the



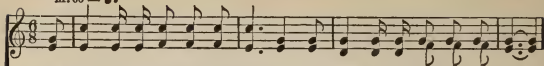
Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, That sinners be con-vert-ed and Thy name glo-ri - fied!

Rev. Bert Shaddock.

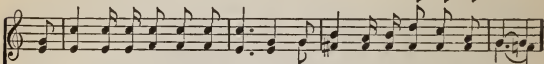
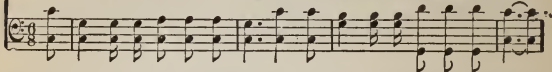
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L. L. Pickett.

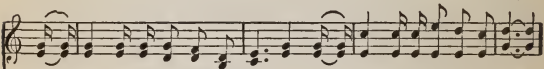
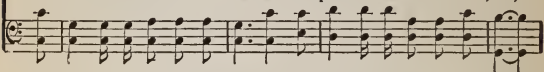
M. 60 = ♩.



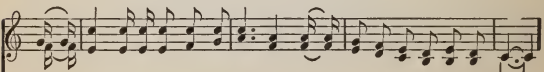
1. I dreamed that the great judgment morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt - ed and van - ished a - way;
3. The wid - ow was there with the or - phans, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor - al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;



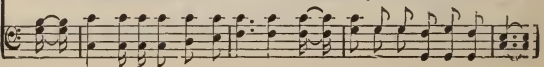
I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered To judg-ment be-fore the white throne;
A pau - per he stood in the judg-ment, His debts were too heav-y to pay;
No sor - row in heav-en for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes;
The men who had cru-ci-fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor - al men, too;



From the throne came a bright shin-ing an-gel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his great-ness, When death came, was left far be-hind!
The gam-bler was there and the drunkard, And the man that had sold them the drink.
The soul that had put off sal-va-tion—"Not to-night; I'll get saved by-and-by;

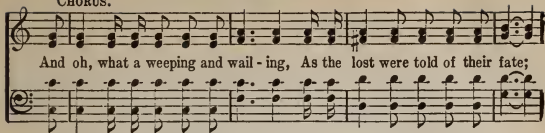


And swore with his hand raised to heav-en, That time was no lon-ger to be.
The an - gel that o-pened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his great-ness could find.
With the peo-ple who gave him the license—To - geth - er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re - li - gion!" At last they had found time to die.



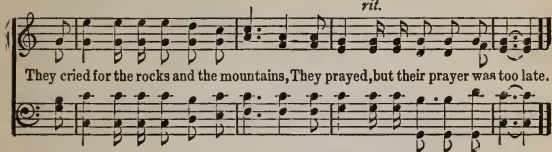
The Great Judgment Morning.

CHORUS.



And oh, what a weeping and wail - ing, As the lost were told of their fate;

rit.



They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

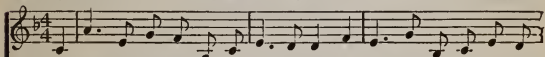
107

An Evening Prayer.

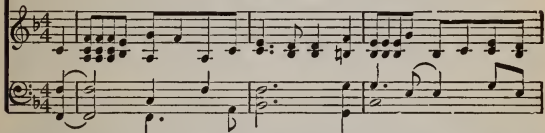
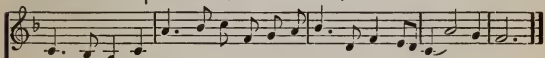
C. M. Battersby.
Arr. by C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

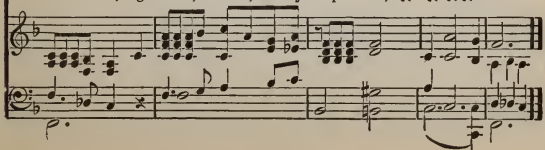
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. If I have wounded an - y soul to-day, If I have caused one foot to
2. If I have ut-tered i - dle words or vain, If I have turned a-side from
3. If I have been perverse or hard, or cold, If I have longed for shel-ter
4. Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee; Forgive the se - cret sins I

go a-stray, If I have walked in my own wil-ful way, Dear Lord, for-give!
want or pain, Lest I myself shall suffer thro' the strain, Dear Lord, for-give!
in Thy fold, When Thou hast given me some fort to hold, Dear Lord, for-give!
do not see; O guide me, love me, and my Keep-er be, x x x x A-men.



Life's Railway to Heaven.

(Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men).

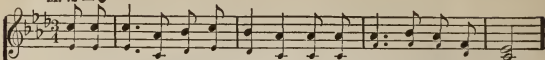
M. E. Abbey.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

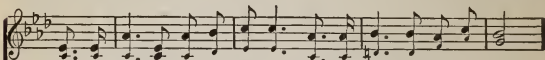
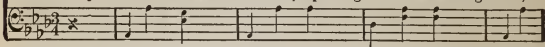
Charlie D. Tillman.

Solo or Duet. Tempo ad lib.

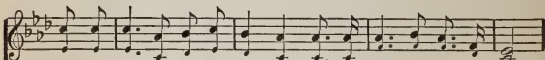
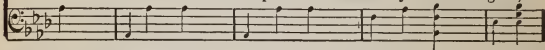
M. 72 =



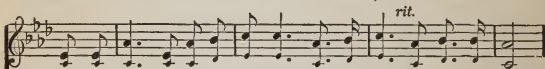
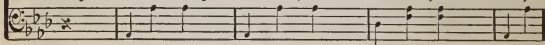
1. Life is like a moun-tain rail-road, With an en - gi - neer that's brave;
2. You will roll up-grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find ob-struc-tions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a - cross the tres - tle, Spanning Jor-dan's swell-ing tide,



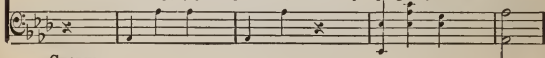
We must make the run suc-cess-ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
 See that Christ is your con-duc-tor On this light-ning train of life;
 On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al-most ditch your train;
 You be-hold the Un-ion De-pot In - to which your train will glide;



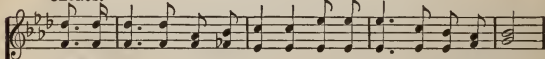
Watch the curves, the fills, the tun-nels; Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er quail;
 Al-ways mind-ful of ob-struc-tion, Do your du-ty, nev-er fail;
 Put your trust a-lone in Je-sus; Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er fail;
 There you'll meet the Su-per-in-ten-dent, God the Fa-ther, God the Son,



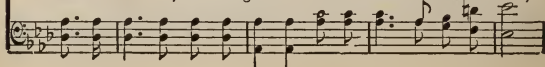
Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
 Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
 Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
 With the heart - y, joy-ous plaud-it, "Wea - ry pil-grim, wel-come home!"



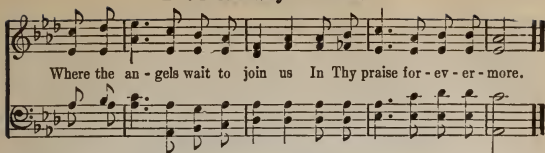
CHORUS.



Bless-ed Sav - ior, Thou wilt guide us Till we reach that bliss-ful shore;



Life's Railway to Heaven.



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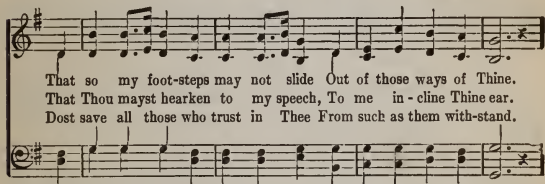
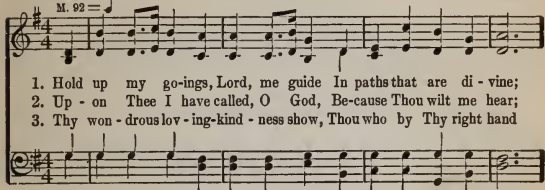
The Shadow of Thy Wing.

C. M. Psalm 17: 5-7.

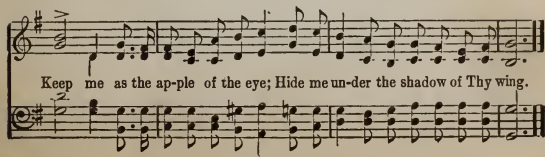
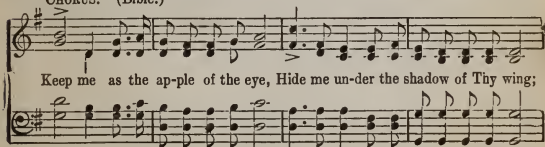
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J. B. Herbert.

M. 92 =



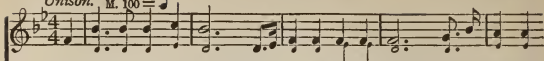

CHORUS. (Bible.)



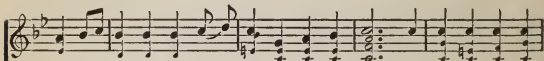
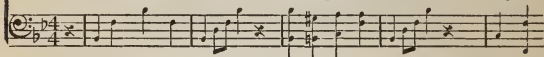
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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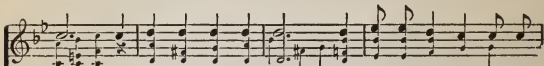
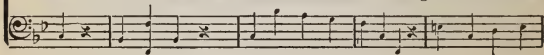
Chas. H. Gabriel.

Unison. M. 100 = 

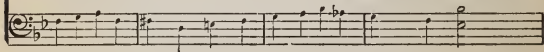
1. Sing forth Co-lum-bia's song, While a - ges roll a - long! We have joy to
2. It is Co-lum-bia's hour— The time of peace and pow'r! We may well give
3. Co - lum-bia looks a - far To hope's bright, radiant star, And we long to



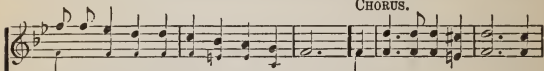
share, and joy to spare, For a vast uncounted throng! Our hills and fer-tile
heed that hu-man need Be met with bounteous dower. Ma - jes-tic mountains
bless with our ex-cess The homes where sorrows are. O glorious Home-land



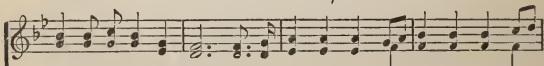
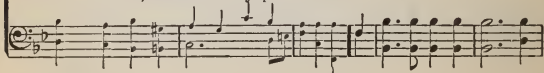
farms Have nev - er - end - ing charms; Each val-ley and stream, Like a
stand Like bea-cons o'er the land, Where beau-ty un - told is for-
wide, Our hope, our joy, our pride! Here jus-tice and right shall for-



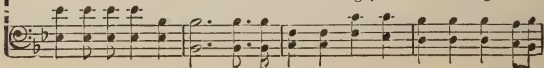
CHORUS.



wonderful dream, Hold out in - vit-ing arms.
ev - er un-rolled For souls that un-der-stand. Co-lum - bi - a for me, The
ev - er u-nite, And lib - er - ty pro - vide.



land of the brave and free! There is room e - nough, and bloom e-nough For



Columbia's Song.

mil-lions yet to be. Co-lum-bi - a, laud of plen-ty, Of fruit, and wheat, and
corn! 'Tis a land of trees and balm-y breeze, Where freedom first was born.

111

Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

W. J. Bradbury.

M. 96 = ♩

1. Sav - ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest care; In Thy
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep Thy
3. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be; Thou hast
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will; Bless-ed

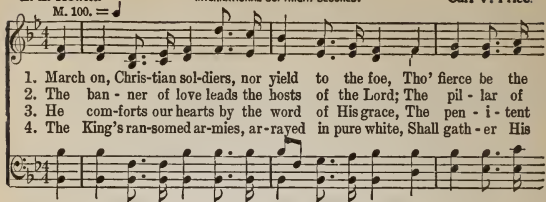
pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare: Blessed Jesus, blessed
flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray: Blessed Jesus, blessed
mer - cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free: Blessed Jesus, blessed!
Lord and on-ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bosoms fill: Blessed Jesus, blessed

Je-sus, Thou hast bo't us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bo't us, Thine we are.
Je-sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray; Je-sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
Je-sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee; Je-sus, We will ear-ly turn to Thee.
Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

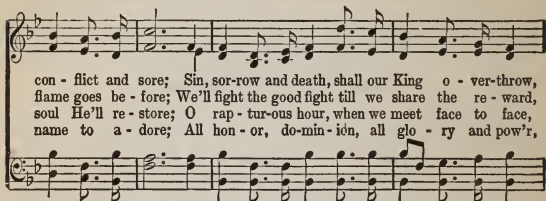
E. E. Hewitt.

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Carl V. Price.

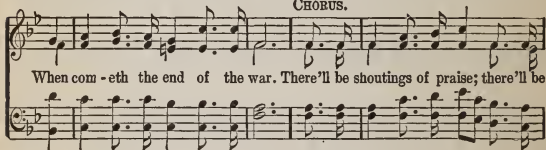
M. 100. = 


1. March on, Chris-tian sol-diers, nor yield to the foe, Tho' fierce be the
 2. The ban-ner of love leads the hosts of the Lord; The pil-lar of
 3. He com-forts our hearts by the word of His grace, The pen-i-tent
 4. The King's ran-somed ar-mies, ar-rayed in pure white, Shall gath-er His

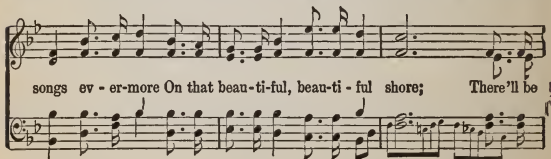


con-flict and sore; Sin, sor-row and death, shall our King o-ver-throw,
 flame goes be-fore; We'll fight the good fight till we share the re-ward,
 soul He'll re-store; O rap-tur-ous hour, when we meet face to face,
 name to a-dore; All hon-or, do-min-ion, all glo-ry and pow'r,

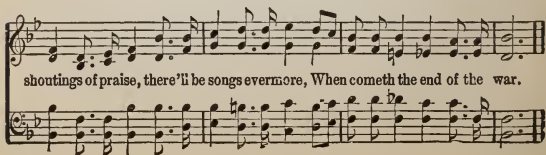
CHORUS.



When com-eth the end of the war. There'll be shoutings of praise; there'll be



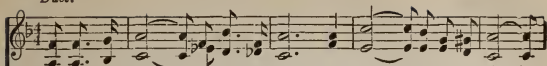
songs ev-er-more On that beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful shore; There'll be



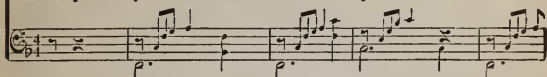
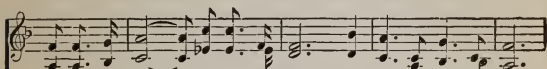
shoutings of praise, there'll be songs evermore, When cometh the end of the war.

B. H. P.
Duet.COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER,
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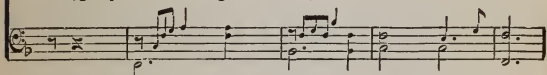
Ben H. Price.



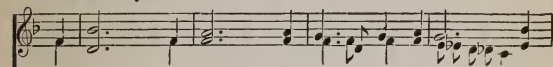
1. It was a - lone the Sav-ior prayed In dark Geth-sem-a - ne;
 2. It was a - lone the Sav-ior stood In Pi - late's judgment hall;
 3. A - lone up - on the cross He hung That oth - ers He might save;
 4. Can you re - ject such matchless love? Can you His claim dis-own?

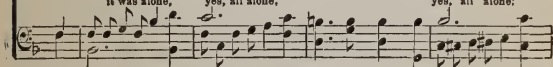
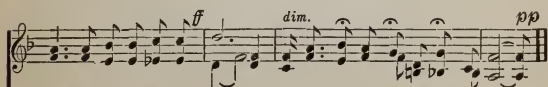
A - lone He drained the bit - ter cup And suf-fered there for me.
 A - lone the crown of thorns He wore, For - sak - en thus by all.
 For-sak - en then by God and man, A - lone, His life He gave.
 Come, give your all in grat - i - tude, Nor leave Him thus a - lone.



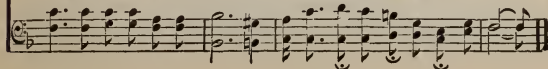
REFRAIN. Quartet.



A - lone, a - lone, He bore it all a - lone; He
 it was alone, yes, all alone, yes, all alone;

gave Him-self to save His own, He suf-fered, bled and died a-lone, a - lone.

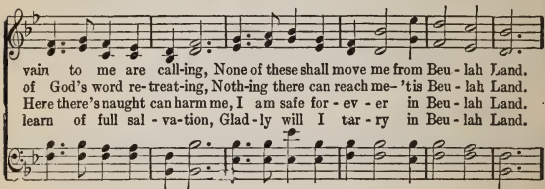
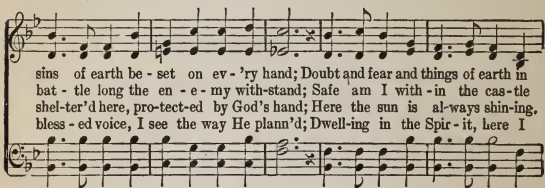
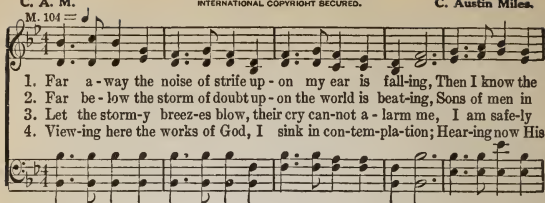


C. A. M.

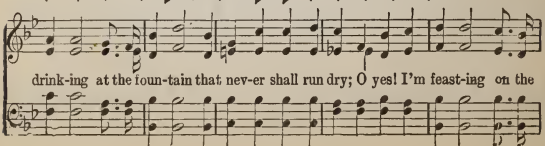
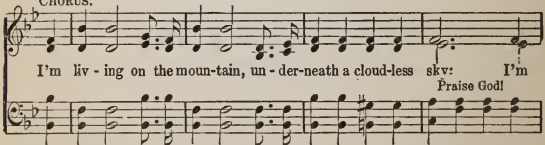
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C. Austin Miles.

M. 104 =



CHORUS.



Dwelling in Beulah Land.

man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beu-lah Land.

115

The Royal Way.

E. W. K.

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HOMER A. ROOEHEAVER, OWNER.

E. W. Kenyon.

M. 56 = ♩.

1. I want to live in a roy-al way, As a child of the Kings should live;
2. I want to speak in a roy-al way, Have the lan-guage of the Throne,
3. I want to work in a roy-al way, As an heir of a Throne should work;
4. I want to love in a roy-al way, As a child of the King should love;

I want to give in a roy-al way, Yes, give as a Prince should give.
 And hon-or Him who a-do-pt-ed me, When I walked in sin a-lone.
 I want to help in a roy-al way, And ne'er as a serv-ant shirk.
 I want to serve in a roy-al way, My Je-sus who reigns a-bove.

CHORUS.

Yes, I am a child of the King of kings, An heir of a home on high!

Yes, I am a child of the King of kings, I'll reign with Him bye and bye.

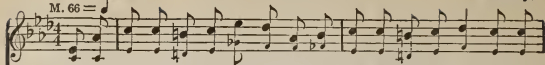
My Mother.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

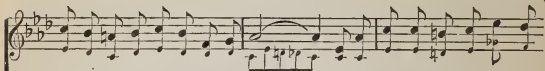
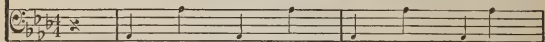
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B. D. Ackley.

M. 66 =

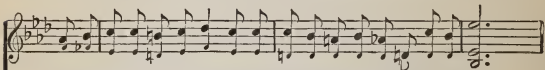
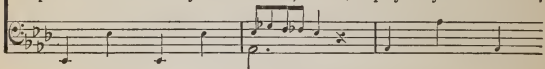


1. To my mem'ry comes a vis-ion That my heart can ne'er for-get, Of my
2. 'Twas the voice of my dear moth-er, Full of love and sym-pa-thy, That so
3. Tho' my moth-er has de-part-ed, Still I feel her spir-it near, As she

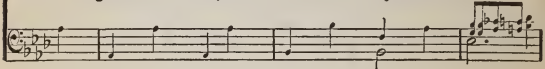


moth-er, with her tender care for me;
 oft-encheered my heart when sad and lone;
 pleads before the Heav'nly Father's throne;

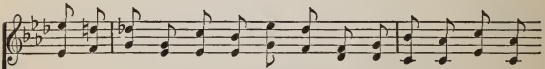
For the face of years for-got-ten
 For I felt the need of Je-sus,
 And her pray'rs my life shall answer,



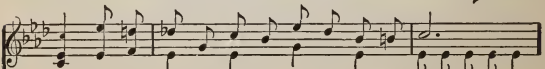
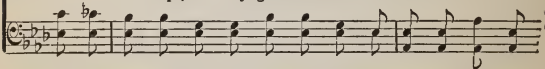
Still re-mains, I see it yet, And her brow reflects the light of Cal-va-ry.
 And her constant pray'r for me Led my wand'ring footsteps to my Father's home.
 For I long to meet her there, And to see the Christ who bought me for His own.



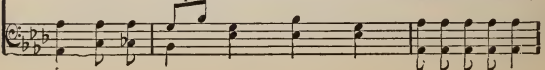
CHORUS.



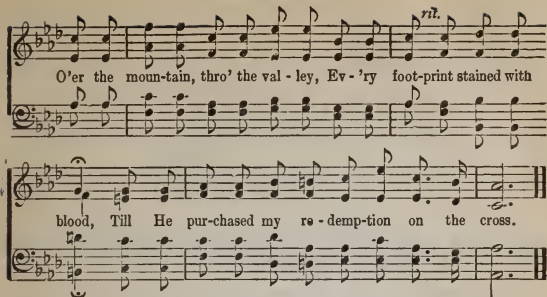
And the tear-drops, how they glis-tened! When she told me of His



love, How the ten-der Shep-herd came to seek the lost,
 Shep-herd came to seek and save the lost,



My Mother.



O'er the moun-tain, thro' the val - ley, Ev - 'ry foot-print stained with
blood, Till He pur-chased my re - demp-tion on the cross.

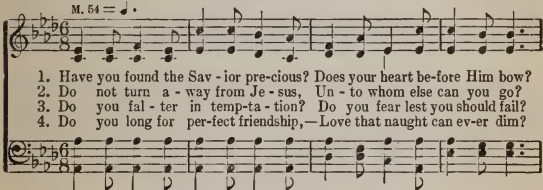
117 Have You Found the Savior Precious?

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

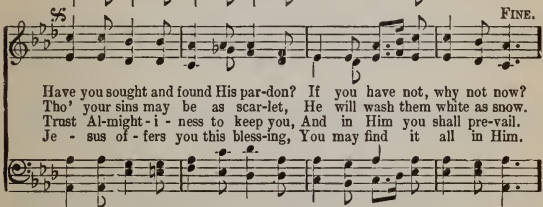
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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

M. 54 = ♩.



1. Have you found the Sav - ior pre-cious? Does your heart be-fore Him bow?
2. Do not turn a - way from Je - sus, Un - to whom else can you go?
3. Do you fal - ter in temp-ta - tion? Do you fear lest you should fail?
4. Do you long for per-fect friendship, — Love that naught can ev-er dim?

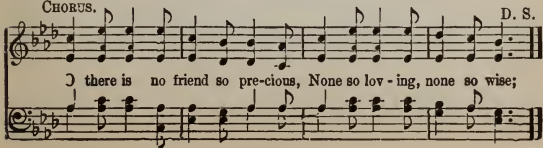


FINE.

Have you sought and found His par-don? If you have not, why not now?
Tho' your sins may be as scar-let, He will wash them white as snow.
Trust Al-might-i - ness to keep you, And in Him you shall pre-vail.
Je - sus of - fers you this bless-ing, You may find it all in Him.

D. S. — Ev - 'ry soul a - thirst for Je - sus, May sal - va - tion re - al - ize.

CHORUS.



D. S.

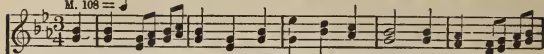
There is no friend so pre-cious, None so lov - ing, none so wise;

Mrs. F. G. Burroughs.

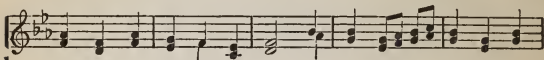
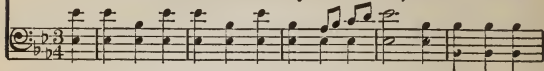
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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

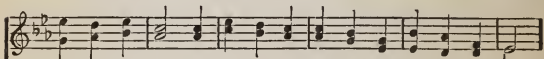
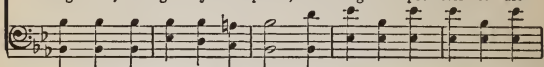
M. 108 =



1. So strong is our Lead-er in whom we be-lieve! His grace is a-
2. He's a - ble to keep from the moth and the rust The treas-ures com-
3. He's a - ble to help us when tempted and tried, And keep us from
4. O then let us trust Him each day and each hour, For His is the



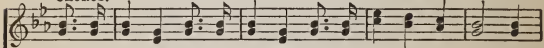
bound-ing, and all may re-ceive, From Love's roy-al boun-ty, the
mit-ted to His sa-cred trust; And 'e - ven this bod - y His
fall - ing, what - ev - er be - tide; And un - to the ut - ter - most
king - dom, the glo - ry and pow'r; All things He pos - sess - es are



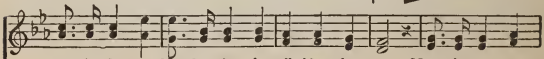
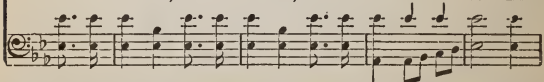
things that are best, For Je - sus is a - ble to grant each re-quest.
grace can re - new, Be-cause He is a - ble all things to sub-due.
save ev - 'ry - one Who comes to the Fa - ther thro' faith in the Son.
of - fered to you, And what He has promised He's a - ble to do.



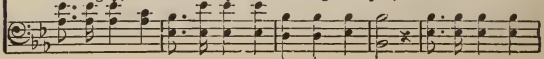
CHORUS.



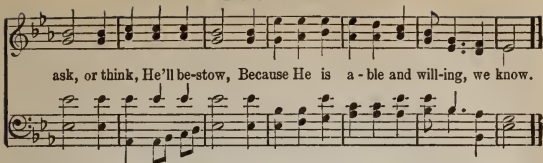
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is a - ble to do Ex-



ceed-ing-ly, a - bun-dant-ly in all things for you; More than we can



He Is Able.



ask, or think, He'll be-stow, Because He is a - ble and will-ing, we know.

119

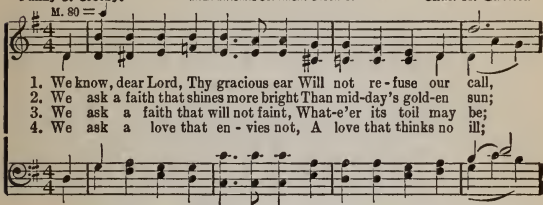
O Jesus, Answer Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

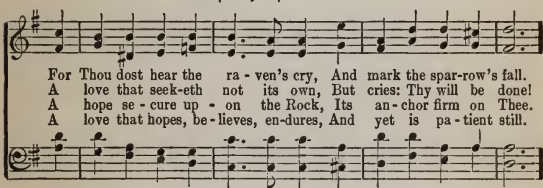
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 80 =

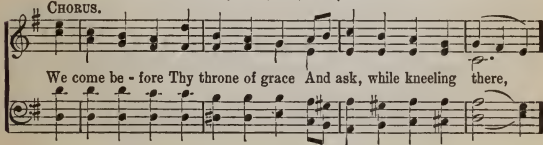


1. We know, dear Lord, Thy gracious ear Will not re-fuse our call,
2. We ask a faith that shines more bright Than mid-day's gold-en sun;
3. We ask a faith that will not faint, What-e'er its toil may be;
4. We ask a love that en - vies not, A love that thinks no ill;

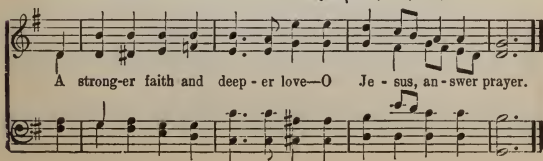


For Thou dost hear the ra - ven's cry, And mark the spar-row's fall.
A love that seek-eth not its own, But cries: Thy will be done!
A hope se - cure up - on the Rock, Its an - chor firm on Thee.
A love that hopes, be - lieves, en - dures, And yet is pa - tient still.

CHORUS.



We come be - fore Thy throne of grace And ask, while kneeling there,



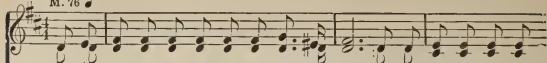
A strong-er faith and deep - er love—O Je - sus, an - swer prayer.

Jessie H. Brown.

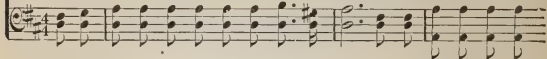
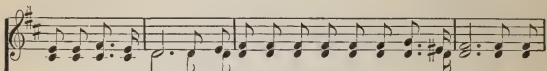
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J. H. Fillmore.

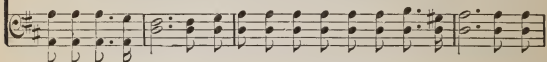
M. 76



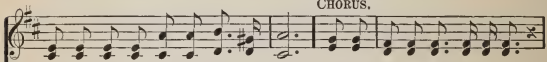
1. We are go-ing down the val-ley one by one, With our fac-es tow'rd the
 2. We are go-ing down the val-ley one by one, When the la-bors of the
 3. We are go-ing down the val-ley one by one, Hu-man comrade you or

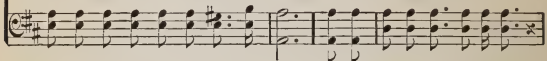
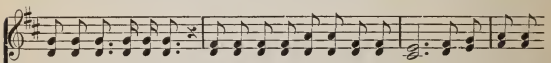
set-ting of the sun; Down the valley where the mournful cypress grows, Where the
 wea-ry day are done; One by one, the cares of earth for-ev-er past, We shall
 I will there have none, But a ten-der hand will guide us lest we fall—Christ is



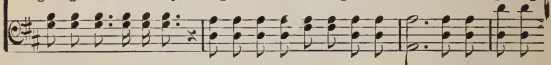
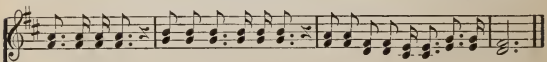
CHORUS.



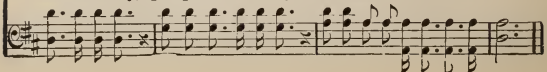
stream of death in si-lence on-ward flows.
 stand up - on the riv - er bank at last. We are go-ing down the val-ley,
 go - ing down the val - ley with us all.

go-ing down the valley, Going tow'rd the set-ting of the sun; We are go-ing

down the val-ley, go-ing down the val-ley, Go-ing down the val-ley one by one.



L. E. J.

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L. E. Jones.

M. 100 = ♩

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
 in the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

W. G. Tomer.

M. 88 =

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro - tect - ing
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be fore you, God be with you

CHORUS.

till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we meet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

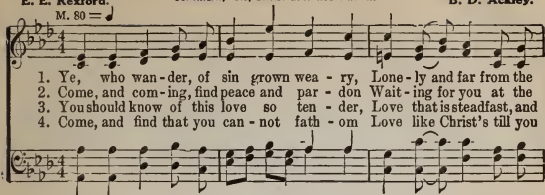
Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,.....
 Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet; Till we meet,

till we meet,.. God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

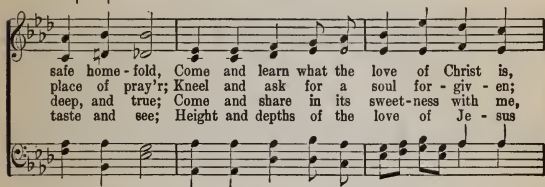
E. E. Rexford.

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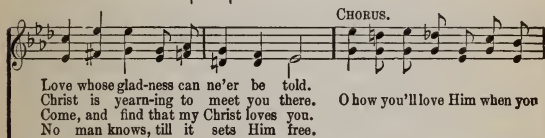
B. D. Ackley.

M. 80 = 


1. Ye, who wan-der, of sin grown wea - ry, Lone - ly and far from the
2. Come, and com-ing, find peace and par - don Wait - ing for you at the
3. You should know of this love so ten - der, Love that is steadfast, and
4. Come, and find that you can - not fath - om Love like Christ's till you

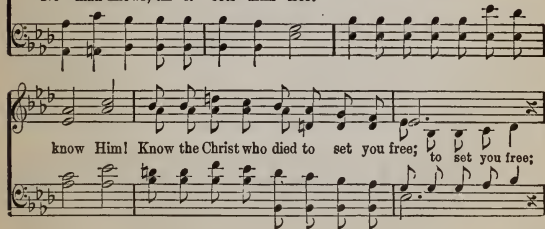


safe home - fold, Come and learn what the love of Christ is,
place of pray'r; Kneel and ask for a soul for - giv - en;
deep, and true; Come and share in its sweet-ness with me,
taste and see; Height and depths of the love of Je - sus

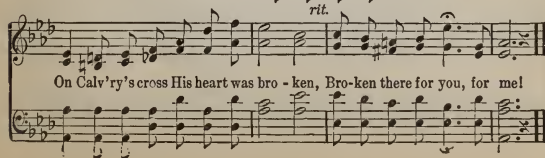


CHORUS.

Love whose glad-ness can ne'er be told.
Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there. O how you'll love Him when you
Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
No man knows, till it sets Him free.



know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free; to set you free;



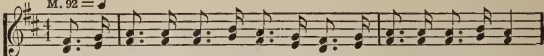
rit.

On Calv'ry's cross His heart was bro - ken, Bro - ken there for you, for me!

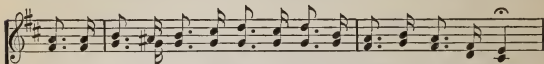
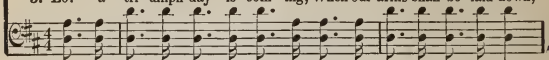
G. O. Webster.

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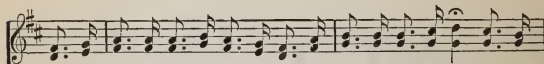
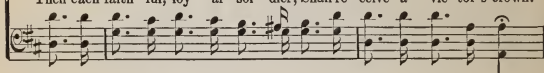
J. H. Fillmore.

M. 92 = 

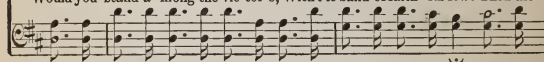
1. Thro' the land a call is sound-ing, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the might-y hosts of e-vil Spread-ing death thro'-out the land.
3. Lo! a tri-umph-day is com-ing, When our arms shall be laid down;



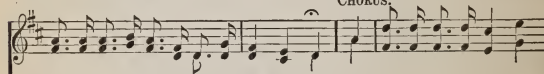
'Tis a sum-mons to the con-flict, In the cause of right and truth:
Who is there will an-swer quick-ly, And the hosts of sin with-stand?
Then each faith-ful, loy-al sol-dier, Shall re-ceive a vic-tor's crown.



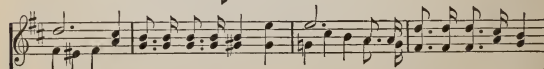
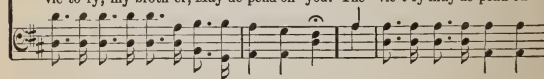
To the stand-ard of our Cap-tain, Lo, there comes a faith-ful few; But the
Do not fear to join our stand-ard, For our ranks are tried and true, And the
Would you stand a-mong the vic-tor's, With the band of faith-ful few? Then the



CHORUS.



vic-to-ry, my broth-er, May de-pend on you. The vic-t'ry may de-pend on



you; The vic-t'ry may de-pend on you; Dare to stand a-mong the few,
on you, on you;



The Victory May Depend on You.

With the faith-ful, tried, and true, For the vic - t'ry may de - pend on you.

125 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

M. 66 =

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er! Some poor sail - or, tem-pest-toss'd,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try - ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

CHORUS.

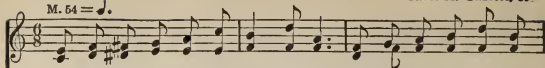
Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

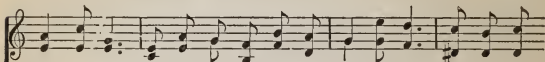
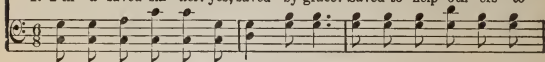
E. E. Hewitt.

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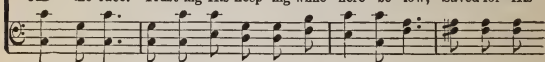
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

M. 54 = ♩ .

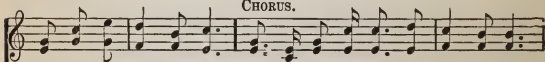
1. I'm a saved sin-ner! I know it well; All the sad sto-ry to
2. I'm a saved sin-ner! He heard my cry When I was help-less, and
3. I'm a saved sin-ner, but saved to serve! From my King's or-ders no
4. I'm a saved sin-ner! yes, saved by grace! Saved to help oth-ers to



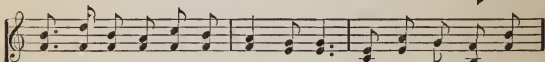
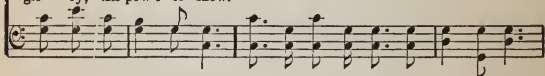
Him I tell; He who on Cal-v'ry my sor-rows bore, Ten-der-ly
ready to die; Swift-ly on pin-ions of love He came Seek-ing, and
more to swerve. Oh, to be loy-al to Him I love! Oh, to bring
run the race. Trust-ing His keep-ing while here be-low, Saved for His



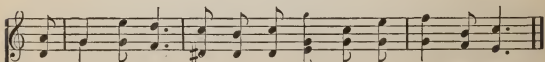
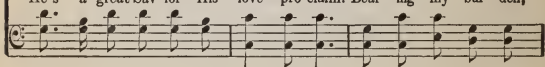
CHORUS.



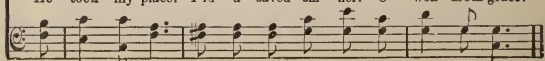
whis-pers: "Go, sin no more!"
found me! O praise His name! I'm a saved sin-ner! O praise His name,
oth-ers to shine a-bove!
gio-ry, His pow'r to show.



He's a great Sav-ior—His love pro-claim! Bear-ing my bur-den,



He took my place! I'm a saved sin-ner! O won-drous grace!

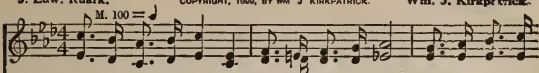


You May Have the Joybells.

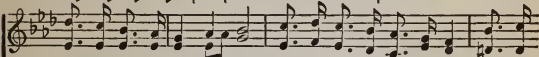
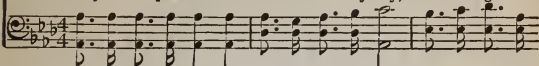
J. Edw. Ruark.

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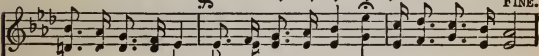
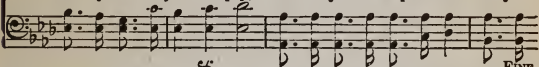
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



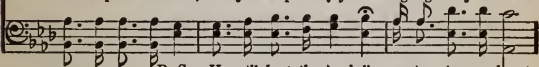
1. You may have the joy-bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its full - ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour - ney home, Grace suf - fi - cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to



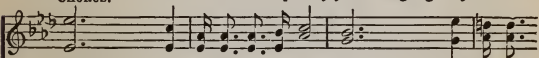
from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those around you sweet - ly show; Words of kind - ness al - ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o - ver - come; Tho' un - seen by mor - tal eye, He is
ev - 'ry serv - ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win If your



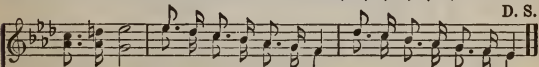
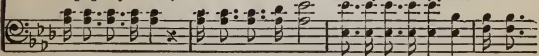
Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.
mer - cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.
with you ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.



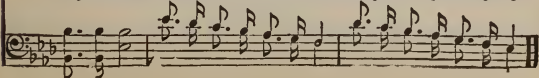
CHORUS. D. S.—He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.



Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring-ing
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy-bells



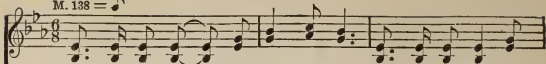
in your heart; Take the Sav - ior here be - low, With you ev - 'ry - where you go,



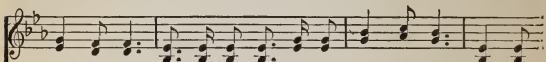
Elisha A. Hoffman.

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HENRY DATE, OWNER.

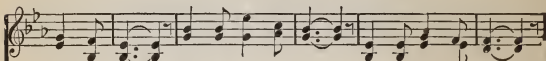
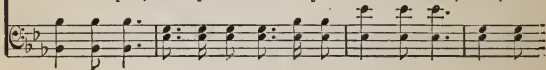
W. S. Nickle.

M. 138 = 

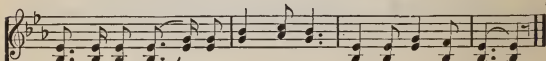
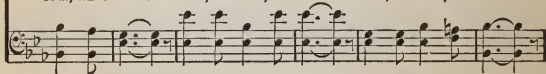
1. Aft - er the pleas-ures of life are o'er, And you shall stand, face
2. Aft - er the puls-es shall cease to beat, When at the throne of
3. Aft - er your heart is hushed and still, Aft - er the death-dews,
4. Aft - er the trum - pet's aw - ful blast, Aft - er the judg-ment



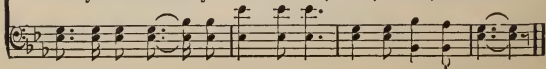
to the shore Of the dim land of the ev - er-more, Care-less
 Lord you meet, Wait-ing your doom at the judg-ment seat, Care-less
 damp and chill, O - ver your frame of mor - tal - ity thrill, Care-less
 shall be past, When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost



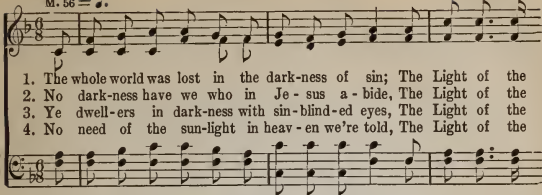
soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
 soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
 soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
 soul, what then? Poor, lost soul, what then? Poor, lost soul, what then?



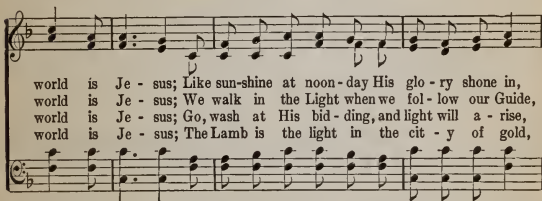
Aft - er the pleas-ures of life are o'er, Care-less soul, what then?
 Wait-ing your doom at the judg-ment seat, Care-less soul, what then?
 Aft - er your heart is hushed and still, Care-less soul, what then?
 When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost soul, what then?



M. 56 = ♩.

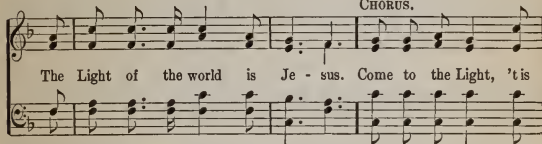


1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the
 2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the
 3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin-blind-ed eyes, The Light of the
 4. No need of the sun-light in heav - en we're told, The Light of the

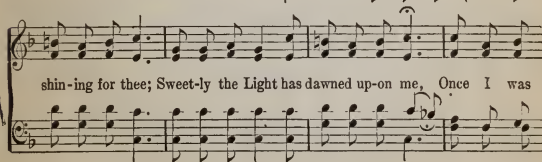


world is Je - sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo - ry shone in,
 world is Je - sus; We walk in the Light when we fol - low our Guide,
 world is Je - sus; Go, wash at His bid - ding, and light will a - rise,
 world is Je - sus; The Lamb is the light in the cit - y of gold,

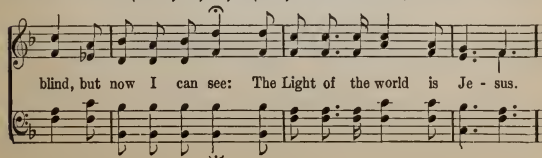
CHORUS.



The Light of the world is Je - sus. Come to the Light, 'tis



shin-ing for thee; Sweet-ly the Light has dawned up-on me, Once I was



blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

Dr. James M. Gray.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 100 =

1. On the cross His life out-poured, All your sins and mine He bore;
2. On - ly He that cross could bear, His a - lone the sac - ri - fice!
3. "An - y man who fol - lows me, Let him first him-self de - ny;

Now in earth and heav'n a - dored, Je - sus lives for - ev - er - more.
But if we His glo - ry share, That re - ward has still its price.
If he lose his life," said He, "He will find it by and by."

CHORUS.

For the way..... of the cross..... is the
of the cross is the way of the crown, The

way..... of the crown;..... For the
way of the cross is the way of the crown;

way..... of the cross..... is the way of the crown.
of the cross, for the way of the cross is the

Psalm 103.

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HOMER A. ROOEHEAVER, OWNER.From Donizetti,
by J. B. Herbert.DUET. M. 66 = ♩

1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;
2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east is from west dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;

Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther, Hath the Lord's com - pas - sion been.

CHORUS.

For as high..... as is the heav - en, Far a -
For as high as is the heav - en,

bove..... the earth be - low, Ev - er great to them that
Far a - bove the earth be - low,

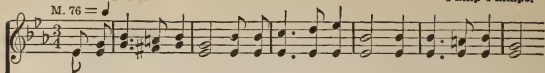
fear Him Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

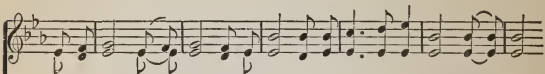
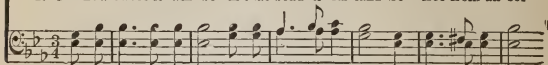
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Philip Phillips.

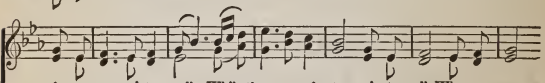
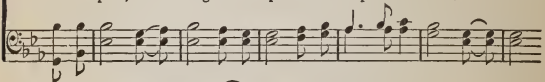
M. 76 =



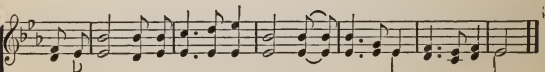
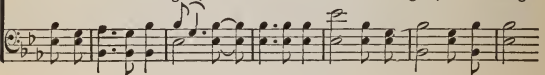
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home
2. O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, Its bright, jas-per walls
3. That un-chang-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land So free from all sor-



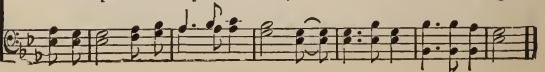
of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years
I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be - tween
ar-ethstands; The King of all king-doms for-ev - er is He, And He hold-
row and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands. To meet



of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms
the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Till I fan-
eth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King
one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs



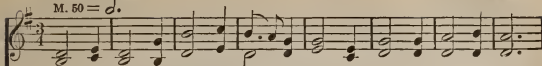
ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter - venues Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
of all king-doms for-ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.



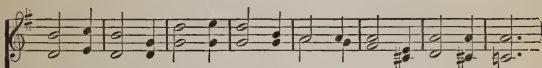
Dr. James M. Gray.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 60 = ♩ .

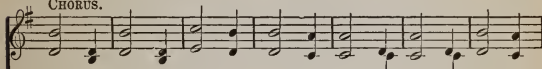
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, calm the rest-less, Drive a - way the foe of grace;
2. Clothe Thy mes - sen - ger with pow - er, Make His tongue a liv - ing flame;
3. Like a fire, or like a ham - mer Which the rock in piec - es breaks,
4. And the an - gels in Thy pres - ence, Let them be re - joic - ing still,



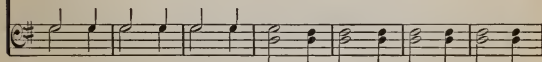
Let Thy strong and ho - ly pres - ence Take pos - ses - sion of this place.
Give Him lib - er - ty and unc - tion As Thy Word He will pro - claim
Cause Thy Word to fall up - on us Till the realm of dark - ness quakes.
As a - gain re - pent - ant sin - ners Bow sub - mis - sive to Thy wil.



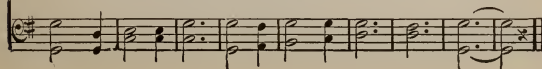
CHORUS.

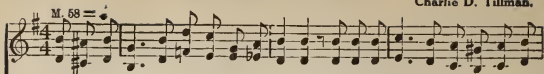


Hear us, ho - ly Spir - it, hear us! Come and save us, and re -

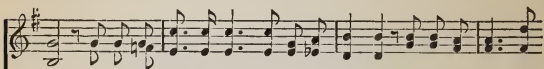
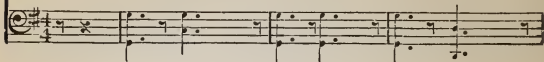


vive us! Come, O Lord,..... for Je - sus' sake.....
Come, O Lord, Come just now,

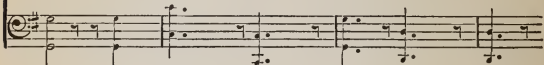




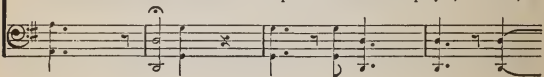
1. Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag-o-ny of heart these many
2. Unanswered yet? Tho' when you first presented This one pe-ti-tion at the Fa-ther's
3. Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted; Perhaps your part is not yet wholly
4. Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered; Her feet were firmly planted on the



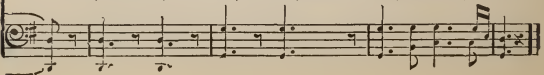
years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de - part - ing, And think you all in throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your done; The work began when first your prayer was uttered, And God will fin - ish Rock; A - mid the wildest storm prayer stands undaunted, Nor quails before the



vain those falling tears? Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer; You shall have heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not despair; The Lord will what He has be - gun. If you will keep the incense burning there, His glo - ry loud - est thunder shock. She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It



your de - sire, sometime, somewhere, You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere. an - swer you, sometime, somewhere. The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere. you shall see, sometime, somewhere, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, somewhere. shall be done," sometime, somewhere, And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.



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M. 84 = ♩ .

1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go; An - y-where He
 2. An - y-where with Je - sus I need fear no ill, Tho' temp-ta-tions
 3. An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone; Oth-er friends may
 4. An - y-where with Je - sus o - ver land and sea, Tell-ing souls in

leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with - out Him dear - est
 gath - er round my path-way still; He Him-self was tempt-ed that He
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
 dark-ness of sal - va - tion free; Read-y as He sum-mons me to

joys would fade; An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
 might help me; An - y-where with Je - sus I may vic - tor be.
 dear - y ways, An - y-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
 go or stay, An - y-where with Je - sus when He points the way.

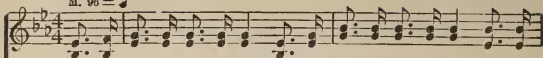
CHORUS.

An - y-where! An - y-where! Fear I can - not know;
 An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

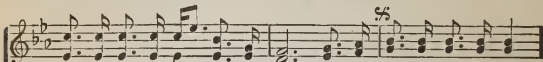
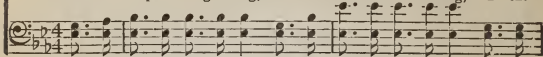
H. E. Blair.

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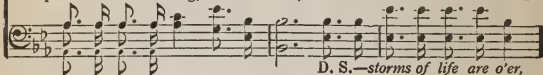
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

M. 96 = 

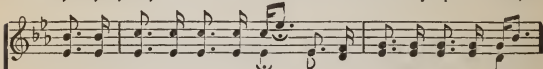
1. On the hap-py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the



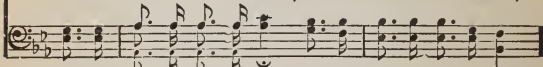
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv-er sparkling bright,
 pal-ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet com-mun-ion blend



D. S.—storms of life are o'er,

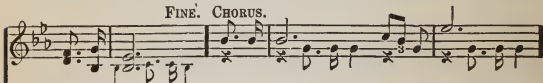


In-to pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay,
 In the cit-y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight,
 Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end,

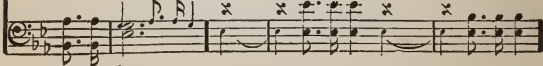


On the hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faith-ful part no more,

FINE. CHORUS.

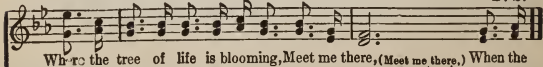


Meet me there. Meet me there. Meet me there,
 Meet me there. Meet me there. Meet me there, h

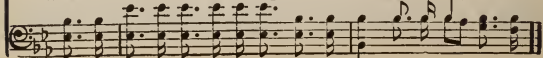


Meet me there.

D. S.



When the tree of life is blooming, Meet me there, (Meet me there,) When the



I37 O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

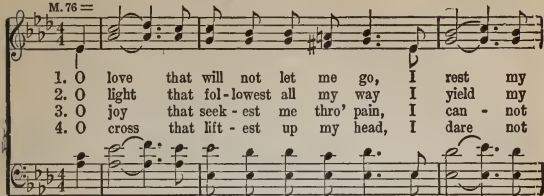
Rev. Geo. Matheson.

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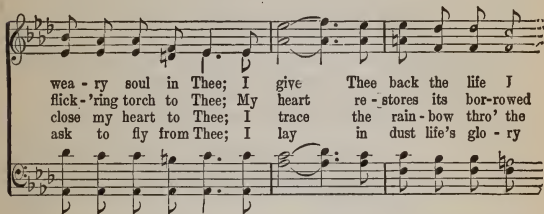
J. B. Herbert

May be sung as duet, Soprano and Tenor.

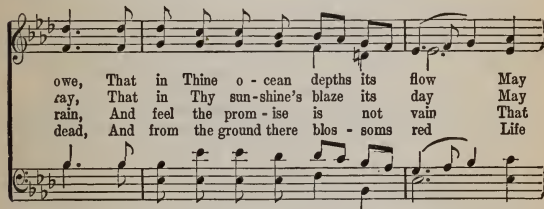
M. 76 =



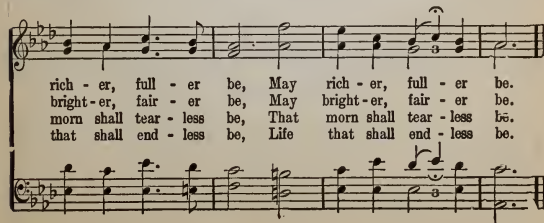
1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my
 2. O light that fol-lowest all my way I yield my
 3. O joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not
 4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not



wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I
 flick - 'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed
 close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the
 ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry



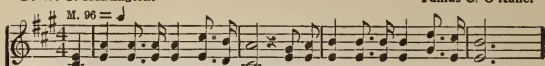
owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May
 ray, That in Thy sun-shine's blaze its day May
 rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That
 dead, And from the ground there blos - soms red Life



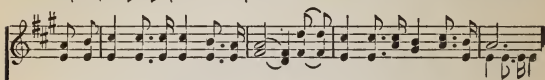
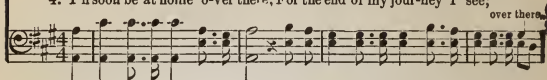
rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
 bright - er, fair - er be, May bright - er, fair - er be.
 morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.
 that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.

D. W. C. Huntington.

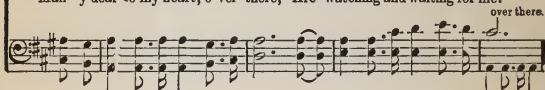
Tullius C. O'Kane.



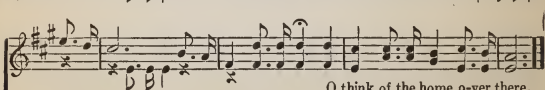
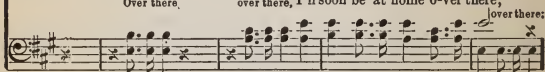
1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest,
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;



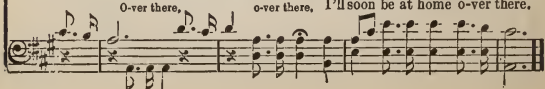
Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God.
 Then a-way from mysor-row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Man-y dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.



O-er there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there;
 O think of the friends o-ver there;
 My Sav-ior is now o-ver there;
 I'll soon be at home o-ver there;



O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
 O think of the friends o-ver there.
 My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
 I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

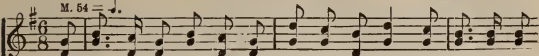


Closer to Jesus.

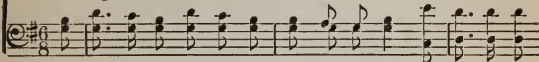
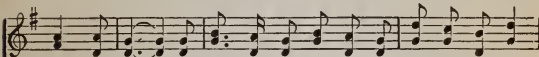
R. H. McDaniel.

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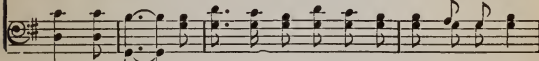
Chas. H. Gabriel



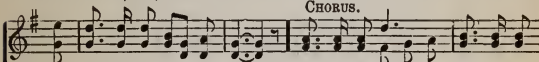
1. The Sav - ior is dear - er to me ev - 'ry day, The clo - ser I
 2. His serv - ice grows sweeter and sweet - er to me, The clo - ser I
 3. His love more a - bun - dant - ly flows thro' my heart, The clo - ser I
 4. I long more and more in His like - ness to be, The clo - ser I

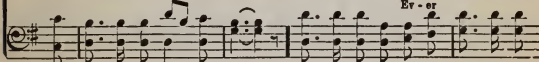
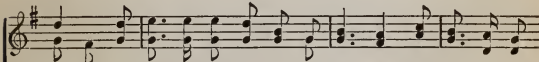
live to Him; And bright - en His glo - ry il - lu - mines my way,
 live to Him; And more of His good - ness and mer - cies I see,
 live to Him; And rich - er the bless - ings that He doth im - part,
 live to Him; And sur - er I am that His face I shall see,



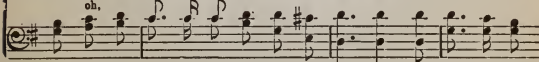
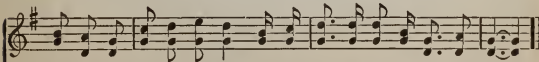
CHORUS.



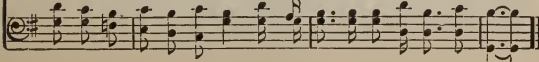
The clo - ser I live to Him. Clo - ser to Him, clo - ser to
 Ev - er

Him, I want to live clo - ser to Je - sus; There's no one so
 oh,

pre - cious, so faith - ful to me, And I want to live clo - ser to Him.

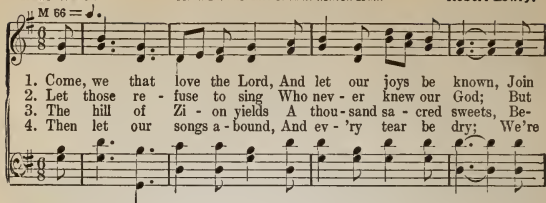


Isaac Watts.

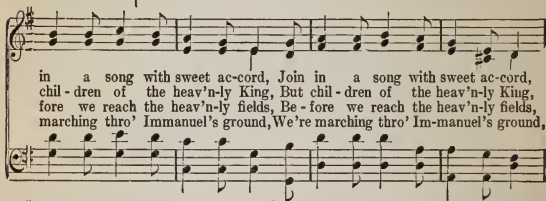
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Robert Lowry.

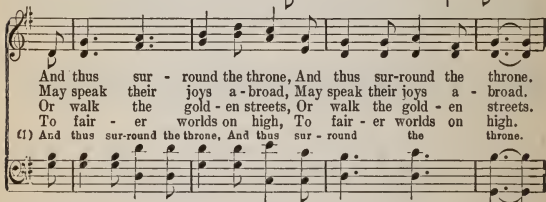
$\text{♩} = 66$



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

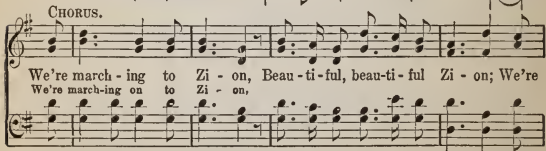


in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
 chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
 fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Im-manuel's ground,

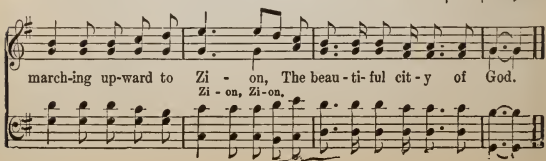


And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 (1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,



march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

H. J. Zellej.

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Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

M. 66 =

1. We bring our of - fer - ings to-day, Tho' small and hum - ble they may be;
2. Our bod - ies to Thee, Lord, we give, A liv - ing sac - ri - fice to be;
3. Our minds we con - se - crate to Thee, And in Thy law they shall de - light;
4. Our spir - its, too, we now re - sign To be made clean from in - bred sin;
5. Our bod - ies, minds and spir - its, Lord, With - out re - serve to Thee we give,

Up - on Thy al - tar, Lord, we lay, And con - se - crate our - selves to Thee.
O come, and in these tem - ples live; A - bide in us and we in Thee.
Ac - cept our gifts, let each one be A burn - ing and a shin - ing light.
O make them good and pure like Thine, Then en - ter and a - bide with - in.
And trust - ing in Thy Ho - ly Word, For Je - sus on - ly will we live.

CHORUS.

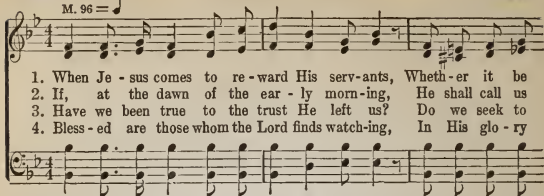
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for Thee we call! Come in Thy soul - trans - form - ing pow'r; •

We con - se - crate our lives and all, For Thee to use from this blest hour.

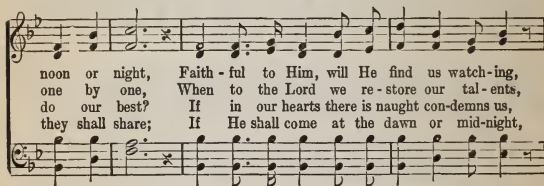
Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.

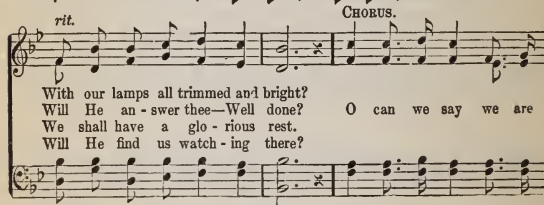
M. 96 = 


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth - er it be
 2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry

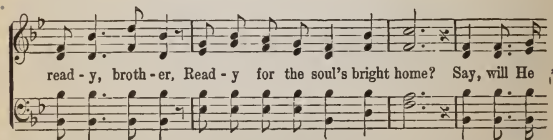


noon or night, Faith - ful to Him, will He find us watch - ing,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

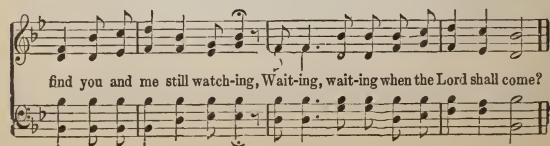
rit. CHORUS.



With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 Will He an - swer thee—Well done? O can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there?



read - y, broth - er, Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

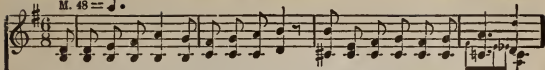


find you and me still watch - ing, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?

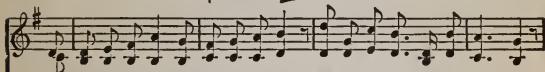
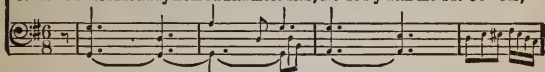
Edith L. Mapes.

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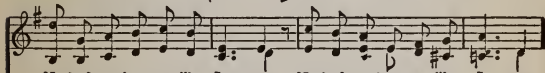
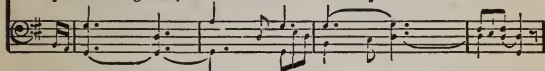
Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 48 = .

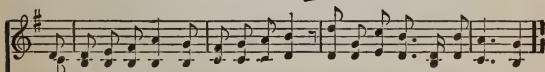
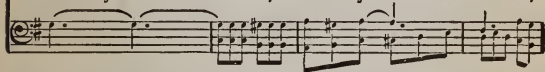
1. Sometimes secret sins creep into my heart, — No-bod-y sees them but Je - sus;
2. Sometimes there are tears that must not be shed, No-bod-y knows it but Je - sus;
3. Sometimes angry tho'ts are almost expressed, Nobody hears them but Je - sus;
4. Sometimes I am weak, and wander a-stray, Nobody strengthens like Je - sus;
5. Sometimes shut away from all held most dear, No-bod-y with me but Je - sus,



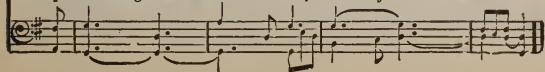
But when I confess, He bids them depart, No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus;
 In sickness and grief He pillows my head, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus;
 His gentle restraint soon has them suppressed, No-bod-y qui-ets like Je - sus;
 He pa-tient-ly leads me back to the way, No-bod-y pa-dons like Je - sus;
 My soul nothing lacks, no e-vil I fear. No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus;

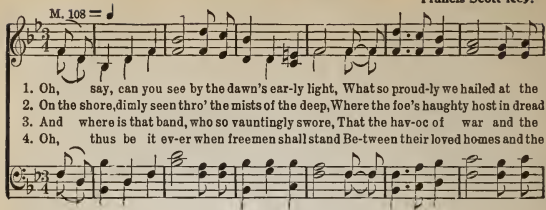


No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus,	No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus;
No-bod-y com-forts like Je - sus,	No-bod-y com-forts like Je - sus;
No-bod-y qui-ets like Je - sus,	No-bod-y qui-ets like Je - sus;
No-bod-y par-dons like Je - sus,	No-bod-y par-dons like Je - sus;
No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus,	No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus;

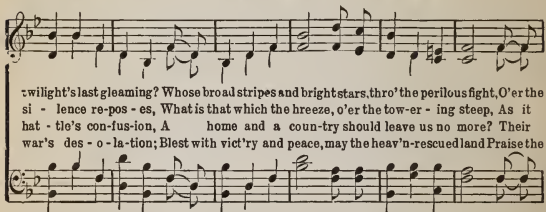


But when I con-fess, He bids them depart; No-bod-y cleans-es like Je - sus.
 In sickness and grief He pil-lows my head, No-bod-y comforts like Je - sus.
 His gentle restraint soon has them suppressed, No-bod-y qui-ets like Je - sus.
 He pa-tient-ly leads me back to the way, No-bod-y par-dons like Je - sus.
 My soul nothing lacks, no e-vil I fear, No-bod-y loves me like Je - sus.

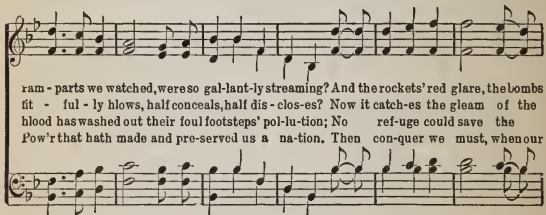


M. 108 = 


1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
 4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Be-tween their loved homes and the

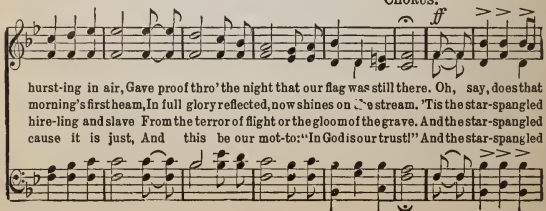


twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re-pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
 hat - tle's con-fus-ion, A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their
 war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the



ram - parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion; No ref-uge could save the
 Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion. Then con-quer we must, when our

CHORUS.



hurst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled
 hire-ling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.

star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
 ban-ner; Oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
 ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
 ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

145

The Shining Shore.

Geo. F. Root.

M. 66 =

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth-ren dear, Our heav'n-ly home dis-cern-ing;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing;
4. Let sor-row's rud-est tem-pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev-er,

FINE

Would not de-tain them as they fly, These hours of toil and dan-ger.
 Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, Let ev-'ry lamp be burn-ing.
 That per-fect rest naught can mo-lest, Where gold-on harps are ring-ing.
 Our King says "Come!" and there's our home, For-ev-er, and for-ev-er.

D.S.—just be-fore the shin-ing shore, We may al-most dis-cov-er.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

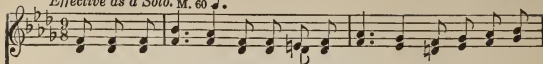
For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver; And

Is it I? Is it You?

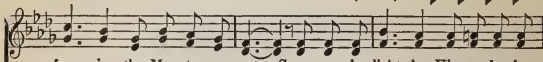
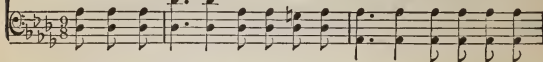
Mrs. C. H. M.

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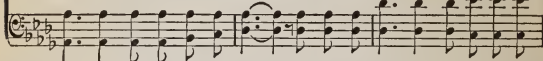
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Effective as a Solo. M. 60 ♩.

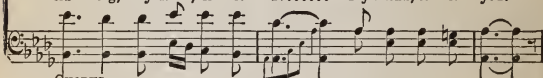
1. Some-one is turn-ing his back on the Sav-ior And thus cru-ci-
2. Just as of yore He on tri-al is stand-ing, De-nied by the
3. Some-one too late will for mer-cy be call-ing With death and e-
4. Some-one is cross-ing the dead-line, di-vid-ing The old life of



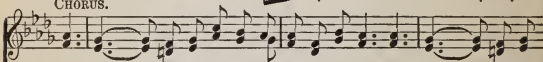
fy-ing the Mas-ter a-new, Some-one is slight-ing His par-don-ing
man-y and loved by the few; Some-one "A-way with Him!" still is de-
ter-ni-ty loom-ing in view, Cry-ing for mountains on him to be
sin and of shame from the new; Some-one just now is for Je-sus de-



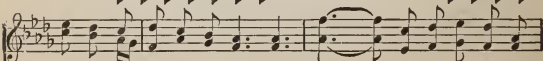
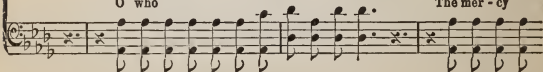
fa-vor;	My Lord, is it I?.....	My friend, is it you?
mand-ing;	My Lord, is it I?.....	My friend, is it you?
fall-ing;	My Lord, is it I?.....	My friend, is it you?
cid-ing;	My Lord, is it I?.....	My friend, is it you?



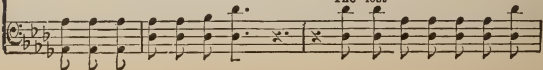
CHORUS.



O who... would the love of the Sav-ior a-buse, The mer-cy and
O who The mer-cy



par-don He of-fers, re-fuse? The lost..... are so man-y, the
The lost



Is it I? Is it You?

saved are so few, -My Lord, is it I?... My friend is it you?

rit.

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More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Jno. R. Sweeney.

M. 63 = J.

1. More a-bout Je - sus I would know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding com-mun-ion with my Lord,
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRA N.

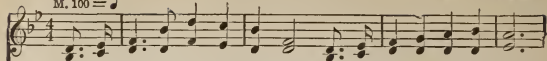
More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus;

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

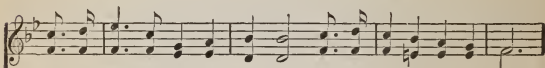
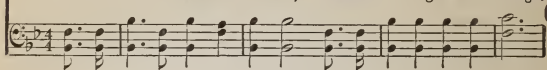
M. R. Tilden.

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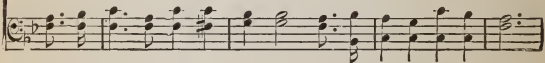
Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 100 = 

1. When the morn of splen-dor break-ing Scat-ters bless-ing all the way,
2. When the clouds of sor-row gath-er, O'er us bends a frown-ing sky,
3. When the storms of life as-sail us, All our bless-ed sun-light floun,
4. When we reach the si-lent riv-er, Pass its chill-ing wa-ters through,



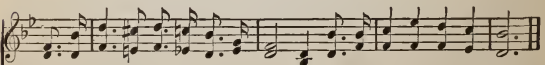
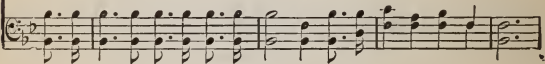
And our souls from slum-ber wak-ing, Hail with joy the gold-en day,
 And we some-times fear the Fa-ther Does not hear us when we cry,
 And the friends we trust-ed fail us, Leav-ing us to walk a-lone,
 Scenes of earth re-cede for-ev-er, Heav'n is op'n-ing to our view,



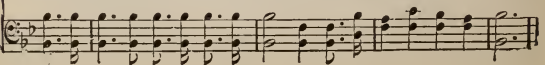
CHORUS.



It is sweet to look a-way to Je-sus, And His gra-cious words at-tend,



And to hear Him ev-ersweet-ly say-ing: "I am with you to the end!"



Rev. Ford C. Ottman.

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B. D. Ackley.

M. 56 =

1. Hear the glad ti-dings, O Bride of the Bride-groom! Rouse ye from
 2. Loins should be gird-ed, and lights should be burn-ing, Watch-men are
 3. Cloud-less the morn-ing for which we have wait-ed, Wait-ed so
 4. Sleep-ing or wak-ing, re-deemed ones to-ge-th-er Caught up the

slum-ber, the night is far gone; Mys-tic in splen-dor, the
 sound-ing the Ju-bi-lee horn; Zi-on, her head from the
 wea-ri-ly, wait-ed so long! Now it is com-ing, O
 King in His beau-ty shall see! Death with its sting, shall a-

morn-ing star shin-eth, Her-ald-ing ev-er the near-ing of dawn.
 dust is now lift-ing, Hail-ing the break of that glo-ri-ous morn.
 sing hal-le-lu-jah! For this is the true glo-ry song.
 gain threat-en nev-er; We like our Lord shall for-ev-er-more be.

CHORUS.

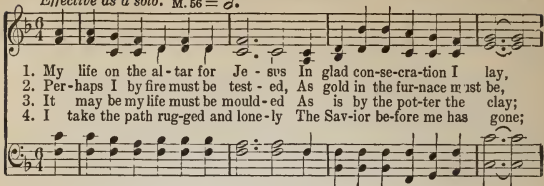
Je-sus is com-ing, O sing hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus is com-ing in glo-ry to reign;

Yes, He is com-ing, O sing hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus is com-ing a - gain.

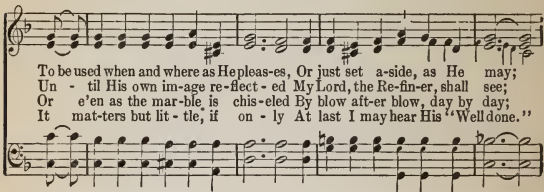
Mrs. C. H. M.

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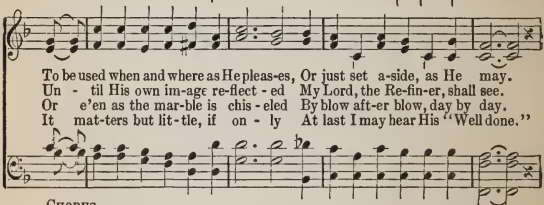
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Effective as a solo. M. 56 = ♩ .


1. My life on the al-tar for Je - sus In glad con-se-cra-tion I lay,
 2. Per-haps I by fire must be test - ed, As gold in the fur-nace must be,
 3. It may be my life must be mould - ed As is by the pot-ter the clay;
 4. I take the path rug-ged and lone-ly The Sav-ior be-fore me has gone;

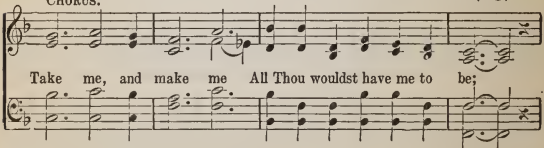


To be used when and where as He pleas-es, Or just set a-side, as He may;
 Un - til His own im-age re-lect - ed My Lord, the Re-fin-er, shall see;
 Or e'en as the mar-ble is chis-eled By blow aft-er blow, day by day;
 It mat-ters but lit-tle, if on - ly At last I may hear His "Well done."

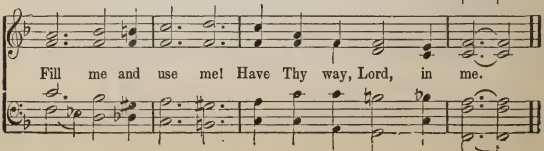


To be used when and where as He pleas-es, Or just set a-side, as He may.
 Un - til His own im-age re-lect - ed My Lord, the Re-fin-er, shall see.
 Or e'en as the mar-ble is chis-eled By blow aft-er blow, day by day.
 It mat-ters but lit-tle, if on - ly At last I may hear His "Well done."

CHORUS.



Take me, and make me All Thou wouldst have me to be;

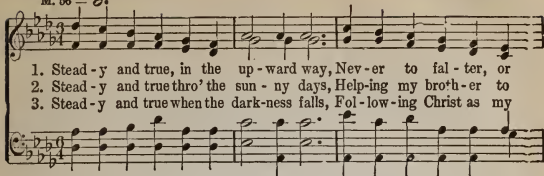


Fill me and use me! Have Thy way, Lord, in me.

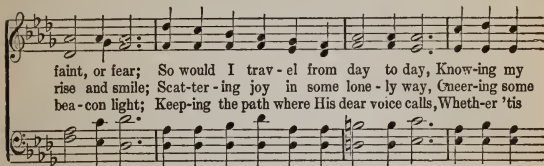
Katharine A. Grimes.

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
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

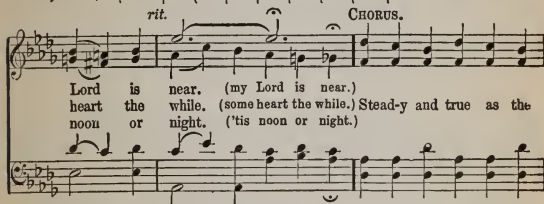
M. 56 = 


1. Stead - y and true, in the up - ward way, Nev - er to fal - ter, or
 2. Stead - y and true thro' the sun - ny days, Help - ing my broth - er to
 3. Stead - y and true when the dark - ness falls, Fol - low - ing Christ as my

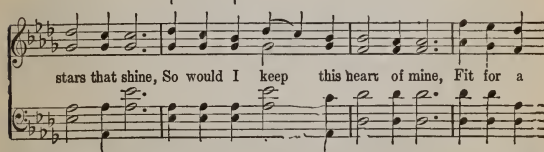


faint, or fear; So would I trav - el from day to day, Know - ing my
 rise and smile; Scat - ter - ing joy in some lone - ly way, Cheer - ing some
 bea - con light; Keep - ing the path where His dear voice calls, Wheth - er 'tis

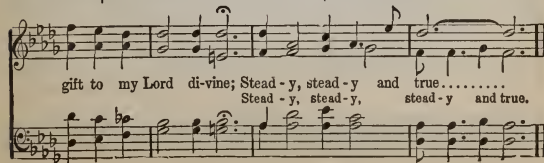
rit.  **CHORUS.**



Lord is near. (my Lord is near.)
 heart the while. (some heart the while.) Stead - y and true as the
 noon or night. ('tis noon or night.)



stars that shine, So would I keep this heart of mine, Fit for a

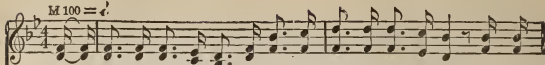


gift to my Lord di - vine; Stead - y, stead - y and true.....
 Stead - y, stead - y, stead - y and true.

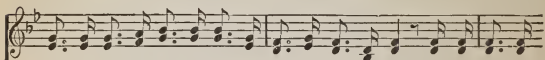
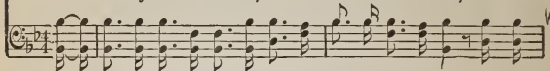
Julia Ward Howe.

Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

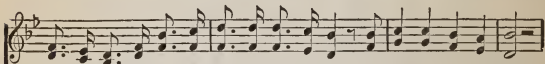
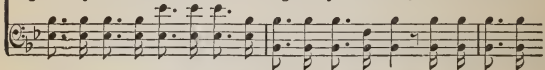
M 100 = ♩.



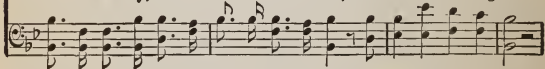
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



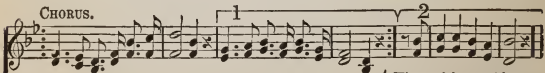
tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dew and damps; I can read His
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat. O be swift, my
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to



fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.
 right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.
 soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march - ing on.

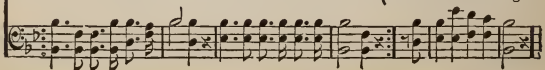


CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

{ His truth is march - ing on.
 His day is march - ing on.
 Our God is march - ing on.
 While God is march - ing on



Male Voices



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After.

I. I. Leslie.

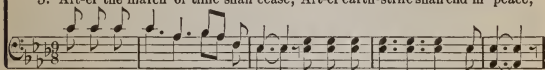
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F. A. Blackmer.

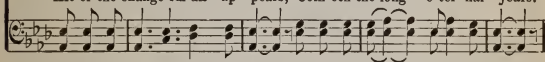
M. 63 = ♩.



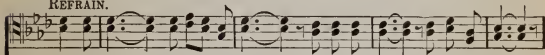
1. Aft-er the storm that sweeps the sea, Aft-er the drift-ing to the lea,
2. Aft-er the win - ter long and drear, Aft-er the snow-clouds dis-ap-pear,
3. Aft-er the long and toil-some day, Aft-er the sun's fierce, burning ray,
4. Aft-er the course of life is run, Aft-er its work has all been done,
5. Aft-er the march of time shall cease, Aft-er earth-strife shall end in peace,



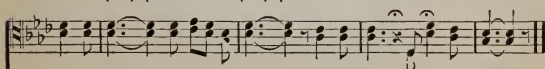
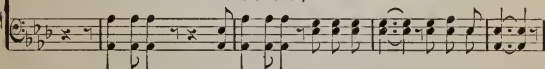
Aft-er the rocks and sands are passed, Com-eth the joy of home at last.
 Aft-er the winds sweet o - dours bring, Com-eth the ev - er wel-come spring.
 Aft-er the toil-er home-ward goes, Com-eth the night, and sweet re-pose.
 Aft-er the hands are on the breast, Com-eth the long and peace-ful rest.
 Aft-er the change-ful dis - ap - pears, Com-eth the long e-ter-nal years.



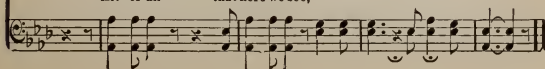
REFRAIN.



Aft-er all . . . that here we see, . . . What will there be, what will there be?
 Aft-er all that here we see,




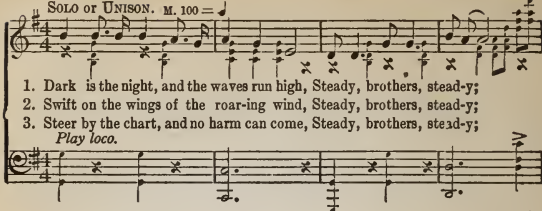
Aft-er all . . . that here we see, . . . Aft-er all— e-ter-ni - ty . . .
 Aft-er all that here we see,



H. R. Trickett.

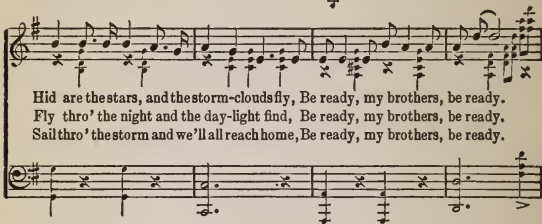
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

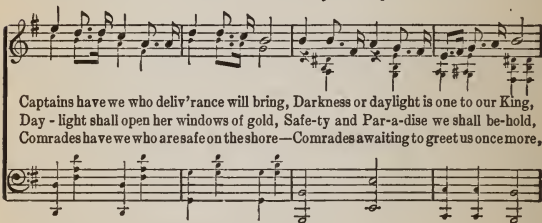
SOLO or UNISON. M. 100 = 


1. Dark is the night, and the waves run high, Steady, brothers, stead-y;
2. Swift on the wings of the roar-ing wind, Steady, brothers, stead-y;
3. Steer by the chart, and no harm can come, Steady, brothers, stead-y;

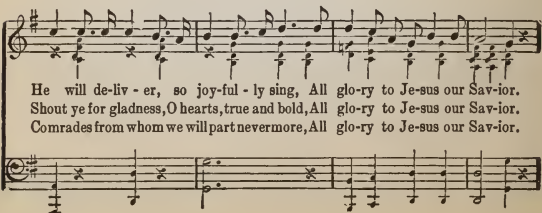
Play loco.



Hid are the stars, and the storm-clouds fly, Be ready, my brothers, be ready.
Fly thro' the night and the day-light find, Be ready, my brothers, be ready.
Sail thro' the storm and we'll all reach home, Be ready, my brothers, be ready.



Captains have we who deliv'rance will bring, Darkness or daylight is one to our King,
Day - light shall open her windows of gold, Safe-ty and Par-a-dise we shall be-hold,
Comrades have we who are safe on the shore—Comrades awaiting to greet us once more,



He will de-liv - er, so joy-ful - ly sing, All glo-ry to Je-sus our Sav-ior.
Shout ye for gladness, O hearts, true and bold, All glo-ry to Je-sus our Sav-ior.
Comrades from whom we will part nevermore, All glo-ry to Je-sus our Sav-ior.

Steady, Brothers, Steady.

CHORUS.

roll - ing high;

Stead-y, stead-y, stead-y, Fear ye not the bil-lows roll-ing high;
Stead - y, stead - y, broth - ers, stead-y. Fear not bil - lows roll - ing high;

Stead-y, stead-y, stead-y, There's a star illumes the darkest sky; (the darkest sky.)
Stead - y, stead - y, stead - y, There's a star il - lumee the sky, the darkest sky;

Storms will soon be past, The harbor gained at last, All glory be to Je-sus our Savior.

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The Land We Love.

John R. Wreford.

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H. A. Henry.

M. 63 =

1. Lord, while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,
2. O guard our shores from ev - 'ry foe; With peace our bor - ders bless,
3. U - nite us in the sa - cred love Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
4. Lord of the na-tions, thus to Thee Our coun - try we com-mend;

O hear us for our na - tive land, The land we love the most.
Our cit - ies with pros - per - i - ty, Our fields with plen-teous-ness.
And let our hills and val-leys shout The songs of lib - er - ty.
Be Thou her ref - uge and her trust, Her ev - er - last - ing Friend.

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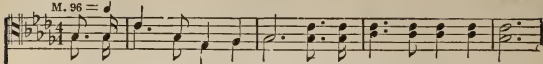
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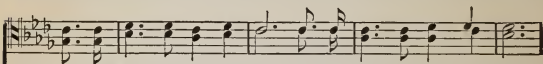
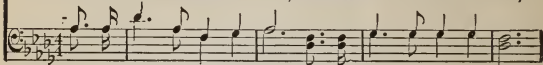
D. B. Towner.

C. Martin.

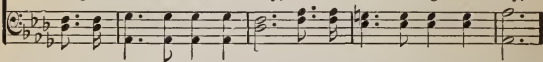
M. 96 =



1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest driv - en soul,
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep;
3. Troub - les al - most whelm the soul, Grievs like bil - lows o'er rue roll;



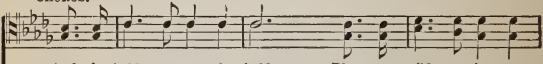
I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms obscure the light of day,



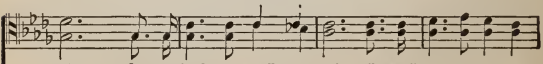
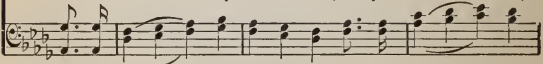
I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure.
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
But in Christ I can be bold, - I've an an - chor that shall hold.



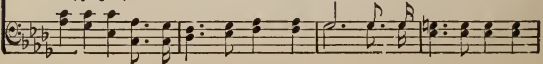
CHORUS.



And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, ye
And it holds..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - - est,



gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er
then, ye gale,



My Anchor Holds.

fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
For my an - chor holds, it firm - ly holds,

157

Only a Contrite Sinner.

Ida L. Reed.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 58 = ♩ .

1. On - ly a con - trite sin - ner, ... Kneel - ing at Je - sus' feet;
2. On - ly a con - trite sin - ner, ... Plead - ing for sav - ing grace;
3. On - ly a con - trite sin - ner, ... Saved by His blood, he sings;

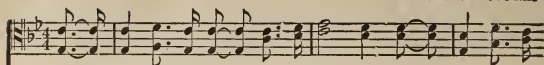
Wea - ry, and heav - y la - den, Long - ing for rest com - plete....
Turn - ing from sin's dark path - way, Seek - ing a Sav - ior's face....
Walk - ing by faith in Je - sus, Child of the King of kings....

CHORUS.

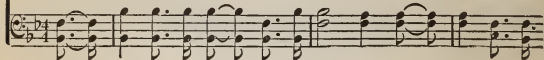
On - ly a con - trite sin - ner, ... Long - ing to be made whole;
Pray - ing for peace and par - don, Je - sus, save my soul....

W. S. P.

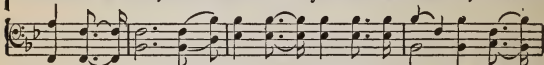
Dr. Wm S. Patz.



1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No lov - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the



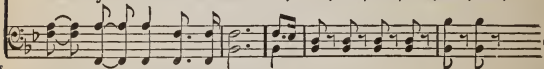
place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
 clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing:—"Oh,
 loved so well; She sleeps, sweet-ly sleeps 'neath the wil - lows; Dis-
 wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall



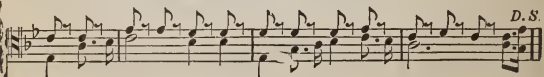
D.S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood As the



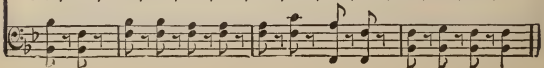
lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
 come to the church in the vale."
 turb not her rest in the vale.
 rest by her side in the tomb. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,



lit-tle brown church in the vale.



church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
 come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,



Children Songs



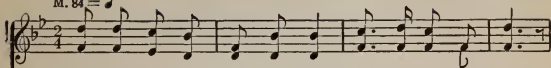
159

Dare to Be a Daniel.

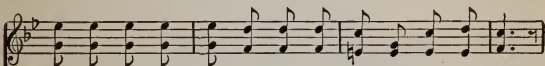
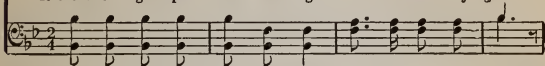
P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss

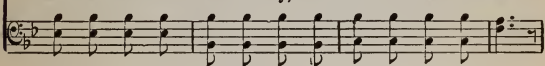
M. 84 = 



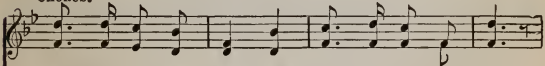
1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's com - mand.
2. Man - y might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
3. Man - y gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand!



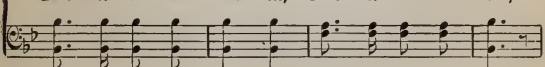
Hon - or them, the faith - ful few! All hail to Dan - iel's Band!
 Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's Band!
 Head - long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan - iel's Band!
 Sa - tan and His host de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's Band!



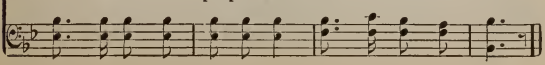
CHORUS.



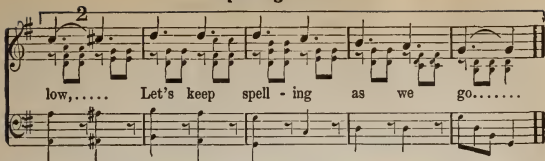
Dare to be a Dan - iel, Dare to stand a - lone,



Dare to have a pur - pose firm! Dare to make it known!



Spelling Love.



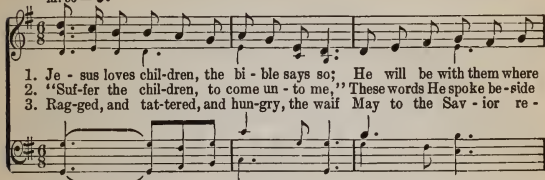
low,.... Let's keep spell - ing as we go.....

161 Even the Waifs of the Street.

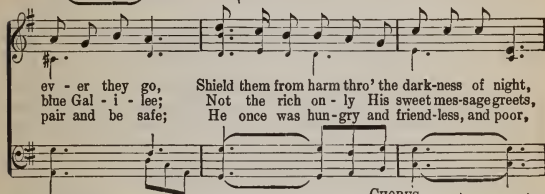
J. A. Fraser, Jr.

Fred Weldon, Arr.

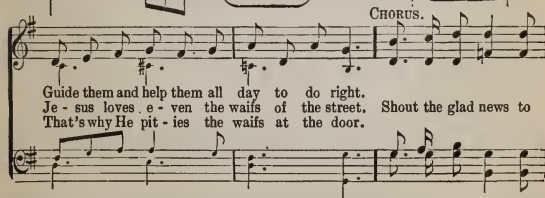
M. 56 = ♩.



1. Je - sus loves chil-dren, the bi - ble says so; He will be with them where
2. "Suf-fer the chil-dren, to come un - to me," These words He spoke be-side
3. Rag-ged, and tat-tered, and hun-gry, the waif May to the Sav - ior re -



ev - er they go, Shield them from harm thro' the dark-ness of night,
blue Gal - i - lee; Not the rich on - ly His sweet mes-sage greets,
pair and be safe; He once was hun-gry and friend-less, and poor,

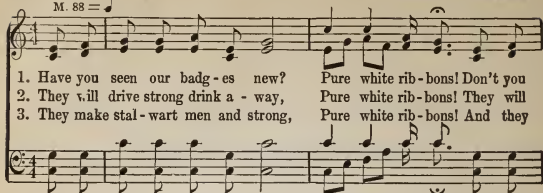


CHORUS.
Guide them and help them all day to do right.
Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the street. Shout the glad news to
That's why He pit - ies the waifs at the door.

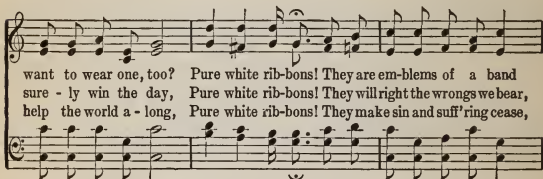


each one you meet; Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the street!

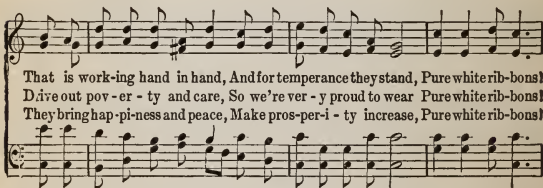
M. 88 =



1. Have you seen our badg-es new? Pure white rib-bons! Don't you
 2. They will drive strong drink a-way, Pure white rib-bons! They will
 3. They make stal-wart men and strong, Pure white rib-bons! And they

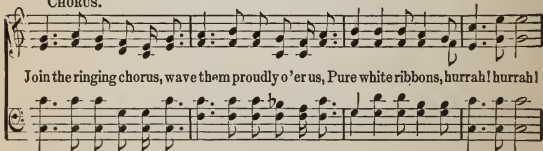


want to wear one, too? Pure white rib-bons! They are em-bles of a band
 sure-ly win the day, Pure white rib-bons! They will right the wrongs we bear,
 help the world a-long, Pure white rib-bons! They make sin and suff'ring cease,

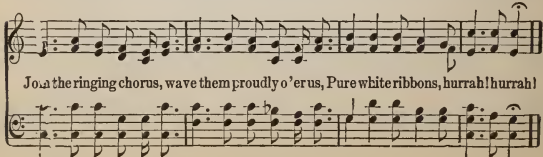


That is work-ing hand in hand, And for temperance they stand, Pure white rib-bons!
 Drive out pov-er-ty and care, So we're ver-y proud to wear Pure white rib-bons!
 They bring hap-pi-ness and peace, Make pros-per-i-ty in-cree-se, Pure white rib-bons!

CHORUS.



Join the ringing chorus, wave them proudly o'er us, Pure white ribbons, hurrah! hurrah!

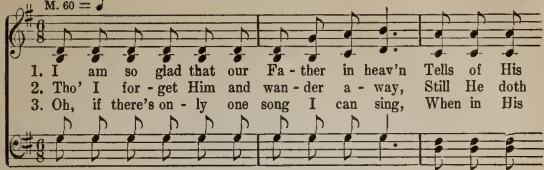


Join the ringing chorus, wave them proudly o'er us, Pure white ribbons, hurrah! hurrah!

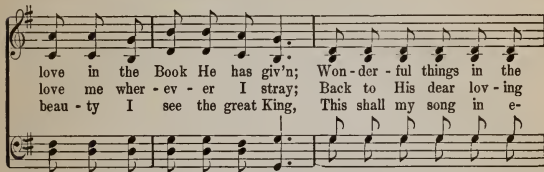
P. P. B.

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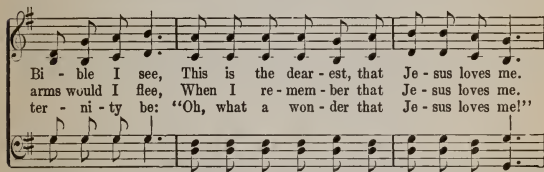
P. P. Bliss

M. 60 = 


1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His
 2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth
 3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His

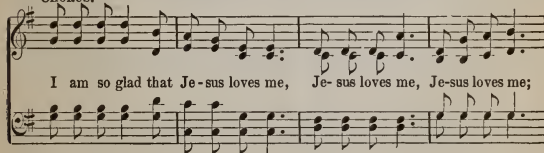


love in the Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the
 love me wher - ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing
 beau - ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e -




Bi - ble I see, This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
 arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
 ter - ni - ty be: "Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"

CHORUS.



I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me;



I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

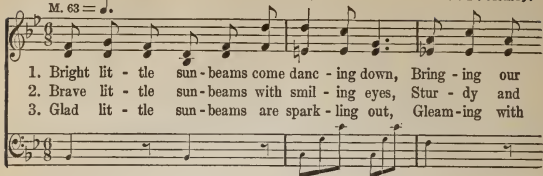
Song of the Sunbeams.

Edith Sanford Tillotson.

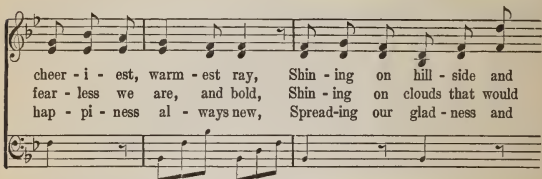
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B. D. Ackley.

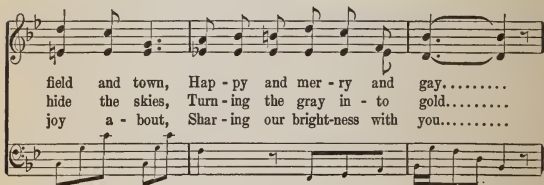
M. 63 = ♩.



1. Bright lit - tle sun - beams come danc - ing down, Bring - ing our
 2. Brave lit - tle sun - beams with smil - ing eyes, Stur - dy and
 3. Glad lit - tle sun - beams are spark - ling out, Gleam - ing with

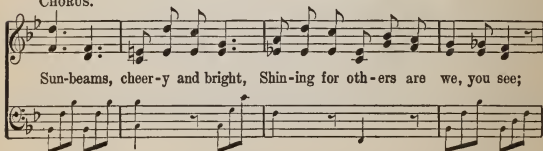


cheer - i - est, warm - est ray, Shin - ing on hill - side and
 fear - less we are, and bold, Shin - ing on clouds that would
 hap - pi - ness al - ways new, Spread - ing our glad - ness and

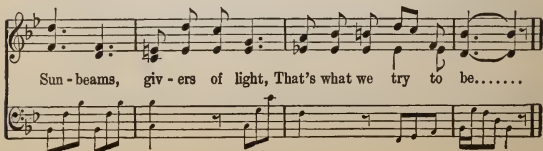


field and town, Hap - py and mer - ry and gay.....
 hide the skies, Turn - ing the gray in - to gold.....
 joy a - bout, Shar - ing our bright - ness with you.....

CHORUS.



Sun - beams, cheer - y and bright, Shin - ing for oth - ers are we, you see;

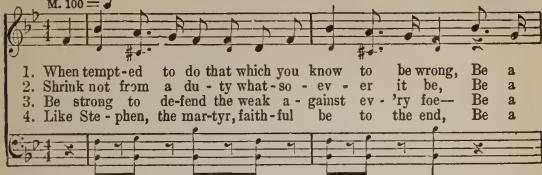


Sun - beams, giv - ers of light, That's what we try to be.....

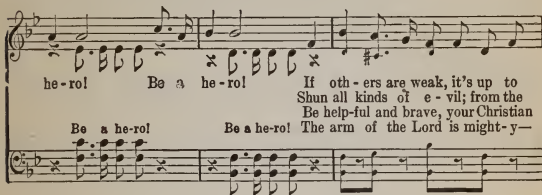
Charlotte G. Homer.

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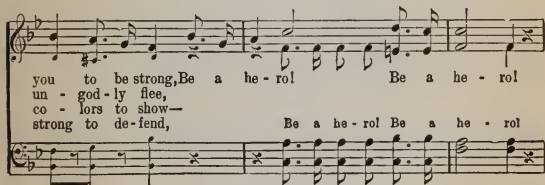
F. R. Webb.

M. 100 = 


1. When tempt-ed to do that which you know to be wrong, Be a
 2. Shrink not from a du - ty what - so - ev - er it be, Be a
 3. Be strong to de-fend the weak a - gainst ev - 'ry foe— Be a
 4. Like Ste - phen, the mar-tyr, faith-ful be to the end, Be a

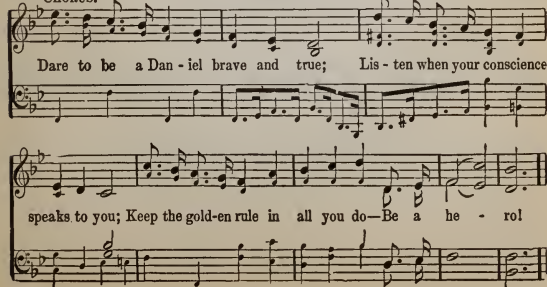


he-rol Be a he-rol If oth - ers are weak, it's up to
 Shun all kinds of e - vil; from the
 Be help-ful and brave, your Christian
 Be a he-rol Be a he-rol The arm of the Lord is might-y—



you to be strong, Be a he - rol Be a he - rol
 un - god - ly flee,
 co - lours to show—
 strong to de-fend, Be a he - rol Be a he - rol

CHORUS.



Dare to be a Dan - iel brave and true; Lis - ten when your conscience
 speaks to you; Keep the gold-en rule in all you do—Be a he - rol

M. 84 =

1. "Who is He in yon-der stall, At whose feet the shep-herds fall?"
2. "Who is He in yon-der cot, Bend-ing to His toil-some lot?"
3. "Who is He who stands and weeps At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?"
4. "Who is He in deep dis-tress, Fast-ing in the wil-der-ness?"
5. "Lol at mid-night, who is He Prays in dark Geth-sem-a-ne?"
6. "Who is He in Cal-v'ry's throes, Asks for bless-ings on His foes?"
7. "Who is He that from the grave Comes to heal, and help, and save?"
8. "Who is He that on yon throne Rules the world of light a-lone?"

CHORUS.

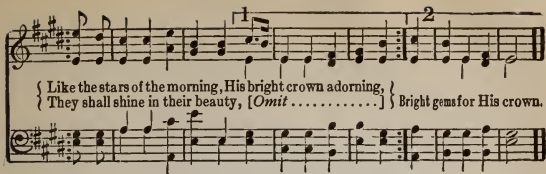
'Tis the Lord—oh, won-drous sto-ry!—'Tis the Lord, the King of

Glo-ry; At His feet we hum-bly fall; Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

M. 92 =

1. { When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els,
All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His [Omit..] own.
2. { He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His [Omit..] own.
3. { Lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem-er,
Are the jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His [Omit..] own.

Jewels.



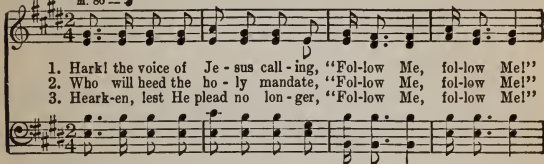
{ Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning, }
 { They shall shine in their beauty, [Omit] } Bright gems for His crown.

168 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

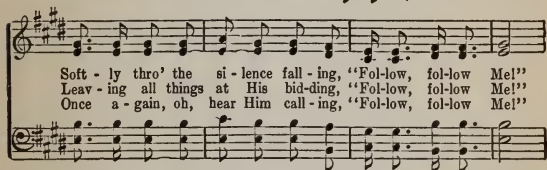
M. B. Sleight.

H. R. Palmer.

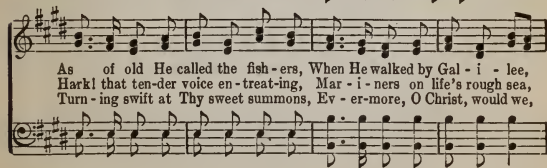
M. 80 = 



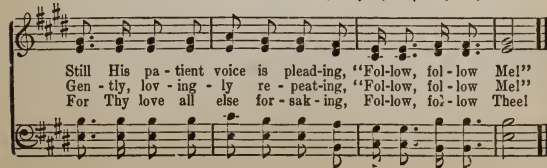
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low Me, fol - low Me!"
 2. Who will heed the ho - ly mandate, "Fol - low Me, fol - low Me!"
 3. Hearn - en, lest He plead no lon - ger, "Fol - low Me, fol - low Me!"



Soft - ly thro' the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Me!"
 Leav - ing all things at His bid - ding, "Fol - low, fol - low Me!"
 Once a - gain, oh, hear Him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Me!"



As of old He called the fish - ers, When He walked by Gal - i - lee,
 Hark! that ten - der voice en - treat - ing, Mar - i - ners on life's rough sea,
 Turn - ing swift at Thy sweet summons, Ev - er - more, O Christ, would we,



Still His pa - tient voice is plead - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Me!"
 Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly re - peat - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Me!"
 For Thy love all else for - sak - ing, Fol - low, fol - low Thee!

Song To the Flag.

Edith Sanford Tillotson.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

M. 100 =

1. Ban - ner bright, with thy col - ors shin - ing o'er us,
 2. Crim - son bars, you can speak to us of cour - age,
 3. Star - gemmed flag, may thy chil - dren long re - mem - ber

Dear bright flag and the em - blem of the free;
 Snow - y white, give us peace - ful hearts and pure;
 What great price has been paid thy folds to raise;

Hearts beat high when we see thee wave a - bove us,
 Loy - al blue, may our lives in truth be ground - ed,
 May we live to be wor - thy of thy keep - ing,

Free - dom's sign art thou o - ver land, o - ver sea:
 So we'll wear our col - ors while time shall en - dure:
 May we show thee hon - or, de - vo - tion and praise.

CHORUS.

Heart and hand we'll pledge to star - ry ban - ner Staunch and

Song To the Flag.

strong we'll stand to col - ors true! Day by day we'll serve with

The first system of musical notation for the song, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

best en - deav - or, Life's al - le-giance give to the red, white and blue.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

After Chorus last time, or may be used after each verse if desired.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue! Three

The third system of musical notation, which serves as a chorus. It features a treble and bass staff in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes.

cheers for the red, white and blue! The ar - my and na - vy for -

The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the chorus. The lyrics are written below the notes.

ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

The fifth system of musical notation, concluding the chorus. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Chorus Collection



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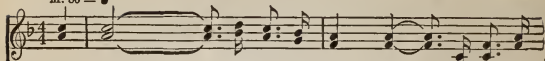
To Jesus I Am Clinging.

C. S. Brown.

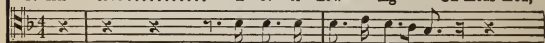
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Chas. H. Gabriel

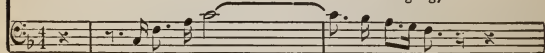
M. 80 = ♩



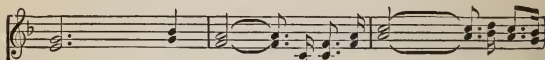
1. To Je - - - sus I am cling - ing, Am cling-ing
 2. What need..... have I to bor - row The joys of
 3. His love..... is ev - er flow - ing Un-meas-ured,



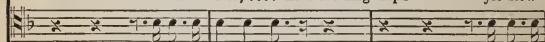
1. To Je - sus I am cling-ing,



1. To Je - sus I..... am cling-ing,

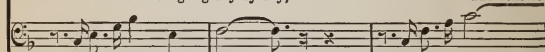


day by day;.... The bells of joy..... are ring-
 earth a while? ... Why should I dread..... the mor-
 full and free, Like eve-ning zeph - - yrs blow-



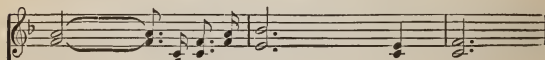
Am cling-ing day by day;

The bells of

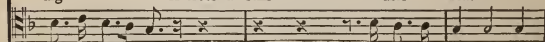


Am clinging day by day;....

The bells of joy

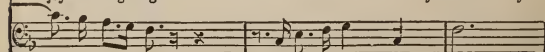


ing A mer-ry roun - - - de - lay.
 row, With all its love and smile?
 ing A-cross a sum - - - mer sea.



joy are ring - ing

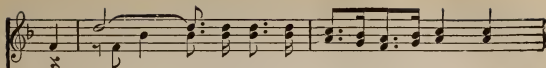
A mer-ry roun - de - lay.



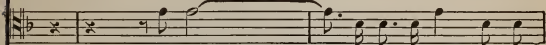
.... are ring - ing

A mer-ry roun - de - lay.

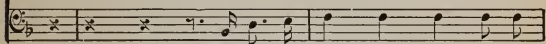
To Jesus I Am Clinging.



My heart..... with joy is sing - - - ing His
No fear..... nor an - y sor - - - row Can
I sing..... His prais-es, know - - - ing He



My heart..... with joy is sing - ing His

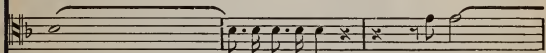


My heart with joy is sing - ing His



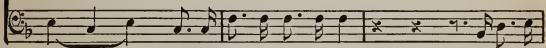
prais - - - es all the way,
hide..... His bless-ed smile,
watch - - - es o-ver me,

My heart.....with joy is
No fear..... nor an - y
I sing..... His praises,



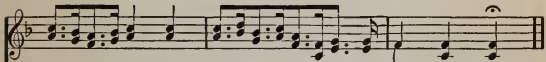
prais - - - - - es all the way,

My heart.....

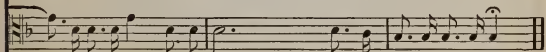


prais - - - - es His prais-es all the way,

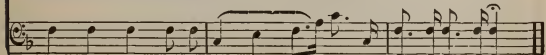
My heart with



sing - - - ing His prais - - - - - es all the way.
sor - - - sow Can hide..... His bless - ed smile.
know - ing He watch - - - - es o - ver me.



.....with joy is sing-ing His prais - - - es, His prais-es all the way.

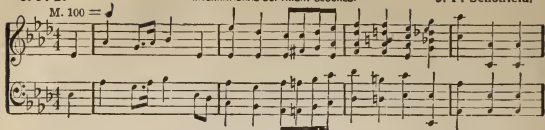


joy is sing - ing His prais - - - es, His prais-es all the way.

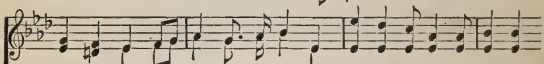
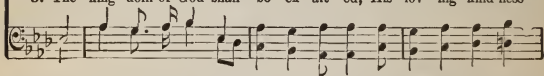
J. P. S.

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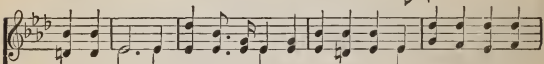
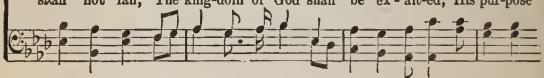
J. P. Scholfield.

M. 100 = 

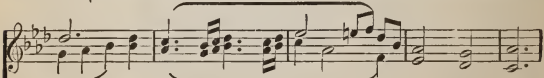
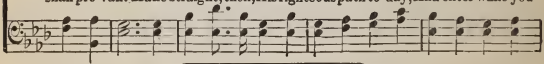
1. The name of the Lord shall be ex - alt - ed, His grace and truth He
2. The strength of our God shall be ex - alt - ed, His might and maj - es -
3. The king - dom of God shall be ex - alt - ed, His lov - ing kind - ness



hath made known. The name of the Lord shall be ex - alt - ed. For mer - cy
ty pro - claim; The strength of our God shall be ex - alt - ed! Let na - tions
shall not fail; The king - dom of God shall be ex - alt - ed, His pur - pose



He hath shown. With gladness and joy our hearts proclaim All glo - ry to His
bear His name, Ac - cept Him as Sav - ior, Lord, and King, Rejoice, be glad, and
shall pre - vail. Make straight, then, His righte - ous path to - day, And enter while you

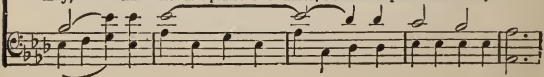


name, Ex - alt - - - His ho - ly name.

sing:

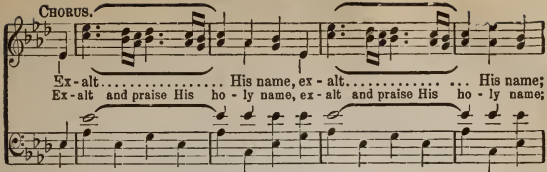
may,

Ex - alt and praise His name, ex - alt and praise His ho - ly name.

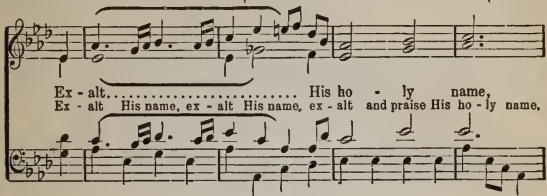


Exalt His Name.

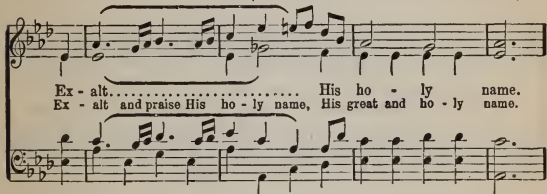
CHORUS.



Ex - alt His name, ex - alt. His name;
Ex - alt and praise His ho - ly name, ex - alt and praise His ho - ly name;

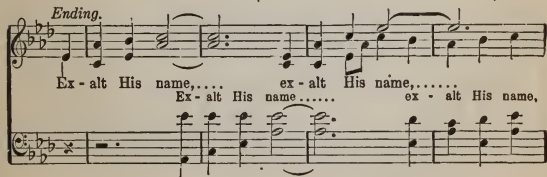


Ex - alt. His ho - ly name,
Ex - alt His name, ex - alt His name, ex - alt and praise His ho - ly name,

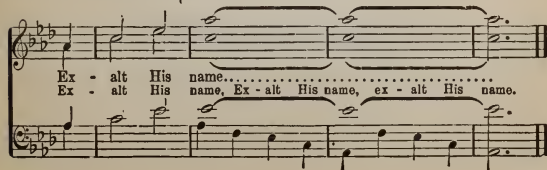


Ex - alt. His ho - ly name.
Ex - alt and praise His ho - ly name, His great and ho - ly name.

Ending.



Ex - alt His name, ex - alt His name,
Ex - alt His name, ex - alt His name,

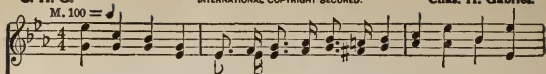


Ex - alt His name,
Ex - alt His name, Ex - alt His name, ex - alt His name.

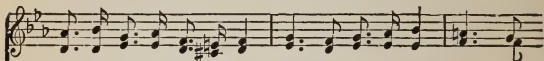
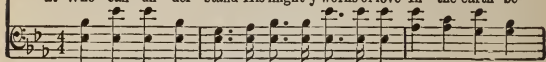
C. H. G.

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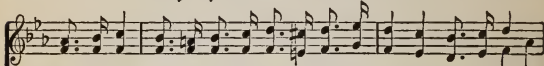
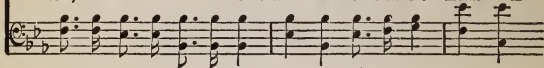
Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 100 = 

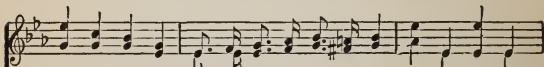
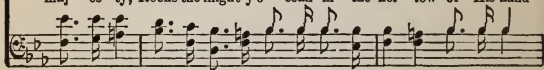
1. Praise the Lord, the Might - y One vic-to - ri-ous! Speak of Him, the
2. Who can un - der - stand His might-y works of love In the earth be-



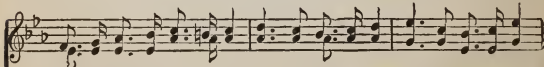
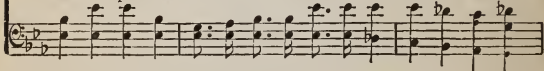
Won - der - ful, the Glo - ri - ous! Praise His ho - ly name, Speak a -
low, and in the heav'ns a - bove? Worlds un - count - ed He Holds in



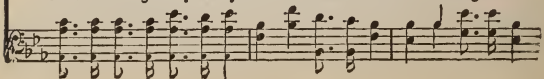
broad His fame Un - til all the world shall own and crown Him Lord of all.
maj - es - ty, Rocks the might-y o - cean in the hol - low of His hand



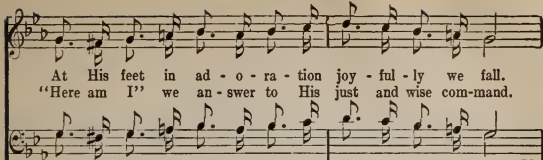
He hath led us thro' the wa - ters of the sea, And de - liv - ered
Stars their pla - ces hold at His all - wise de - creel! All cre - a - tion



from our strongest en - e - my: He is God a - lone! He our King we own
owns His re - gal maj - es - ty! He is God a - lone! He our King we own

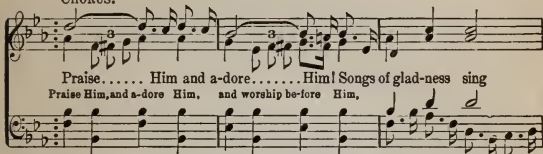


Praise the Lord.

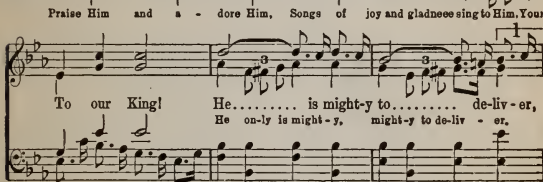


At His feet in ad - o - ra - tion joy - ful - ly we fall.
 "Here am I" we an - swer to His just and wise com-mand.

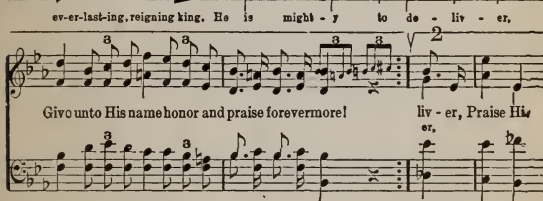
CHORUS.



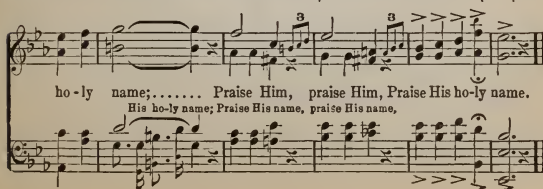
Praise..... Him and a-dore..... Him! Songs of glad-ness sing
 Praise Him, and a-dore Him, and worship be-fore Him,



Praise Him and a - dore Him, Songs of joy and glad-ness sing to Him, You
 To our King! He..... is might-y to..... de-liv - er,
 He on-ly is might - y, might-y to de-liv - er,



ev-er-last-ing, reigning king. He is might - y to de - liv - er,
 Givo unto His name honor and praise forevermore! liv - er, Praise Him
 er,

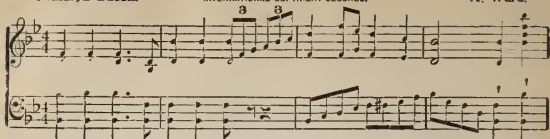


ho - ly name;..... Praise Him, praise Him, Praise His ho-ly name.
 His ho-ly name; Praise His name, praise His name,

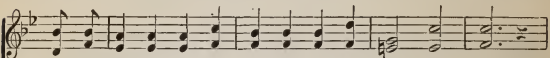
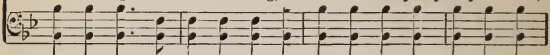
Katharyn Bacon.

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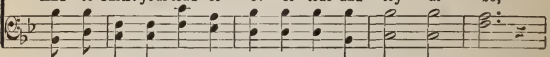
A. Ward.



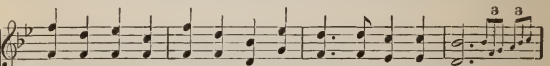
1. For-ward go, the Lord is call-ing, call-ing to the bat-tle field;
 2. For-ward go, and fal-ter not, for might-y is the wi-ley foe;
 3. For-ward go with faith and song, what-ev-er may thy way be-tide,



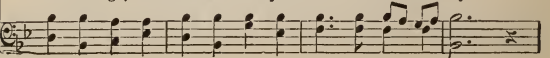
Up! a - rise. and glad - ly haste to gird the ar - mor on;
 Faith-ful be, al - tho' the bat - tle ra - ges fierce and long;
 And to Christ your lead - er ev - er true and loy - al be;



Fear you not, His glo - rious strength shall be your sword and shield;
 Nev - er yield, but trust in God for He will grace be - stow;
 Trust and pray, His might-y arm thro' dan - gers safe will guide;

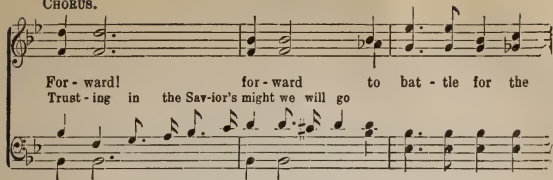


Brave-ly fight un - til the day of vic - to - ry shall dawn.
 And at last you shall de-feat the pow'r of sin and wrong.
 For-ward go, for He will lead you on to vic - to - ry.

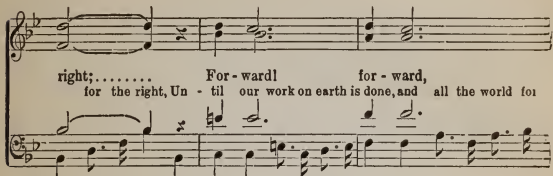


Forward Go.

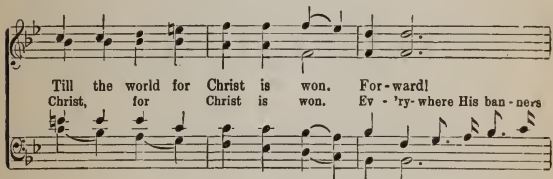
CHORUS.



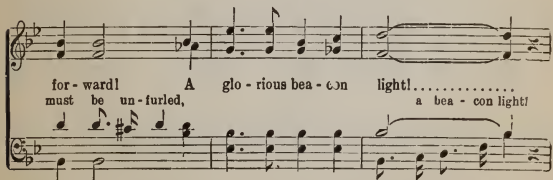
For - ward! for - ward to bat - tle for the
Trust - ing in the Sav - ior's might we will go



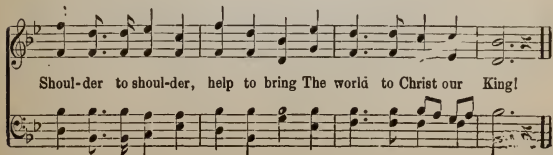
right;..... For - ward! for - ward,
for the right, Un - til our work on earth is done, and all the world for



Till the world for Christ is won. For - ward!
Christ, for Christ is won. Ev - 'ry - where His ban - ners



for - ward! A glo - rious bea - con light!.....
must be un - furled, a bea - con light!



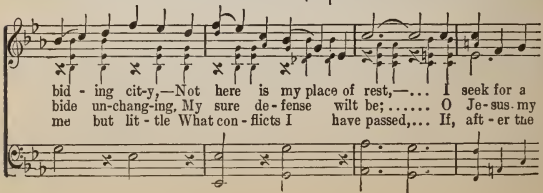
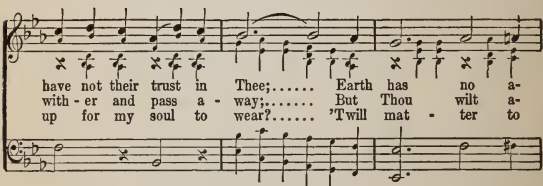
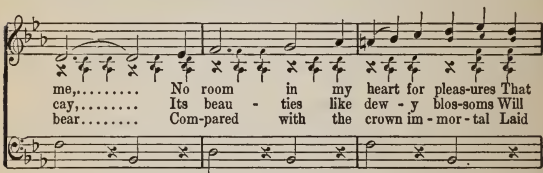
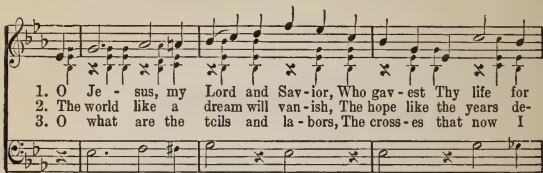
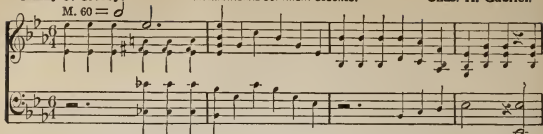
Shoul - der to shoul - der, help to bring The world to Christ our King!

Fanny J. Crosby.

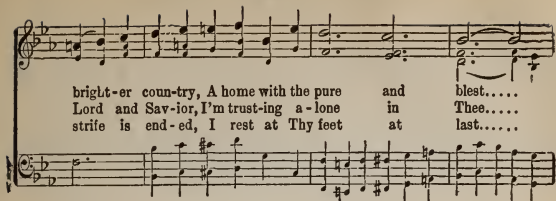
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 60 =

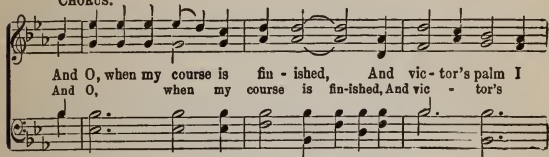


Thou Mighty to Save.

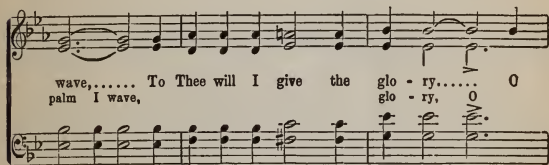


bright-er coun-try, A home with the pure and blest.....
 Lord and Sav-ior, I'm trust-ing a-lone in Thee.....
 strife is end-ed, I rest at Thy feet at last.....

CHORUS.

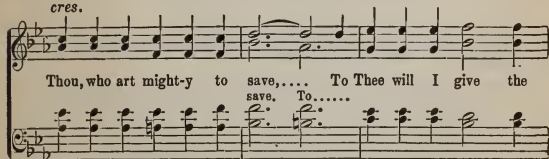


And O, when my course is fin-ished, And vic-tor's palm I
 And O, when my course is fin-ished, And vic-tor's



wave,..... To Thee will I give the glo-ry..... O
 palm I wave, glo-ry, O

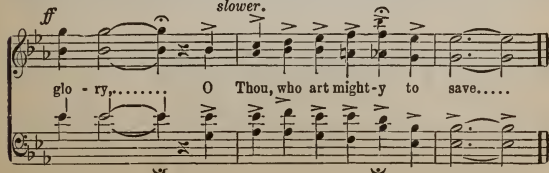
cres.



Thou, who art might-y to save,.... To Thee will I give the
 save, To.....

ff

slower.



glo-ry,..... O Thou, who art might-y to save.....

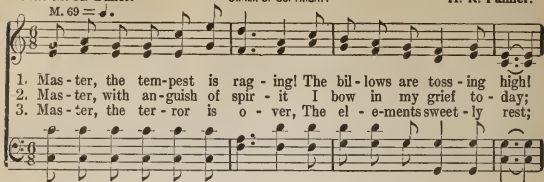
Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Miss M. A. Baker.

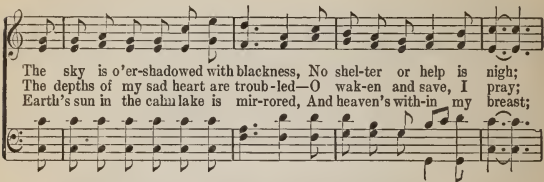
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H. R. Palmer.

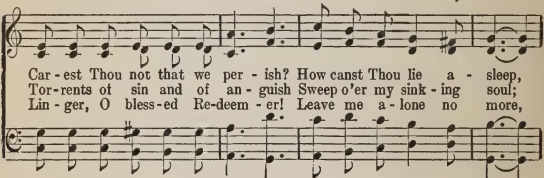
M. 69 = ♩.



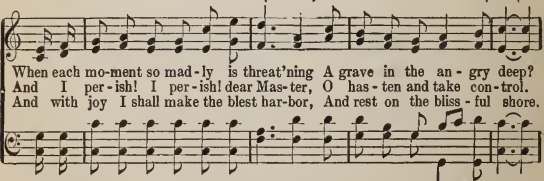
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—O wak-en and save, I pray;
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast;

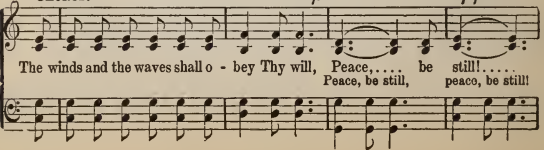


Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more,



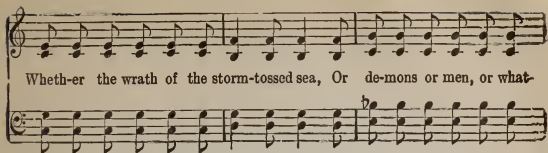
When each mo-moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter, O has-ten and take con-trol.
 And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.

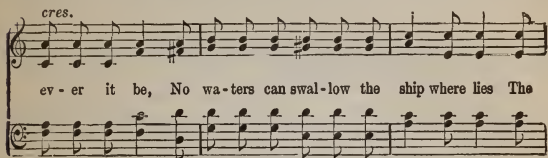
*p**pp*


The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace,.... be still!....
 Peace, be still, peace, be still!

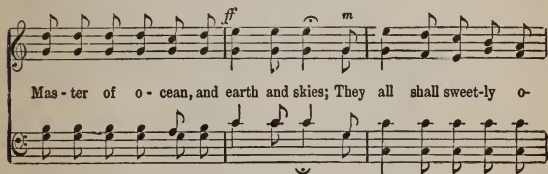
Master, the Tempest is Raging.



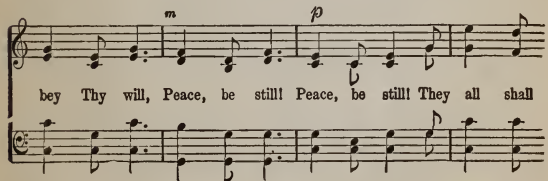
Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-



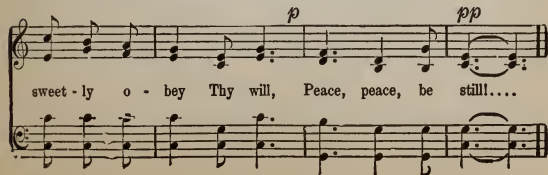
cres.
ev - er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The



Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-



bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall



sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!....

Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel

M. 76 =

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A -
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re -
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a -
peat, re - peat, a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till all the
Re - peat. re - peat Till all the

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a - wake! And light is beam - ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new the
the earth And shout a - new

Male voices in Unison.

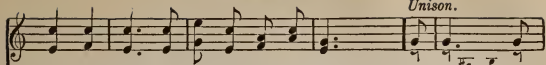
from the ra - diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills resound with
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an - gels in the heights sing of the great sal -

Full harmony.

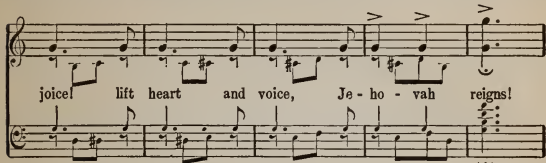
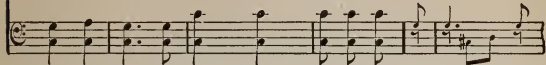
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the tri - umph song. The Lord Je -
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

Unison.

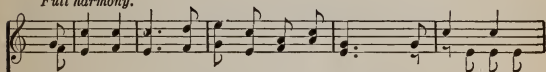


ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joyce! re-
is sin backward hurled!

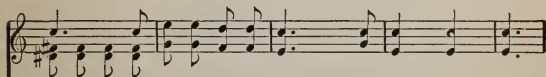


joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

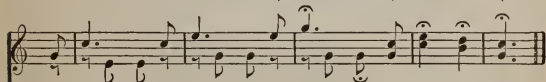
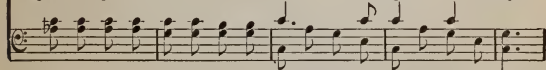
Full harmony.



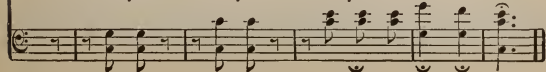
Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the



glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!



Re-joyce! re-joyce! re-joyce! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joyce! re - joyce! re - joyce!



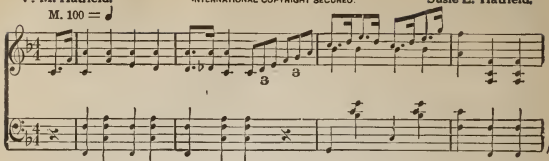
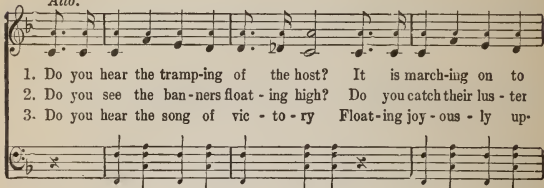
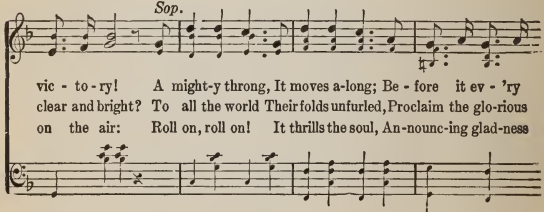
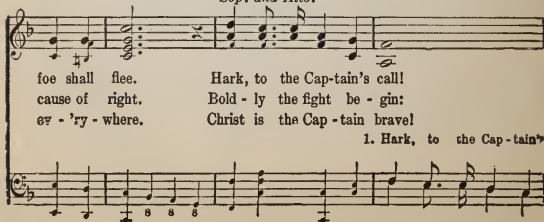
The Hosts of God.

V. M. Hatfield.

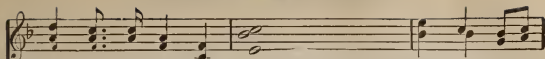
M. 100 = ♩

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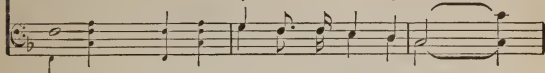
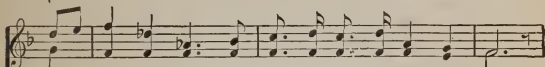
Susie E. Hatfield.

*Alto.**Sop.**Sop. and Alto.*

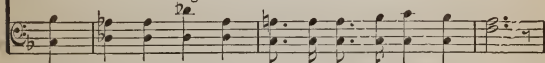
The Hosts of God.



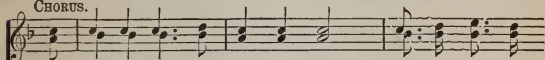
Loy - al and will - ing all. On - ward go,
 Heed not the bat - tle's din. Firm - ly stand,
 Wide let His ban - ners wave. Chris - tains sing,
 call!..... Loy - al and will - ing all.....

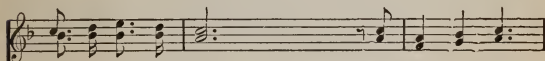
And charge the foe! Be - neath the Might - y he shall fall.
 Pos - sess the land; The cause of right - eous - ness will win.
 Your tri - bute bring! Your Lead - er will de - fend and save.



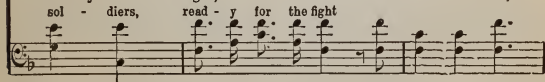
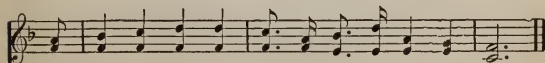
CHORUS.



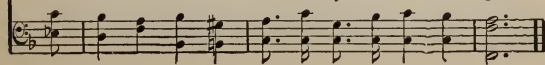
A pha-lanx strong They move a - long, Chris - tain sol - diers,
 As Chris - tian

read - y for the fight; The foe is sin,
 sol - diers, read - y for the fight

We're sure to win! The vic - to - ry is with the right!



Invitation Songs



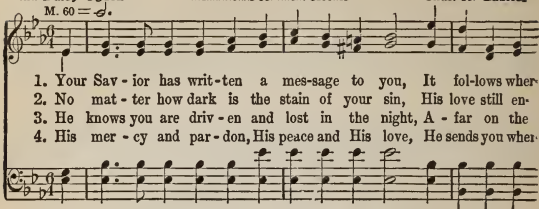
178 Wherever You Wander, Come Home.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

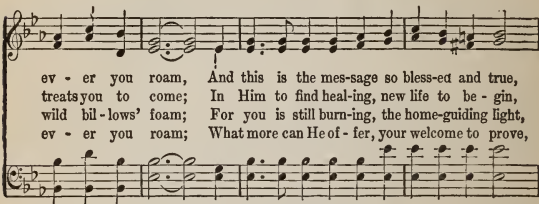
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Chas. H. Gabrie.

M. 60 = ♩.

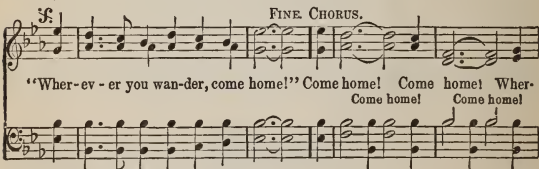


1. Your Sav - ior has writ - ten a mes - sage to you, It fol - lows wher
2. No mat - ter how dark is the stain of your sin, His love still en -
3. He knows you are driv - en and lost in the night, A - far on the
4. His mer - cy and par - don, His peace and His love, He sends you wher



ev - er you roam, And this is the mes - sage so bless - ed and true,
treats you to come; In Him to find heal - ing, new life to be - gin,
wild bil - lows' foam; For you is still burn - ing, the home - guiding light,
ev - er you roam; What more can He of - fer, your welcome to prove,

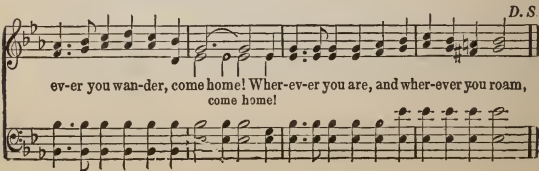
FINE. CHORUS.



"Wher - ev - er you wan - der, come home!" Come home! Come home! Wher -
Come home! Come home!

D.S. - Your Sav - ior is calling: "Come home!"

D. S.



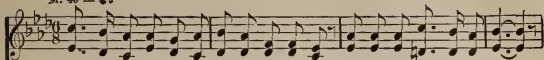
ev - er you wan - der, come home! Wher - ev - er you are, and wher - ever you roam,
come home!

W. L. T.

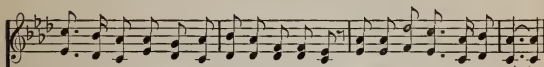
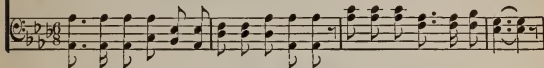
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Will L. Thompson.

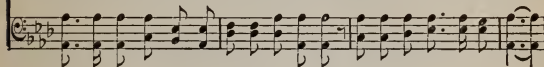
M. 40 = ♩.



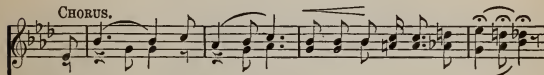
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Pass-ing for you and for me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



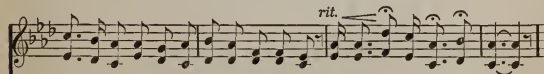
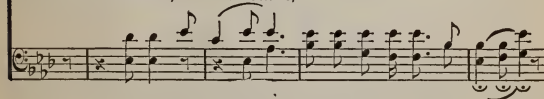
See, on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
 Tho 'we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.



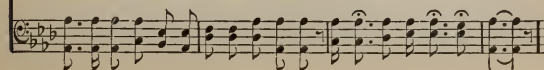
CHORUS.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home!
 Come home, come home,



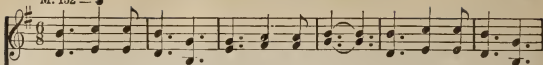
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!



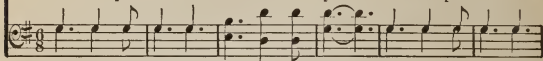
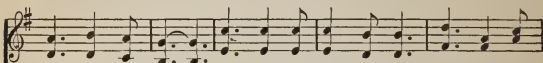
P. P. B.

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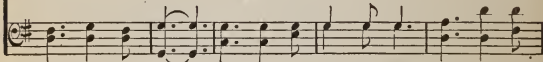
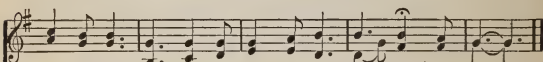
P. P. Bliss.

M. 152 = 


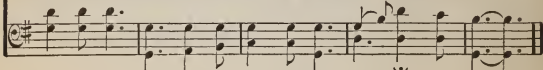
1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed" — come, come to - day! "Al - most per - suad - ed" —
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed" — har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed" —

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way! Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is


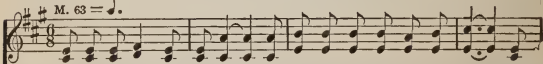



go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wan - derer, come!
bnt to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al - most — but lost!"

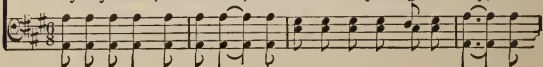


G. F. R.

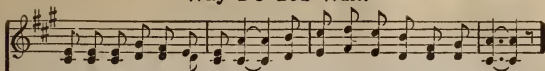
Geo. F. Root.

M. 63 = 


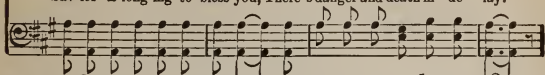
1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, O why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in? O
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is pass - ing a - way, Your



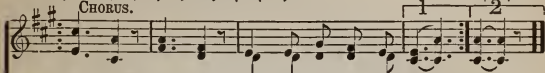
Why Do You Wait?



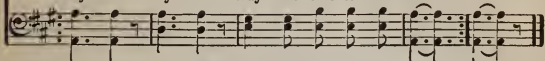
Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de-lay.



CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?



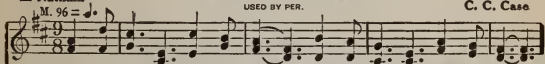
182

Why Not Now?

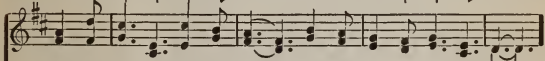
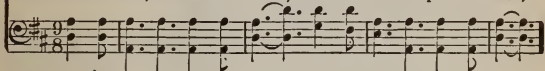
El Nathan.

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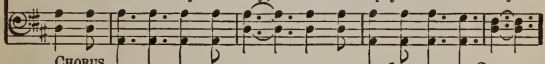
C. C. Case



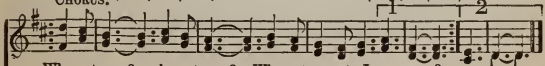
1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a-way; Do not risk an-oth-er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;



While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to-day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re-ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

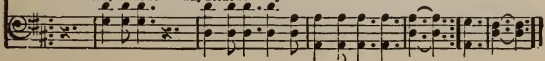


CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - - sus now?

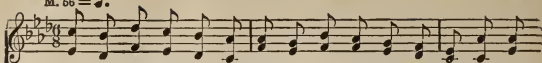


Anna B. Russell.

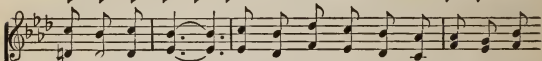
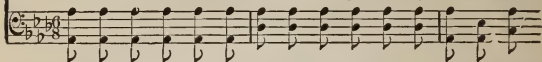
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ERNEST O. SELLERS.

Ernest O. Sellers

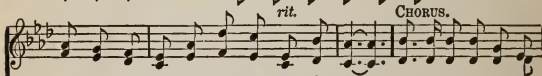
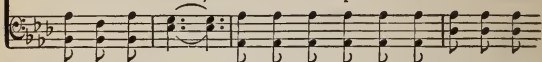
M. 56 = ♩.



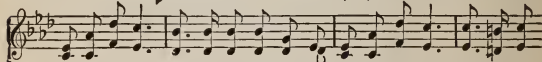
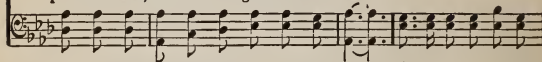
1. Ten - der - ly, gra - cious - ly Je - sus in - vit - eth thee, "Come un - to
2. Paid He the price for thy soul on Mount Cal - va - ry, Pierc - ed His
3. Turn not a - way while the Spir - it is call - ing thee, O - pen to
4. List to His voice, He has called thee re - peat - ed - ly, Break from the



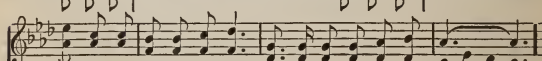
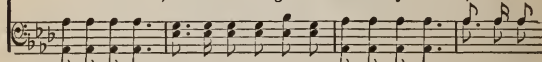
Me and find rest." Pleads He so lov - ing - ly, waits He so
hands and His side; Will - ing - ly, free - ly He suf - fered such
Him thy heart's door; Bid Him to en - ter and cleanse thy heart
chains that en - thrall; Grieve not the Spir - it lest He should de-



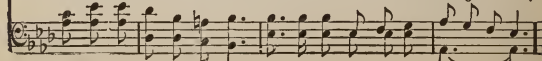
pa - tient - ly, Of - fers thee all that is best.
ag - o - ny, Bid Him come in to a - bide. Je - sus is call - ing thee—
thor - ough - ly, Free thee from guilt ev - er - more.
part from thee, Nev - er a - gain on thee cal'.



List to His voice, Je - sus is call - ing thee—Make Him your choice, Je - sus is



call - ing thee—Bids thee re - joice, Je - sus is call - ing thee now.....
call - ing thee now,



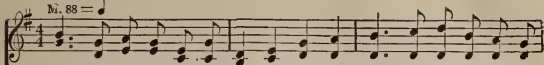
I Am Coming Home.

A. H. Ackley.

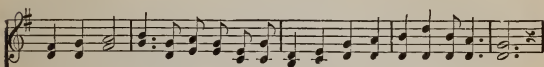
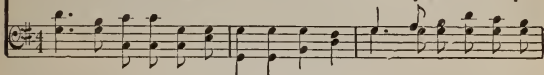
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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley

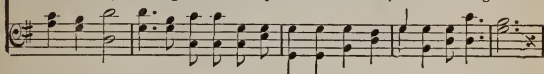
No. 88 =



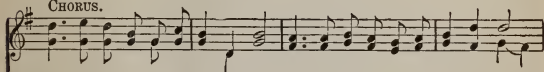
1. Je - sus I am com-ing home to-day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent-ant to Thy
3. O the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor-row
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom-ise, With no right-eous-ness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je-sus died! For all my sins His blood will



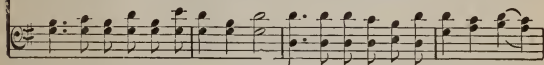
Thee a-lone; From the path of sin I turn a-way, now I am com-ing home.
throne I come; Je - sus o-pened up the way for me, now I am com-ing home.
I have known; Now I seek Thy saving grace and mer-cy, I am com-ing home.
call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je - sus, I am com-ing home.
still a-tone, Flow-ing o'er till ev-'ry stain is cov-ered, I am com-ing home.



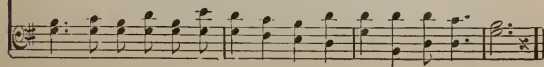
CHORUS.



Je - sus, I am com-ing home to-day, Nev - er, nev-er-more from Thee to stray;



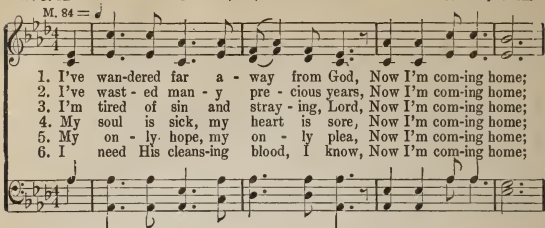
Lord, I now ac-cept Thy pre-cious prom-ise, I am com-ing home.



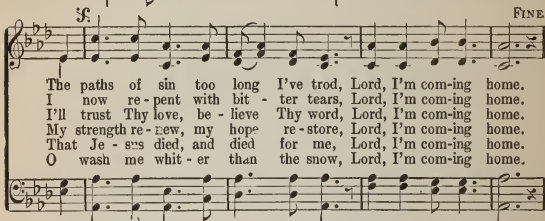
W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

M. 84 = 


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
 2. I've wast-ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
 5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
 6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

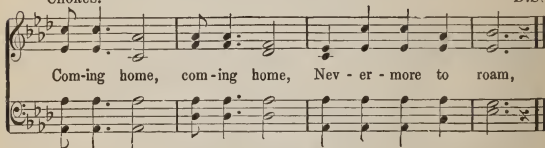


ff The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 That Je-sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 O wash me whit-er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

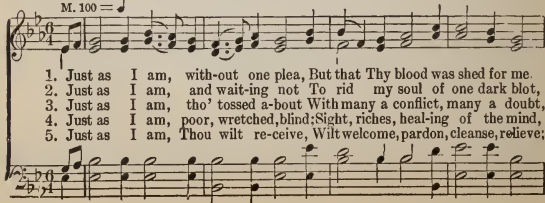
D.S.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. Bradbury.

M. 100 = 


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me.
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

Just as I Am.

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

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Hold the Fort.

P. P. B.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS.
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P. P. Bliss.

M. 80 =

1. Ho, my com-rades! see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky!
2. See the might-y host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on;
3. See the glo-rious ban-ner wav-ing! Hear the trum-pet blow!
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle ra-ges, But our help is near;

Re-in-force-ments now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh.
 Might-y men a-round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone!
 In our Lead-er's name we'll tri-umph O-ver ev-'ry foe.
 On-ward comes our great Com-mand-er, Cheer, my com-rades, cheer.

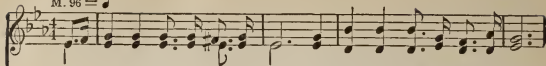
CHORUS.

"Hold the fort, for I am com-ing," Je-sus sig-nals still;
 Wave the an-swer back to heav-en, "By Thy grace we will."

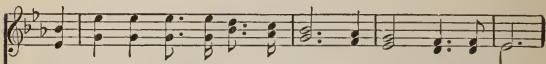
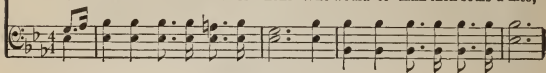
Elizabeth Reed.

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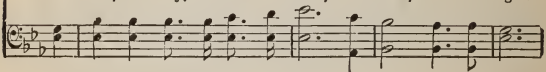
J. Calvin Bushey

M. 96 = 

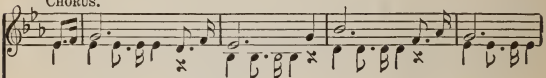
1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;



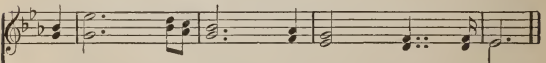
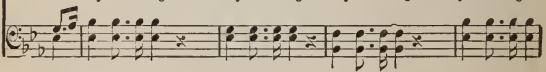
Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
 Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
 Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to-night.



CHORUS.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?



Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?



Ernest G. Wesley.

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HOMER A. ROGEEHAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 69 = ♩ .

1. Still un-de-cid-ed, tho' close to life's gate, O why not now
 2. Still un-de-cid-ed, why yet still de-lay? All things are now
 3. Still un-de-cid-ed! for thee He was slain, And why should His
 4. Still un-de-cid-ed! His voice sounds so clear: "Come all ye who
 5. Still un-de-cid-ed! O wait not too long; O turn from the

en-ter, al-read-y 'tis late; Je-sus is wait-ing and call-ing for you;
 read-y, Love shows you the way, Night fast approaches, the day pass-es by,
 suf-f'ring for thee be in vain? Think of the scourging, the spear and the cross!
 wea-ry who fal-ter and fear, Free-ly I par-don, and cleanse and receive!"
 world and its wild, restless throng; Je-sus now calls you—once more doth He call-

CHORUS.

Chains He will sev-er— all things He can do.
 Heed now His plead-ing:—"O why will you die?"
 Life He would give you,—all else is but loss. Why not de-cide to-night?
 Why not ac-cept Him and on Him be-lieve?
 Come while He's wait-ing, and trust Him for all.

Why not de-cide to-night? Je-sus is wait-ing and call-ing for thee,

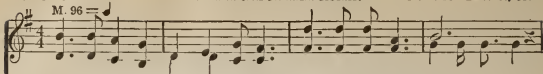
Call-ing for thee, call-ing for thee; Call-ing, is call-ing now for thee.

T. O. Chisholm.

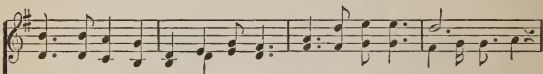
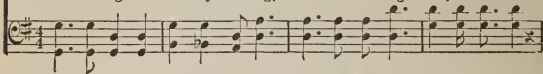
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Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

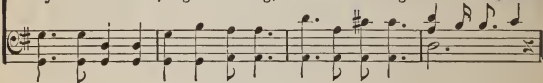
M. 96 =



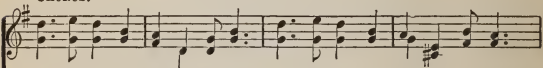
1. Tired of sin and tired of stray-ing, Souls are com-ing home;
2. To the Father's arms re-turn-ing, Souls are com-ing home;
3. Yield-ing to the Spir-it's plead-ing, Souls are com-ing home;
4. Stirred by mem'ries sweet and ten-der, Souls are com-ing home;
5. Earth-ly fol-lies left be-hind them, Souls are com-ing home;
6. T'ward the gate of mer-cy bend-ing, Souls are com-ing home; com-ing home.



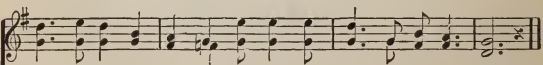
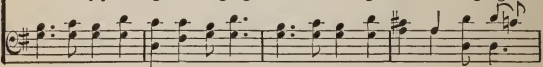
Now the Gos-pel call o-bey-ing, Souls are com-ing home.
 While the light of hope is burn-ing, Souls are com-ing home.
 Long in des-ert plac-es feed-ing, Souls are com-ing home.
 All to Je-sus to sur-ren-der, Souls are com-ing home.
 To be freed from chains that bind them, Souls are com-ing home.
 Pray'rs are answered, long as-cend-ing, Souls are com-ing home, com-ing home.



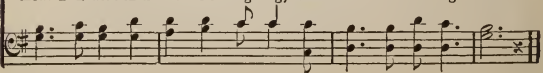
CHORUS.



O what joy the sight is bring-ing! How the an-gel choirs are sing-ing!



Heav'n is with their mu-sic ring-ing, While souls are com-ing home!

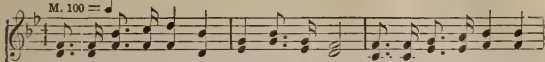


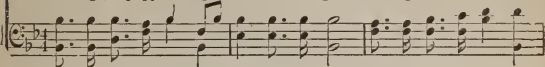
Lizzie Edwards.

FROM "SONGS OF TRIUMPH"
BY PERMISSION.

Jno. R. Swenow.

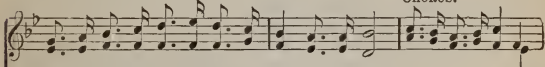
M. 100 = 

- 
1. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark, hark, the sound! Hear the joy-ful ech - o
 2. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! They say, Do not slight the warn-ing;
 3. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! A-gain, Rushing o'er the mountain,

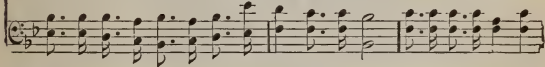


Thro' the world re-sound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call:
Come, O come to-day. Christ our lov-ing Sav-ior, Still re-peats the call—
Sweep-ing o'er the plain, On-ward goes the mes-sage! 'T is the Sav-ior's call:

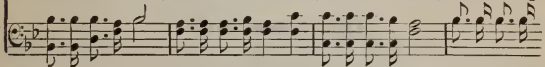
CHORUS.



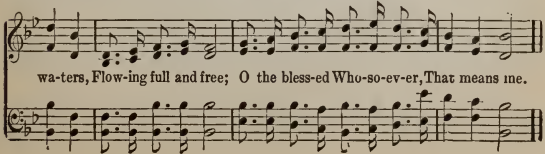
Come, ye starving ones that per-ish, Room, room for all.
Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y - la-den, Room, room for all. Who-so-ev-er ask-eth
Come, for ev-'ry-thing is read-y, Room, room for all.



Je-sus will re-ceive; Who-so-ev-er thirst-eth, Je-sus will re-lieve; See the liv-ing



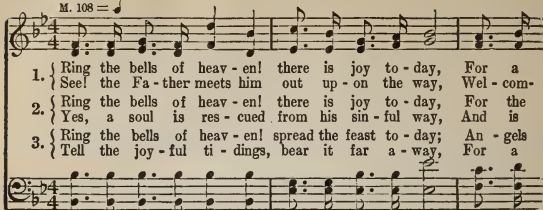
wa-ters, Flow-ing full and free; O the bless-ed Who-so-ev-er, That means me.



Wm. O. Cushing.

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Geo. F. Root.

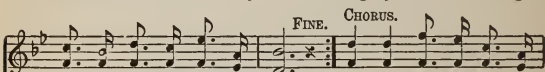
M. 108 = 


1. { Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For a
See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way, Wel-com-

2. { Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For the
Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin-ful way, And is

3. { Ring the bells of heav-en! spread the feast to-day; An-gels
Tell the joy-ful ti-dings, bear it far a-way, For a

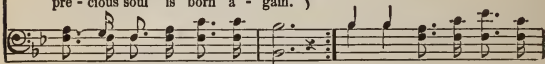
D. C.—'Tis the ransomed ar-my, like a might-y sea, Peal-ing



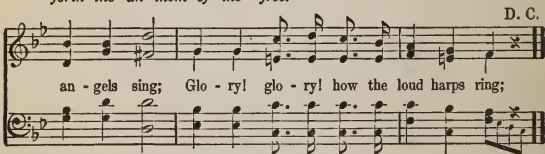
FINE. CHORUS.

soul re-turn-ing from the wild; }
ing His wear-y, wan-d'ring child. }
wan-d'rer now is rec-on-ciled; }
born a-new, a ran-somed child. }
swell the glad tri-um-phant strain; }
pre-cious soul is born a-gain. }

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the



forth the an-them of the free.

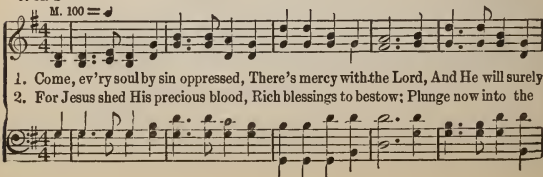


D. C.

an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring;

J. H. S

J. H. Stockton.

M. 100 = 


1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely

2. For Jesus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the

Only Trust Him.

CHORUS.

give you rest by trusting in His word. { On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
crimson flood that washes white as snow. { He will save you, He will save you,

1 2
On - ly trust Him now; }
He will {Omit} save you now. 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.
4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on ^ glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

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Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss

M. 126 = J

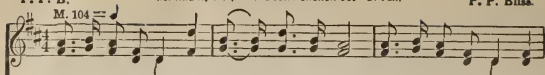
1. 'Tis the promise of God, full sal - va - tion to give Un - to him who on
2. Tho' the pathway be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too, Sure - ly Je - sus is
3. Man - y loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng; They are safe now in
4. Lit - tle chil - dren I see standing close by their King, And He smiles as their
5. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me, And the theme of our

CHORUS.

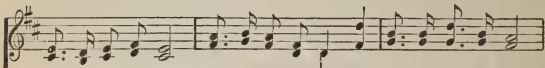
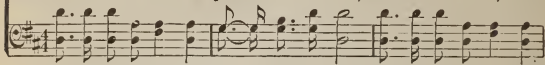
Je - sus His Son will be - lieve.
a - ble to car - ry me thro'.
glo - ry, and this is their song: Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on
song of sal - va - tion they sing.
prais - es for - ev - er will be;

1 2
the Son; I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; fied One.

M. 104



1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti-dings
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen,
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the prom-ise is se-cure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for-



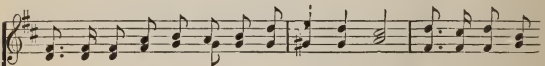
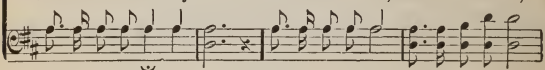
all the world a-round; Tell the joy-ful news wher-ev-er man is found:
 en-ter while you may; Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
 ev-er must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:



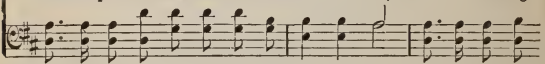
CHORUS.



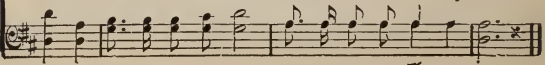
"Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will;"



Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing



Fa-ther calls the wan-d'r'er home: "Who-so-ev-er will may come."



Fanny J. Crosby.

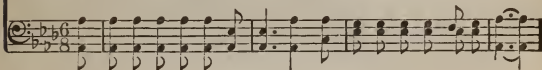
COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

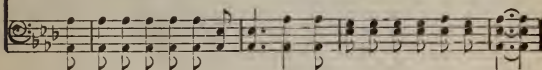
M. 63 = ♩.



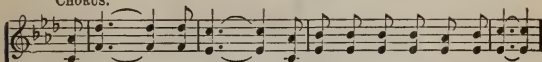
1. Redeemed, how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed and so hap-py in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing In yonder bright mansion for me;



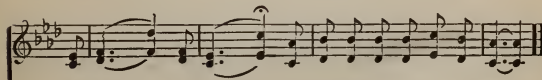
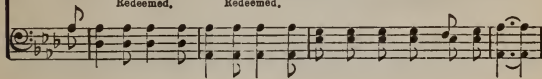
Redeemed thro' His in-fi-nite mer - cy, His child, and for-ev - er, I am.
 I know that the light of His pres-ence With me doth contin-u-al-ly dwell.
 I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
 And soon with the spirits made per - fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



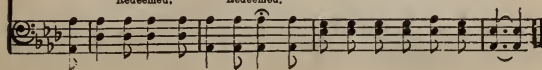
CHORUS.



Re - deemed, Re - deemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
 Redeemed, Redeemed,



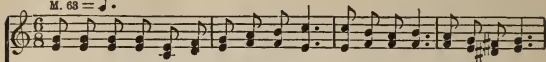
Re - deemed, Re - deemed, His child, and for-ev - er, I am.
 Redeemed, Redeemed,



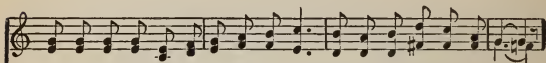
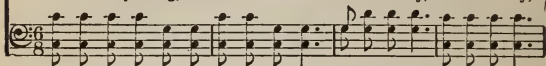
Fanny J. Crosby.

George C. Stebbins

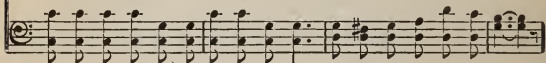
M. 68 = ♩.



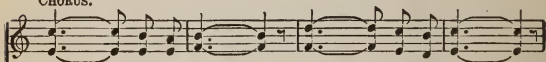
1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly calling thee home—Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest—Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
3. Je - sus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to - day, waiting to - day;
4. Je - sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day;



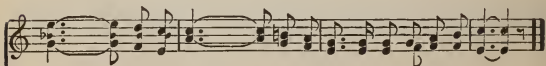
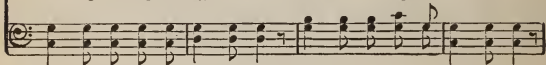
Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far - ther a - way?
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
 They who be - lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.



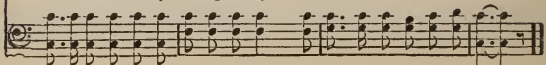
CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day!..... Call - ing to - day!.....
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!



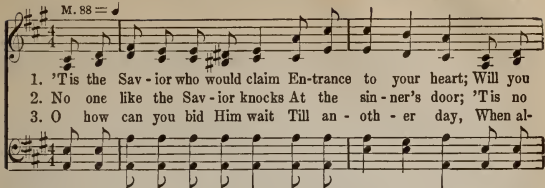
Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
 Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.



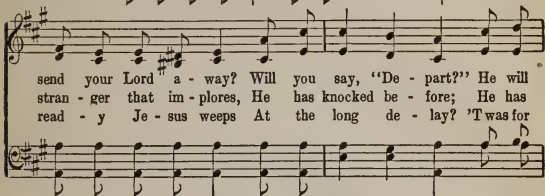
Josephine Pollard.

Mrs. Joseph F. K. ap^o

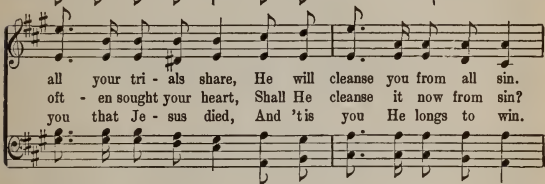
M. 88 =



1. 'Tis the Sav - ior who would claim En - trance to your heart; Will you
 2. No one like the Sav - ior knocks At the sin - ner's door; 'Tis no
 3. O how can you bid Him wait Till an - oth - er day, When al -

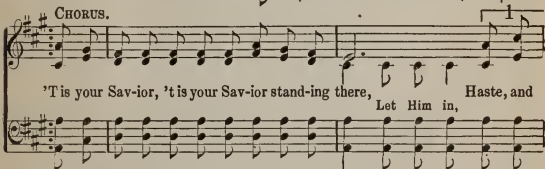


send your Lord a - way? Will you say, "De - part?" He will
 stran - ger that im - plores, He has knocked be - fore; He has
 read - y Je - sus weeps At the long de - lay? 'Twas for

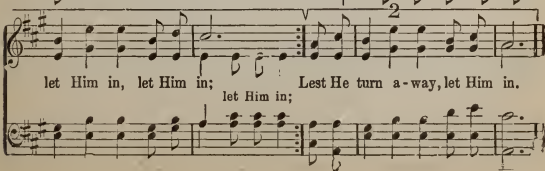


all your tri - als share, He will cleanse you from all sin.
 oft - en sought your heart, Shall He cleanse it now from sin?
 you that Je - sus died, And 'tis you He longs to win.

CHORUS.



'Tis your Sav - ior, 't is your Sav - ior stand - ing there, Haste, and
 Let Him in,

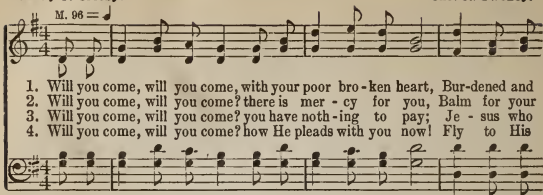


let Him in, let Him in; Lest He turn a - way, let Him in.
 let Him in;

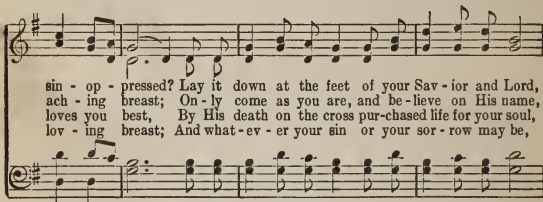
Fanny J. Crosby.

Jno. R. Sweeney.

M. 96 = ♩

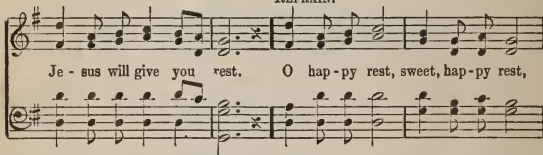


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor bro - ken heart, Bur - dened and
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
 3. Will you come, will you come? you have noth - ing to pay; Je - sus who
 4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His

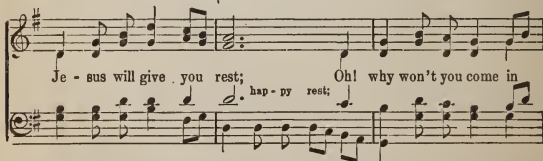


sin - op - pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - ior and Lord,
 ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on His name,
 loves you best, By His death on the cross pur - chased life for your soul,
 lov - ing breast; And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

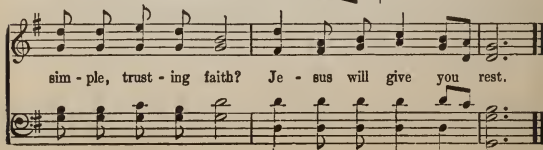
REFRAIN.



Je - sus will give you rest. O hap - py rest, sweet, hap - py rest,



Je - sus will give you rest; Oh! why won't you come in
 hap - py rest;

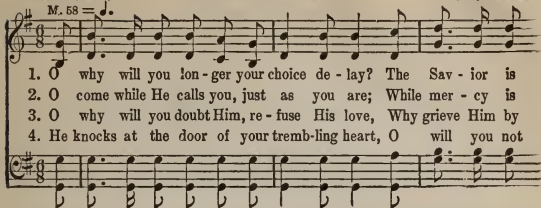


sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

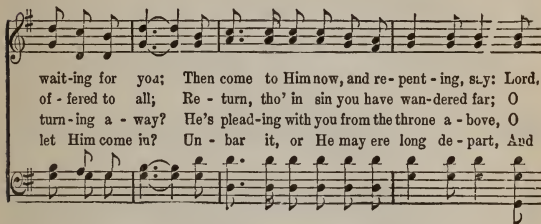
Eliza D. Hand.

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Chas. H. Gabriel

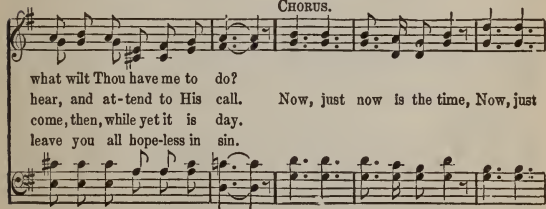
M. 58 = 


1. O why will you lon-ger your choice de-lay? The Sav-ior is
 2. O come while He calls you, just as you are; While mer-cy is
 3. O why will you doubt Him, re-fuse His love, Why grieve Him by
 4. He knocks at the door of your tremb-ling heart, O will you not

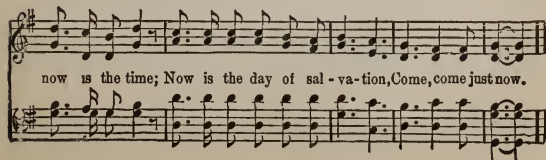


wait-ing for you; Then come to Him now, and re-pent-ing, say: Lord,
 of-fered to all; Re-turn, tho' in sin you have wan-dered far; O
 turn-ing a-way? He's plead-ing with you from the throne a-bove, O
 let Him come in? Un-bar it, or He may ere long de-part, And

CHORUS.



what wilt Thou have me to do?
 hear, and at-tend to His call. Now, just now is the time, Now, just
 come, then, while yet it is day.
 leave you all hope-less in sin.

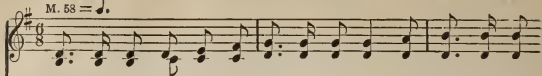


now is the time; Now is the day of sal-va-tion, Come, come just now.

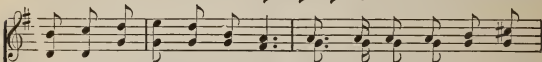
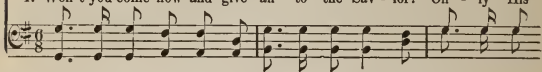
A. H. Ackley.

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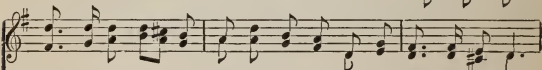
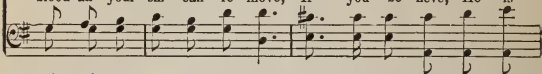
Chas. H. Gabriel

M. 53 = 

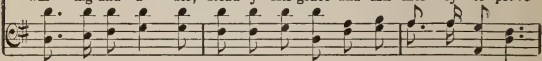
1. Won't you come now and give all to the Sav - ior? Long He has
2. Won't you come now and give all to the Sav - ior? Some day no
3. Won't you come now and give all to the Sav - ior? Have you not
4. Won't you come now and give all to the Sav - ior? On - ly His



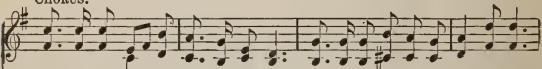
wit - ed to gain full con - trol; You need His life and the
lo - ger His voice you will hear; Tremb - ling you'll stand in the
felt the vain glo - ry of life, Spend - ing its mo - ments in
blood all your sin can re - move; If you be - lieve, He is



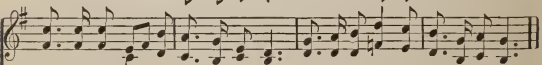
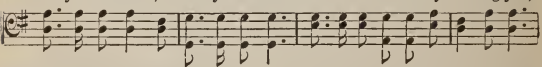
gift of His fa - vor, You need His love as the light of your soul.
court of God's jus - tice, Call - ing in vain for a friend to ap - pear.
search of con - tent - ment, Feel - ing the pangs of its sor - row and strife?
will - ing and a - ble, Read - y His grace and His mer - cy to prove



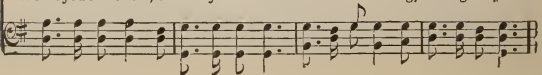
CHORUS.



Won't you come now, O won't you come now? Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing you,



Won't you come now, O won't you come now? Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing for you.



Isaac Watts.

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R. E. Hudson

M. 100 =

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree!
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by
 rolled a - way.

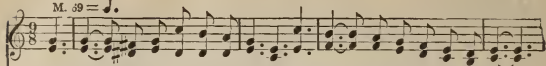
faith I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

Mrs. C. P. M.

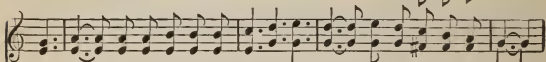
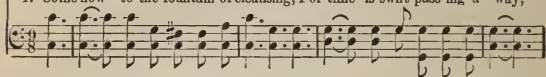
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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

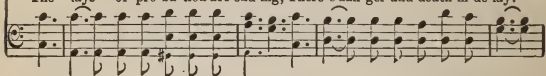
M. 39 = J.



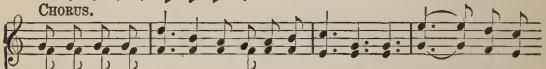
1. Step out on the prom-ise of Je-sus, All ye who believe on His name;
2. Your sins may be griev-ous, and many, And num - ber the sands of the sea;
3. Your gold could not purchase your ransom, Your tears wash the sin-stains a-way;
4. Come now to the fountain of cleansing, For time is swift pass-ing a - way;



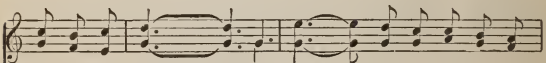
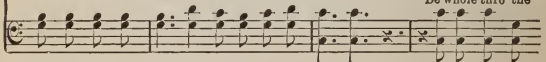
His pow'r from in - i - qui - ty frees us To - day, and for-ev - er the same.
 God wills not the dy-ing of an - y, But all His sal - va - tion may see.
 In Je - sus a - lone is redemption, And this is sal - va - tion's glad day.
 The days of pro - ba - tion are end-ing, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.



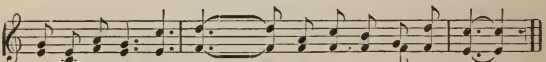
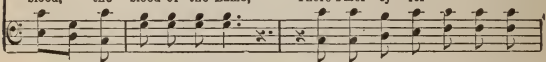
CHORUS.



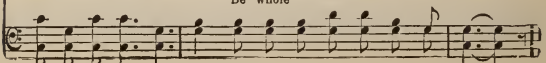
Step out on God's promise, His wonder-ful prom-ise, Be whole thro' the
 Be whole thro' the



blood of the Lamb;..... There's mer - - cy for you, and there's
 blood, the blood of the Lamb; There's mer - cy for



mer - cy for me! Be whole..... thro' the blood of the Lamb.
 Be whole



Why Not Be Saved To-night?

E. E. Hewitt.

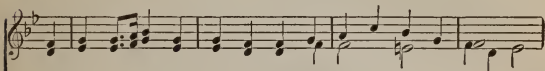
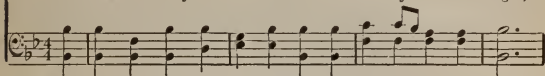
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Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

M. 100 = ♩

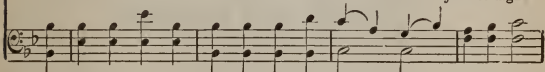


1. The gos - pel mes - sage sounds a - broad, O come and find the light!
2. Wait not a more con - ven - ient time, God pleads with you this hour;
3. Some-time you mean to seek His face, You know His claims are right;
4. You want some day to en - ter in The Cit - y of De - light;

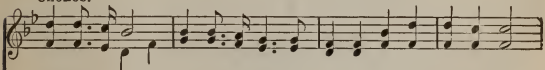


And dare you an - swer to your God "I will not yield to-night!"
 The bells of prom - ise sweet - ly chime, Come, prove salvation's pow'r.
 Now, while He woos you by His grace, Be saved—be saved to-night!
 Let Je - sus wash a - way your sin—Be saved—be saved to-night.

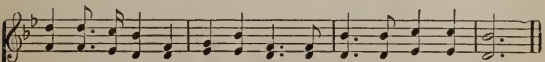
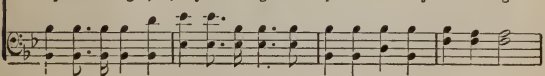
1. "I will not yield to-night!"



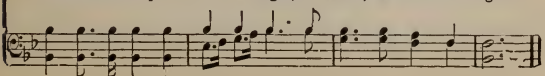
CHORUS.



Why not to-night, oh, why not to-night? The spir - it soon may take its flight!



Come while the lamp of life is bright, Be saved, be saved to - night.



Devotional Songs.

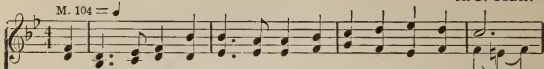


205 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

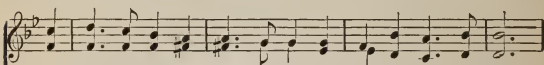
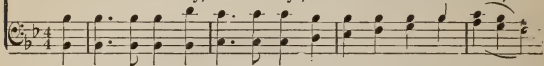
R. Heber.

H. S. Cutler.

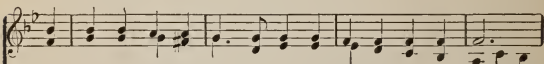
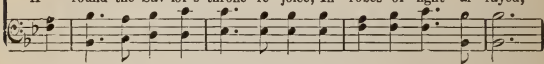
M. 104 = 



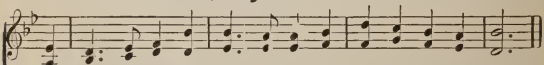
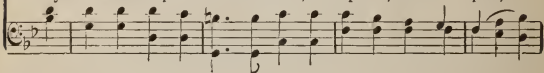
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. That mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;
3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spir - it came;
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



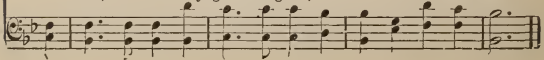
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.
 A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed;



Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - um - phant ~ ~ ver pain,
 Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They met the ty - rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
 They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n, Thro' per - il, toil and pain;



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, — He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
 They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n, To fol - low in their train.

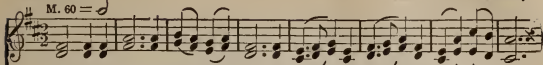


206 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

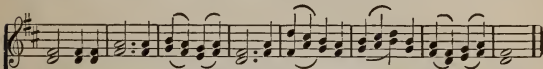
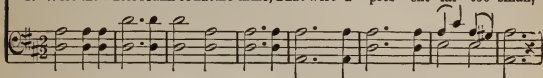
Isaac Watts.

Isaac Baker Woolbury

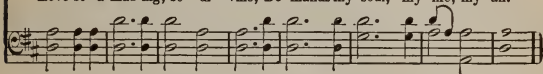
M. 60 =



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride,
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood,
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

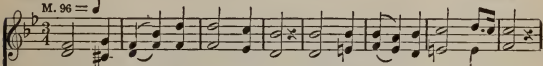


207 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

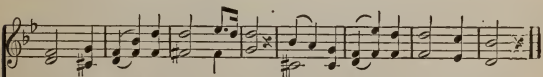
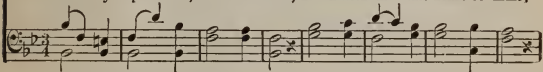
A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

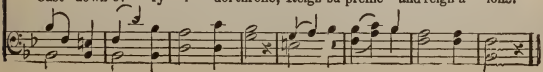
M. 96 =



1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
2. Ho-ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
4. Ho-ly Spir-it, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn ny dark-ness in-to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held to-min-ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man-y woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev-'ry i-dol throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a-loud.



E. W. Blandly.

J. S. Norris.

M. 88 =

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

D. C

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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M. 88 =

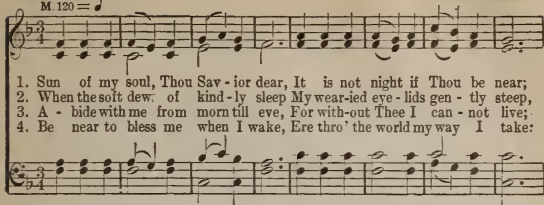
Arr. from Major James H. Cole.

1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine, By Thy
 2. Give me a love like Thine, Give me a love like Thine, By Thy
 3. Give me a peace like Thine, Give me a peace like Thine, By Thy
 4. Give me a joy like Thine, Give me a joy like Thine, By Thy
 5. Give me a will like Thine, Give me a will like Thine, By Thy

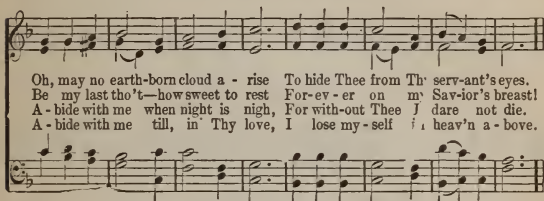
won - der - ful pow - er, By Thy grace ev - 'ry hour, Give me a heart like Thine.
 won - der - ful pow - er, By Thy grace ev - 'ry hour, Give me a love like Thine.
 won - der - ful pow - er, By Thy grace ev - 'ry hour, Give me a peace like Thine.
 won - der - ful pow - er, By Thy grace ev - 'ry hour, Give me a joy like Thine.
 won - der - ful pow - er, By Thy grace ev - 'ry hour, Give me a will like Thine.

John Keble.

Arr. by William H. Monk.

M. 120 = 


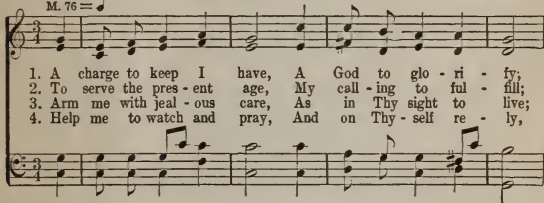
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dew of kind-ly sleep My wear-ied eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take:



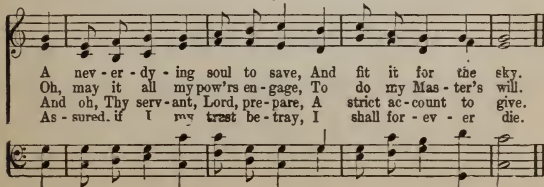
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Th' serv-ant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 A-bide with me till, in Thy love, I lose my-self in heav'n a-bove.

Charles Wesley.

Lowell Mason.

M. 76 = 


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy;
 2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call-ing to ful-fill;
 3. Arm me with jeal-ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy-self re-ly,

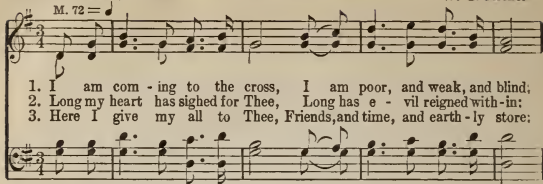


A nev-er-dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 Oh, may it all my pow'rs en-gage, To do my Mas-ter's will.
 And oh, Thy serv-ant, Lord, pre-pare, A strict ac-count to give.
 As-sured, if I my trust be-tray, I shall for-ev-er die.

Wm. McDonald.

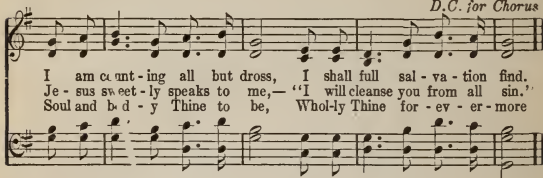
W. G. Fischer

M. 72 =



CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal-va-ry,

D.C. for Chorus



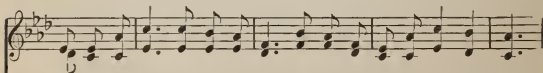
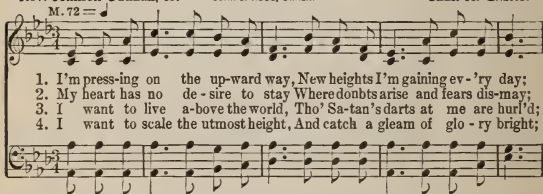
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je-sus, save me now

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

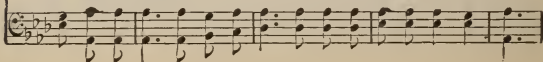
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel

M. 72 =



Still pray-ing as I onward bound, “Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.”
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I pray till heav'n I've found, “Lord, lead me on to high-er ground.”



High x Ground.

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;

A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.

214

Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

M. 50 = ♩.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross! There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the Cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star, Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

D.S.—Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

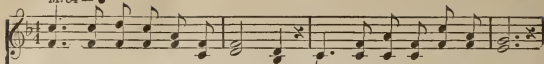
D. S.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

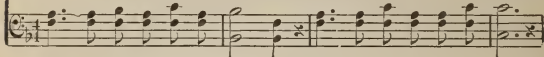
Joseph Scriven.

C. C. Converse

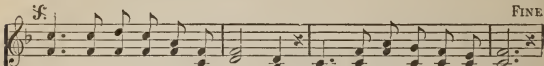
M. 84 =



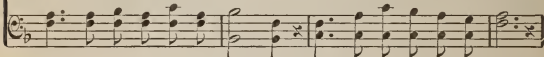
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Hav' we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?—



FINE



- What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D.S.—All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

*D. S.*

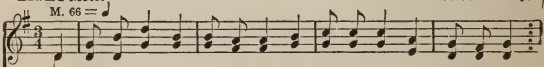
- O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



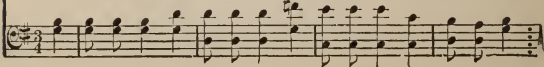
Edward Mote.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

M. 66 =

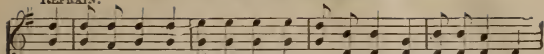


1. { My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness; }
 { I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. }
2. { When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace: }
 { In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the vale. }

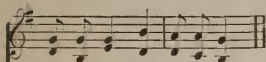
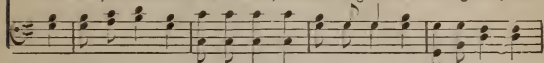


The Solid Rock.

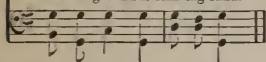
REFRAIN.



On Christ, the soli - id Rock I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All



oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.



3 His oath, His covenant, His bl od
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trur pet sound.
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

217

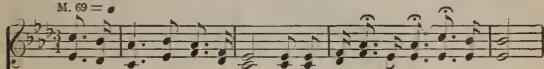
Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby.

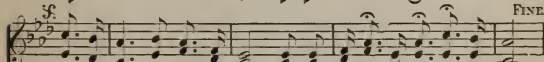
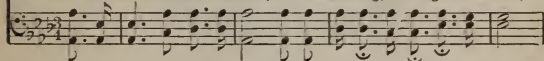
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. H. DOANE.
F. T. DOANE, GANER.

W. H. Doane.

M. 69 =

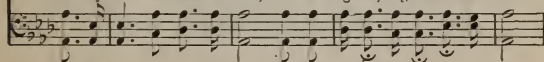


1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling - ing, cling - ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang - ing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing, fleet - ing life is o'er;



FINE

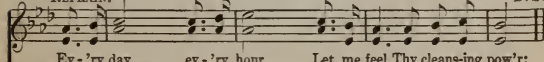
Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trust - ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.



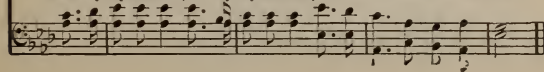
D.S. - May Thy ten - der love to me, Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

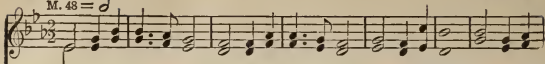


Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans - ing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

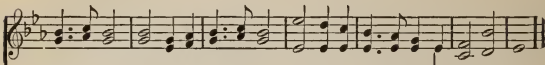


Ray Palmer.

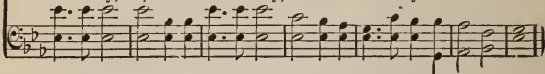
Lowell Mason

M. 48 = 

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-i-or di-vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness



while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
 diea for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee a-side.

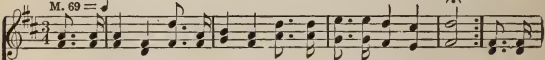


219

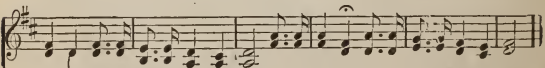
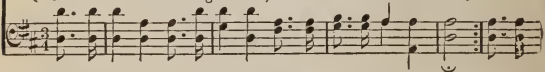
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams

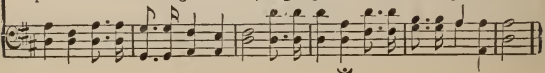
Thomas Hastings

M. 69 = 

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho- vah, Pil-grim thro' this barren land: } Bread of
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand: }
2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow; } Strong De-
 { Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my journey thro': }
3. { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears subside; } Songs of
 { Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Canaan 's side: }

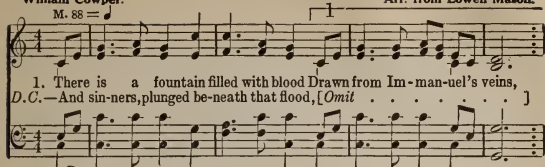


heaven, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more
 liv-'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield
 prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee; Songs of praises I will ev-er give to Thee

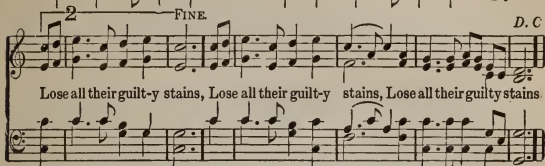


William Cowper.

Arr. from Lowell Mason.

M. 88 = 

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
D.C.—And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, [Omit]



Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

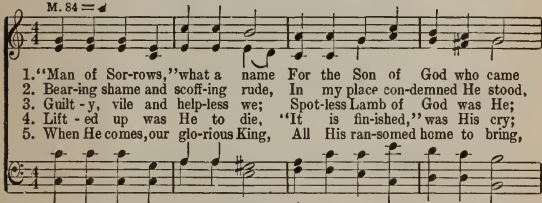
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave

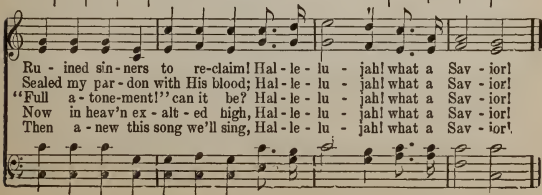
P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

M. 84 = 

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,



Ru - ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
"Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal-le-lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

M. 92 =

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold-en crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly;

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!
 fall-ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, biess-ed Trin-i - ty!

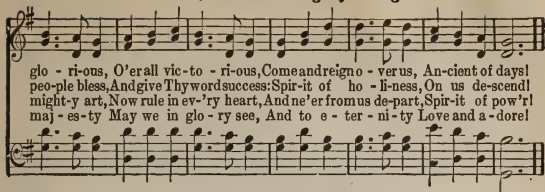
Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.

M. 100 =

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all-
 2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
 3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou who al-
 4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais-es be Hence, evermore! His sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - ci - ent of days!
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'rl
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

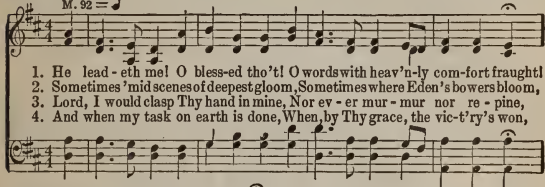
224

He Leadeth Me.

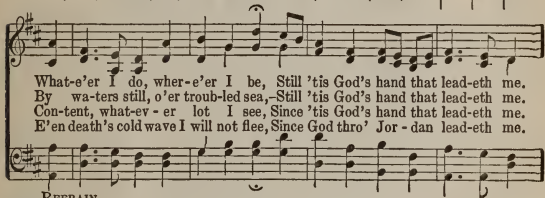
J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

M. 92 = 

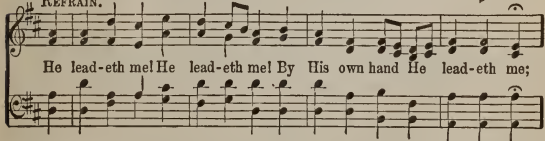


1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'n - ly com - fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic't'ry's won,

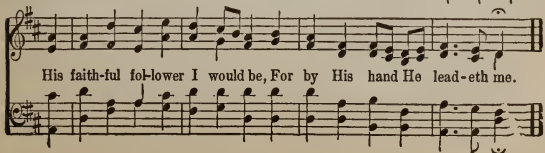


What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troub - led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

REFRAIN.



He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;



His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

M. 76 =

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
 3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wound-ed,
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

FINE CHORUS.

D. S

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
 Deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry:
 bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
 earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

Lowell Mason.

M. 104 =

1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
 { Work while the dew is sparkling, [Omit.] Work 'mid springing
 D.C. Work for the night is com-ing, [Omit.] When man's work is

FINE.

D. C.

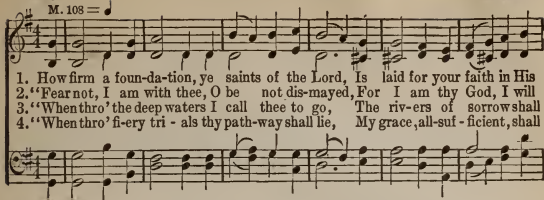
flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
 done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work thro' the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

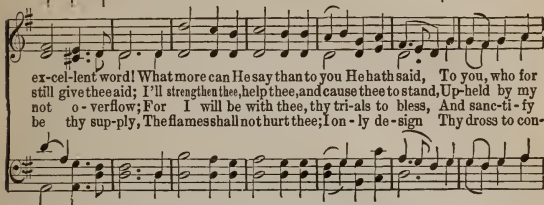
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening
 When man's work is o'er.

George Keith.

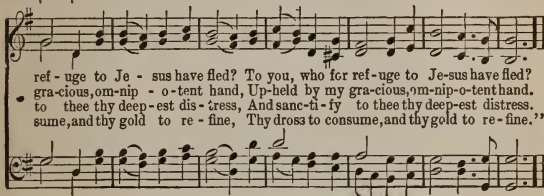
Unknown.

M. 108 = 


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sorrow shall
 4. "When thro' fi-ery tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf - ficient, shall



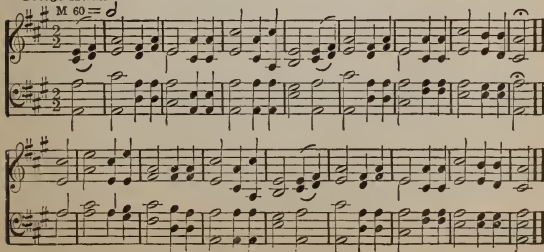
ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
 still giveth thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
 not o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
 be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de-sign Thy dross to con-



ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
 gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep - est distress.
 sume, and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re - fine."

George Keith.

Anne Steele.

M. 60 = 


Fanny J. Crosby.

S. J. Vail.

M. 80 =

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayers shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:

FINE.
 All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

D.S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.

D.S.—Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.

D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

1-3. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

London Hymn Book.

USED BY PERMISSION.

S. C. Foster.

M. 84 =

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
 2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

I Love Him.

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er - more, and by His grace I know The doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—Be-cause He first loved me, And

precious blood of Je - sus cleans-es white as snow. now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him, tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

purchased my sal - va - tion On Cal - v'ry's tree.

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America.

Samuel Francis Smith.

Henry Carey.

M. 88 =

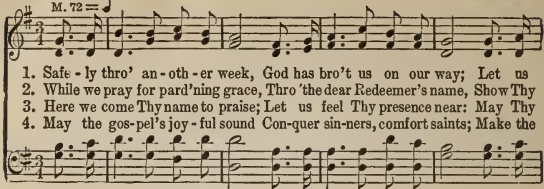
1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our
5. God save our Noble Men, Bring them safe home again; God save our Men: Keep them vic-

fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mountain-side Let freedom ring. rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove. tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break—The sound pro - long. land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King to - ri - ous, Faith - ful and chivalrous; They are so dear to us; God save our Men.

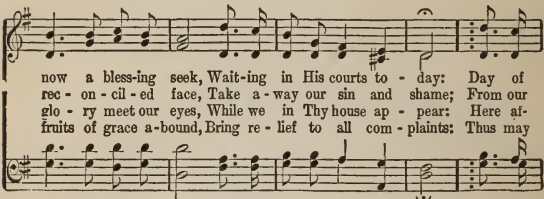
John Newton

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

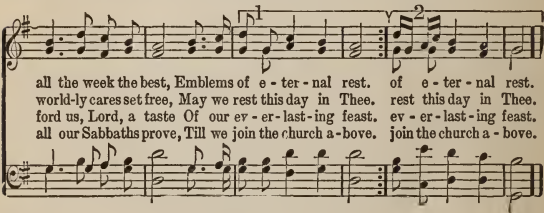
M. 72 =



1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near: May Thy
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, comfort saints; Make the



now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day: Day of
 rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our
 glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear: Here af -
 fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com - plaints: Thus may

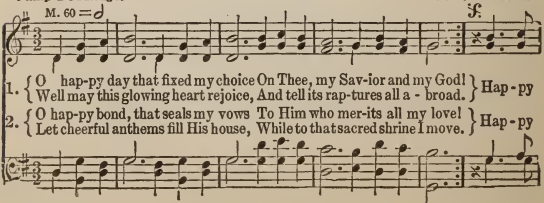


all the week the best, Emblems of e - ter - nal rest. of e - ter - nal rest.
 world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee. rest this day in Thee.
 ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast. ev - er - last - ing feast.
 all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a - bove. join the church a - bove.

Philip Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault

M. 60 =



1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God! } Hap - py
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! } Hap - py
 { Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }

O Happy Day.

FINE.

day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way. He taught me how to watch and

D. S.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center. rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

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Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts.

G. F. Handel.

M. 88

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While

ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-

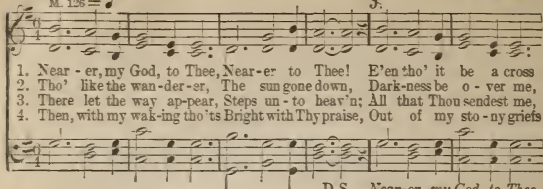
And heav'n and nature

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.

sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.

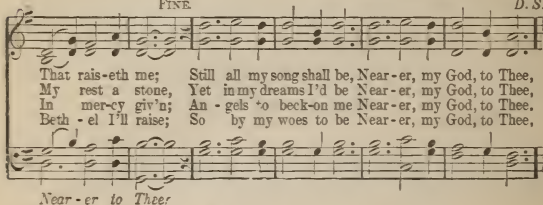
M. 126 = 


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
 4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs

D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

FINE

D. S.



That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,

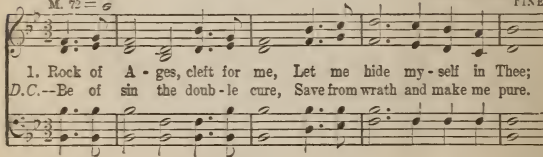
Near - er to Thee

A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.

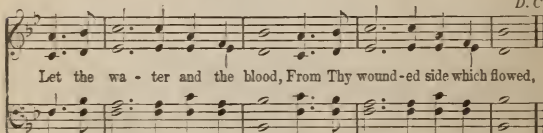
M. 72 = 

FINE



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

M. 96 =

1. { My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; } My gra - cious Re - deem -
 { For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; }
 2. { I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, } I love Thee for wear -
 { And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; }
 3. { In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, } I'll sing with the glit -
 { I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright; }

er, my Sav - ior, art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 ter - ing crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

W. M. W.

M. M. Wells.

M. 50 =

FINE

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grim's in a des - ert land.
 D.C. - Whisp'ring soft - ly "Wand'rer, Come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

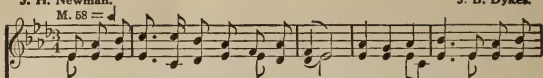
2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear;
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

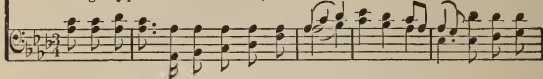
J. H. Newman.

J. B. Dykes.

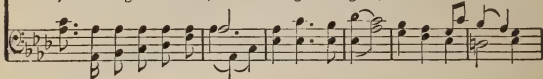
M. 58 =



1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step - ough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
 an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

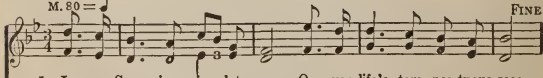


Edward Hopper.

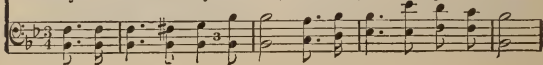
J. E. Gould.

M. 80 =

FINE



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
 D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 D.C.—Won-drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
 D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee."



Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

D. C.

Un-known waves a-round me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treach-'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

241

Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

John Zundel.

M. 92 =

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:
D.S.-Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.

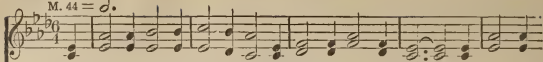
Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

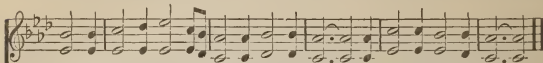
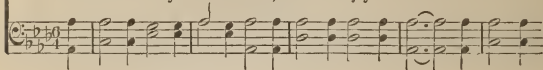
3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Samuel Stennett.

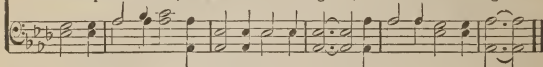
Thomas Hastings.

M. 44 = ♩ .

1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Savior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare Among the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me



radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
 He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
 bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
 tri-umph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.



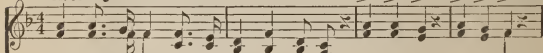
243

No, Not One!

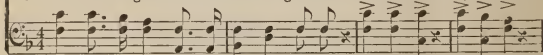
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PER. MRS. G. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

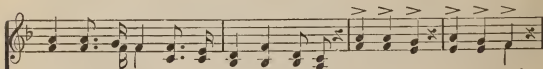
Geo. C. Hugg. FINE.

M. 84 = ♩ .

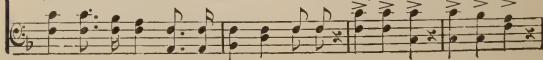
1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!



D.C.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!



None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin - ner find that He would not take him, No, not one! no, not one!
 Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!



No, Not One.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

244

Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY, OF W. H. DOANE,
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William H. Doane.

M. 80 =

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bu - ried that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly;
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

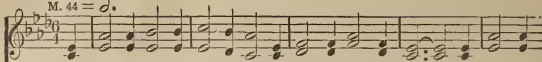
CHORUS.

Tell the an - gel of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - ior has died.

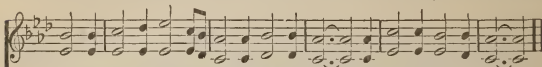
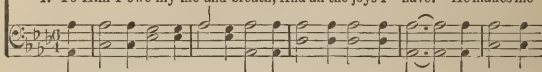
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

Samuel Stennett.

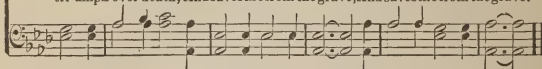
Thomas Hastings.

M. 44 = ♩ .

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3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me



radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
 He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
 bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
 tri-umph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

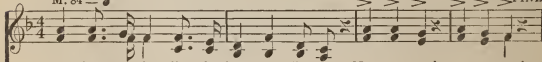


243

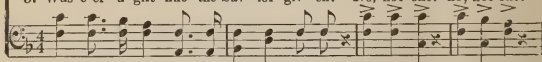
No, Not One!

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

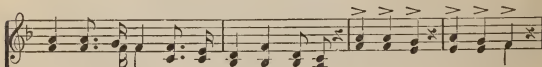
USED BY PER. MRS. G. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Geo. C. Hugg.
FINE.M. 84 = ♩ .

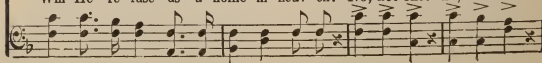
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2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!



D.C.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!



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 And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
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 Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!



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CHORUS.

L. C.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

244

Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY, OF W. H. DOANE,
USED BY PERMISSION.

William H. Doane.

M. 80 =

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bu - ried that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly;
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

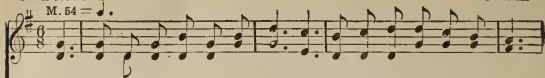
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate on - ce more.
Tell the poor wan - d' rer a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

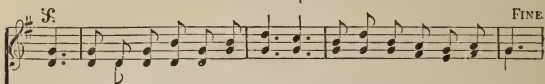
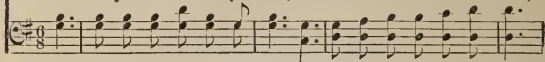
John Newton.

German.

M. 54 =

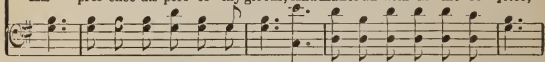


1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see;
 2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;

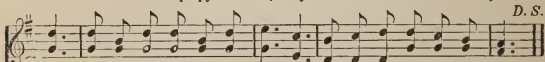


FINE

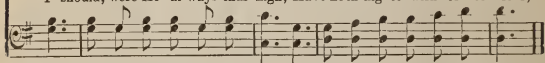
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
 His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice;



D.S.—But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
D.S.—No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.

*D. S.*

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;



3 Content with beholding His face,
 My all to His pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While blest with a sense of His love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

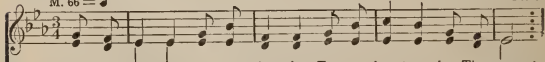
4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
 If Thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to Thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

Robert Robinson.

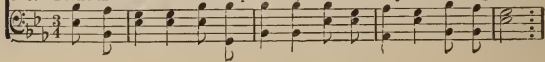
John Wyeth.

M. 66 =

FINE

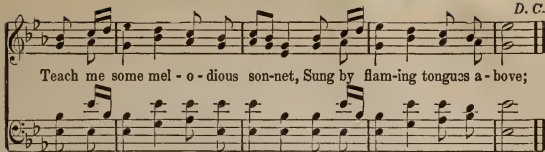


1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }
D.C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it,—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love!



Come, Thou Fount.

D. C.



Teach me some mel - o - dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

4 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

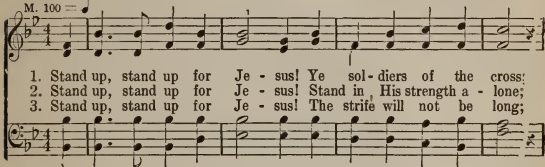
247

Stand Up for Jesus.

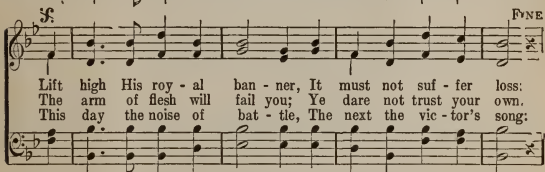
George Duffield, Jr.

George J. Webb.

M. 100 =



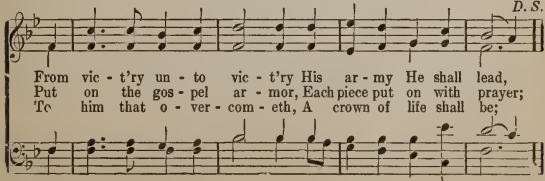
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own.
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song;

D.S.-Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D.S.-Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
D.S.-He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

D. S.

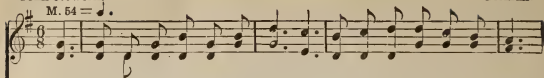


From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

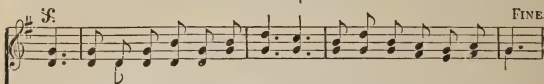
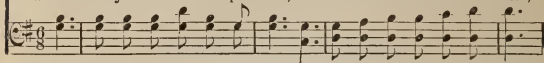
John Newton.

German.

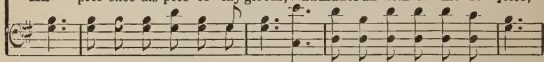
M. 54 =



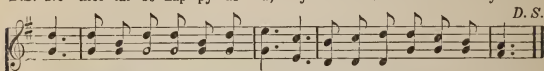
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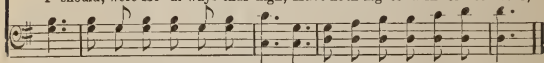
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 His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice;



D.S.—But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
D.S.—No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.



The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;



3 Content with beholding His face,
 My all to His pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While blest with a sense of His love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

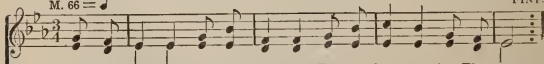
4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
 If Thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to Thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

Robert Robinson.

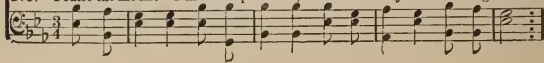
John Wyeth.

M. 66 =

FINE.

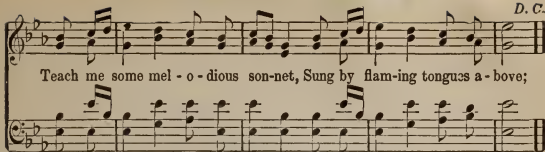


1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }
D.C.—Praise the moun't—I'm fixed up-on it,—Moun't of Thy re-deem-ing love!



Come, Thou Fount.

D. C.



Teach me some mel - o - dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

4 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

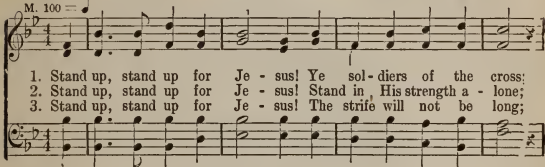
247

Stand Up for Jesus.

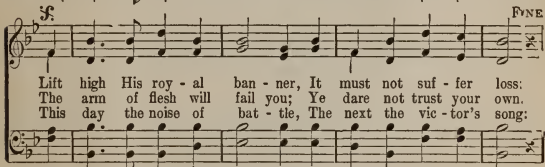
George Duffield, Jr.

George J. Webb.

M. 100 =



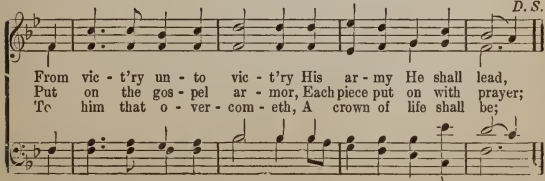
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in, His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own.
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song;

D.S.-Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D.S.-Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
D.S.-He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

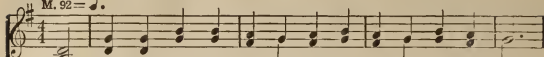
D. S.



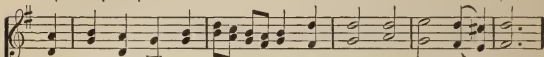
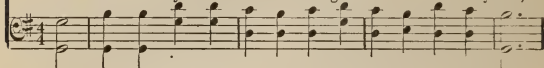
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

Edward Perronet.

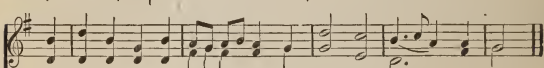
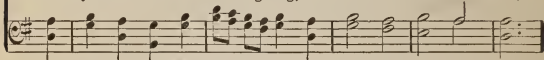
Oliver Holden.

M. 92 = ♩ .

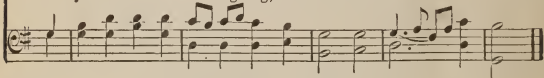
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn-ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth-ly ball;
3. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
5. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord... of all.
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord... of all.
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord... of all.
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord... of all.
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord... of all.

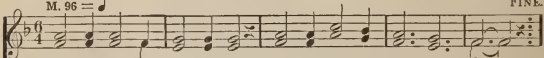


Charles Wesley.

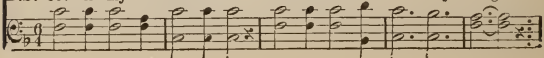
Simeon B. Marsh.

M. 96 = ♩ .

FINE.

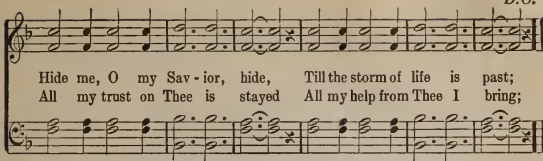


1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, }
 { While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high. }
 D.S.-Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
2. { Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee; }
 { Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me. }
- D.S.-Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.



Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

D.C.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed All my help from Thee I bring;

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness.
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

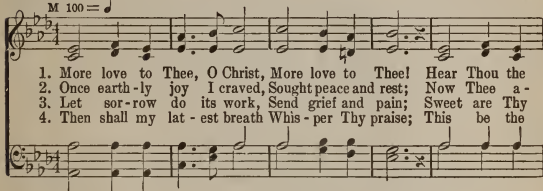
250

More Love to Thee.

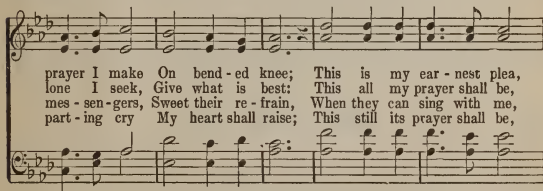
Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

William H. Doane.

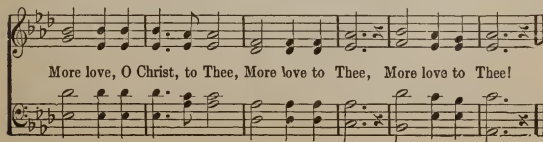
M 100 = 



1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the



prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be,

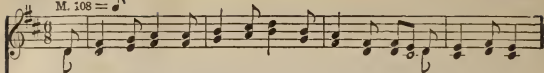


More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

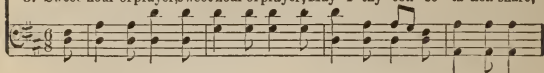
W. W. Welford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

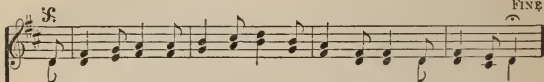
M. 108 =



1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la - tion share,



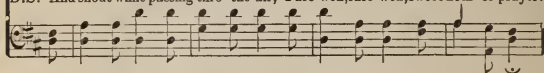
FINE



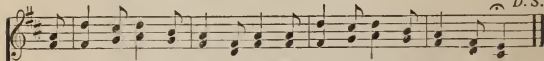
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known
D.S. - And oft es - caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

To Him, whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless:
D.S. - I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

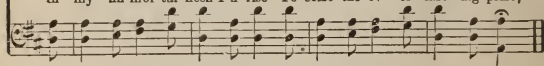
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height I view my home, and take my flight;
D.S. - And shout while passing thro' the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of prayer!



D. S.



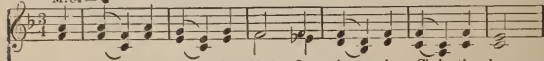
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
In my im - mor - tal flesh I'll rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize,



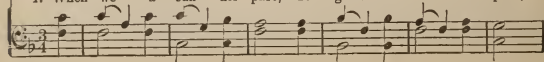
John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegeli.

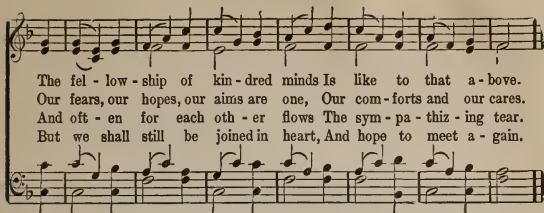
M. 84 =



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



Blest Be the Tie.



The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

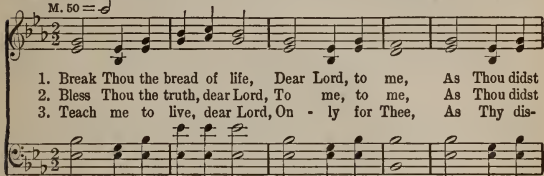
253

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

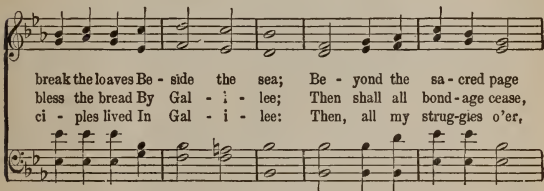
Mary Ann Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.

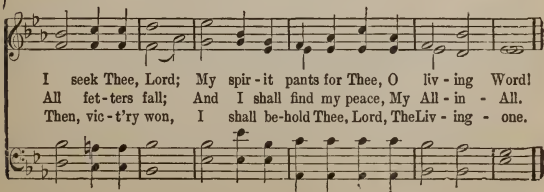
M. 50 = 



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis-



break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
 bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
 ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee: Then, all my strug - gles o'er,

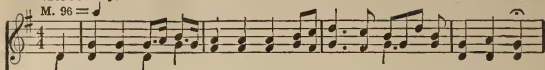


I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
 All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All.
 Then, vic - t'ry won, I shall be - hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing - one.

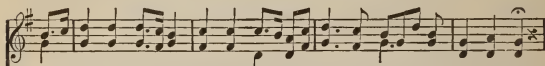
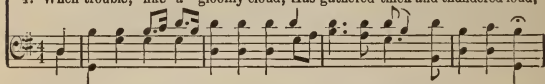
Samuel Medley.

William Caldwell.

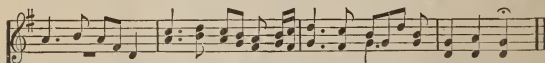
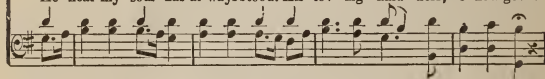
M. 96 =



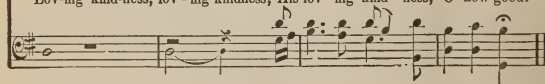
1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,



He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!
 He saved me from my lost es - tate: His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how great!
 He safe-ly leads my soul a - long, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how strong!
 He near my soul has al-ways stood: His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how good!



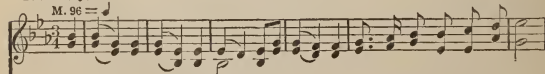
Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how great!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how strong!
 Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how good!



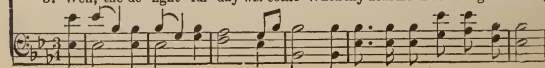
S. Medley.

Lowell Mason.

M. 96 =



1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth,
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,



O Could I Speak.

Which in my Sav-ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin, and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all-
And I shall see His face; Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

Gabriel while He sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
perfect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-um-ph'ant in His grace, Tri-um-ph'ant in His grace.

256

Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber.

Ad. by J. G. Walton

M. 96 = ♩

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword;
2. Our Fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and con-science free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tu-ous life:

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - 'y faith! We will be true to thee till death!

Memory Verses

Selected by Grace Saxe



John 3:3

Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Isaiah 53:5, 6

But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

Acts 4:12

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

John 1:12

But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.

John 3:36

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

Matthew 10:32, 33

Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven.

But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven.

Romans 10:9, 10

If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

I Peter 2:24

Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.

John 14:6

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.

I John 3:14, 16

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.

Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

John 17:3

And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.

I John 1:9

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

I John 2:15

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

Romans 3:23 and Romans 6:23

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

For the wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Titus 3:5

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

I John 5:12

He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

Romans 14:21

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

Proverbs 16:25

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.

Isaiah 41:10

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.

Philippians 1:6

Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.

I Corinthians 10:13

There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

John 15:7

If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Psalms 66:18

If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD

Psalm 46

God is our refuge and strength,
a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though
the earth be removed, and though
the mountains be carried into the
midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar
and be troubled, though the moun-
tains shake with the swelling there-
of.

The Lord of hosts is with us: the
God of Jacob is our refuge.

There is a river, the streams
whereof shall make glad the city
of God, the holy place of the taber-
nacle of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she
shall not be moved: God shall help
her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms
were moved: he uttered his voice,
the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the
God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the
Lord, what desolations he hath made
in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the
end of the earth; he breaketh the
bow, and cutteth the spear in sun-
der: he burneth the chariot in the
fire.

Be still, and know that I am God;
I will be exalted among the heathen,
I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the
God of Jacob is our refuge.

PENITENCE

Psalm 51

Have mercy upon me, O God, ac-
cording to thy loving kindness: ac-
cording unto the multitude of thy
tender mercies blot out my trans-
gressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine
iniquity, and cleanse me from my
sin.

For I acknowledge my transgres-
sions: and my sin is ever before me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the
inward parts; and in the hidden part
thou shalt make me to know wis-
dom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall
be clean; wash me, and I shall be
whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness;
that the bones which thou hast
broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and
blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O
God; and renew a right spirit within
me.

Cast me not away from thy pres-

ence; and take not thy holy Spirit
from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy
salvation; and uphold me with thy
free Spirit:

Then will I teach transgressors
thy ways; and sinners shall be con-
verted unto thee.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and
my mouth shall shew forth thy
praise.

The sacrifices of God are a broken
spirit: a broken and a contrite heart.
O God, thou wilt not despise.

DELIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF GOD

Psalm 84

How amiable are thy tabernacles,
O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth
for the courts of the Lord; my
heart and my flesh crieth out for the
living God.

Yea, the sparrow has found an
house, and the swallow a nest for
herself, where she may lay her
young, even thine altars, O Lord of
hosts, my King and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in
thy house: they will be still praising
thee.

Blessed the man whose strength
is in thee; in whose heart are the
ways of them.

Who passing through the valley
of Baca make it a well; the rain
also filleth the pools.

They go from strength to strength;
every one of them in Zion appeareth
before God.

O Lord God of Hosts, hear my
prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God, our shield, and look
upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better
than a thousand. I had rather be
a doorkeeper in the house of my
God, than to dwell in the tents of
wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and
shield: the Lord will give grace and
glory; no good thing will be with-
held from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man
that trusted in thee.

THE SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY

Psalm 91

He that dwelleth in the secret
place of the Most High, shall abide
under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my
refuge, and my fortress: my God;
in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from
the snare of the fowler, and from
the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day.

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou has made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

TRIUMPHANT PRAISE

Psalm 100

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations.

THE MERCY OF THE LORD

Psalm 103

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth: for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

THE LAW IN LIFE

Psalm 119

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee; O let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

THE LORD IS THY KEEPER

Psalm 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore.

CONSTANT COMPANIONSHIP

Psalm 139

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising, thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me O God! how great is the sum of them. If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

PRAISE YE THE LORD

Psalm 150

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: Praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

Miscellaneous Readings

WISDOM

Proverbs 3:1-10; 13-18; 21-24

My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:

For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart;

So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil.

It shall be health to thy navel, and marrow to thy bones.

Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase:

So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is everyone that retaineth her.

My son, let not them depart from thine eyes: keep sound wisdom and discretion:

So shall they be life unto thy soul, and grace to thy neck.

Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR

Ecclesiastes 12:1-7; 13-14

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease, because they are few, and those that look out of the windows shall be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home; and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern:

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

A PEACEABLE KINGDOM

Isaiah 11:1-9

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots:

And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth:

And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the suckling child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cocatrice's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

GOD'S LAW AND THE NATION

Deut. 6:4-12; Jer. 31:31-33

Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord:

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart:

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou riseth up.

And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.

• And it shall be, when the Lord thy God shall have brought thee into the land which he sware unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give thee great and goodly cities, which thou buildest not,

And houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not, and wells digged, which thou diggedst not, vineyards and olive trees, which thou plantedst not; when thou shalt have eaten, and be full: then beware lest thou forget the Lord.

Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah;

Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers, in the day that I took them by the hand, to bring them out of the land of Egypt;

Which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord;

But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.

TEMPERANCE

Daniel 1:3-5; 8-20

And the king spake unto Ashpenaz the master of his eunuchs, that he should bring certain of the children of Israel, and of the king's seed, and of the princes;

Children in whom was no blemish, but well-favoured, and skillful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as has ability in them to stand in the king's palace, and whom they might teach the learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans.

And the king appointed them a daily provision of the king's meat, and of the wine which he drank: so nourishing them three years, that at the end thereof they might stand before the king.

But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank: therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself.

Now God had brought Daniel into favour and tender love with the prince of the eunuchs.

And the prince of the eunuchs said unto Daniel, I fear my lord the king, who hath appointed your meat and your drink: for why should he see your faces worse liking than the children which are of your sort? then shall ye make me endanger my head to the king.

Then said Daniel to Melzar, Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days: and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink.

Then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenance of the children that eat of the portion of the king's meat; and as thou seest, deal with thy servants.

So he consented to them in this matter, and proved them ten days.

And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat.

Thus Melzar took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink, and gave them pulse.

As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams.

Now at the end of the days that the king had said he should bring them in, then the prince of the eunuchs brought them in before Nebuchadnezzar.

And the king communed with them; and among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah: therefore stood they before the king.

And in all matters of wisdom and understanding, that the king enquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm.

CHRISTMAS

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields. Keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

And they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Now lettest thou thy servant depart, Lord, according to thy word, in peace;

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;

A light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

Now unto the King eternal, in corruptible, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

EASTER

In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.

But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they are Christ's at his coming.

Ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

TEMPERANCE

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

That they tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

Let us not judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

MISSIONARY

God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.

Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us.

He is the propitiation for our sins:

And not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.

I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

SECOND COMING

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

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The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

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